Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Victrola XVI, $200
Victrola XVI, electric, $250
Mahogany or oak

Other styles of the
Victrola, $15 to $350
Victors, $10 to $100

Will there be a Victrola in your home this Christmas?

The instrument that brings you the world's best music in all its beauty.

The actual living voices of Caruso, Farrar, Gluck, McCormack, Melba, Schumann-Heink and other famous singers. The superb art of Elman, Kreisler, Paderewski and other noted instrumentalists. The brilliant music of Sousa's Band, Pryor's Band, Vessella's Band, Victor Herbert's Orchestra and other celebrated organizations. The inimitable witticisms of Harry Lauder, Nora Bayes, De Wolf Hopper, Raymond Hitchcock and other leading comedians.

Only the Victrola brings you all this wonderful variety of music—a delight every day in the year to every member of your family.

Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly demonstrate the Victrola and play any music you wish to hear.

$15 $25 $40 $50 $75 $100 $150 $200 $300

Always use Victor Machines with Victor Records and Victor Needles *—the combination.* There is no other way to get the unequaled Victor tone.

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J., U. S. A.
Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal
Canadian Distributors

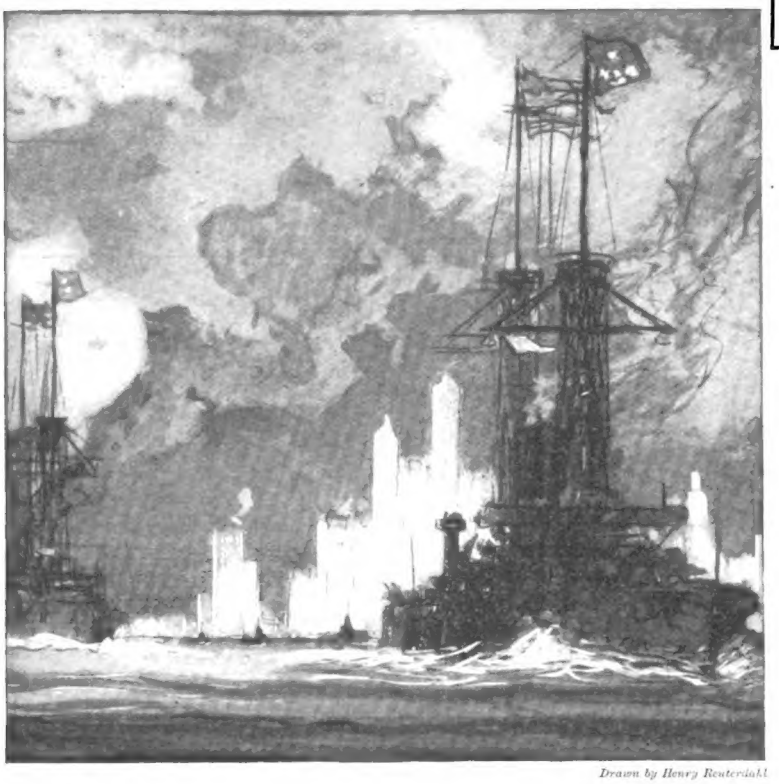
New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DECEMBER 1915

Everybody's MAGAZINE

VOL. 33 NO. 6



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl

ARM *the* EAGLE RIGHT!

by

HOWARD WHEELER

AUTHOR OF "ARE WE READY?"

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE believes that this vigorous article gives the only complete answer—the *right* and the *American* answer—to the problem of our national defense. You will find every page of intense interest.

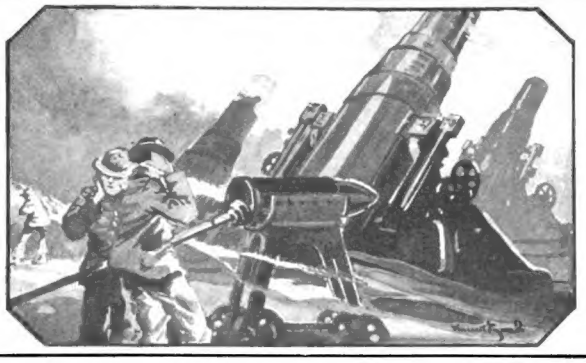
Congress is about to meet. Congress will give this nation an *adequate* military policy, if Congress feels the urge of American public sentiment.

This magazine will be glad if its readers will use it as a messenger from the American people to the American Congress.

Write us a letter to-day.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Copyright, 1915, by The Ridgway Company. All rights reserved.



THE GREAT COAST-DEFENSE MORTARS THAT ARE BEING INSTALLED AT SANDY HOOK.

HERE'S A WAY

EVIDENCE has been accumulating to indicate that the American people are getting the thing right-end-to—this matter of the national defense. We have found a difference between olive twigs and brass tacks.

We have worked over the problem of our security among the nations of the world until it has become astonishingly clear to us that military training for our whole citizenship is the only complete solution.

Will the United States ever accept a policy of national military training? The answer to that is somewhere ahead—possibly in the next Congress. It is by no means certain that this answer is to be a final and emphatic negative. It is the purpose of this article to show why: to examine the trend of public sentiment, to define the armament problem, to indicate where we have got with it, how we got there, and how far we still have to go.

It was not long after the outbreak of the war in Europe that we found that we had come into possession of a good-sized chunk of something to chew on.

Almost immediately we had a new literature. We found ourselves invaded fore and aft and on the flank by Japanese and by Germans and by enemies unnamed. New York fell. The Pacific Coast was overrun. Zeppelins dropped bombs on us. Our little army was hurried out. Our ammunition gave out. Our soldiers were routed. Our cities were robbed, our biggest men held as hostages. Our works of art were destroyed, and our women were violated. Of course, just in the nick of time, Edison saved us. But if he hadn't!

Well, we read all this. Some of us laughed. Some of us didn't. All of us kept on chewing, as is the Yankee fashion.

Gradually we came to admit that our hair-trigger experts and imaginative writers had had a function and had served a purpose. Out of the war news from Europe and in the light of what the home folks who knew how to handle a pencil had to say about it, we, each one of us, found our ideas taking definite form. Rather suddenly we discovered that a very large number of individual ideas were sufficiently alike to form a very discernible current of thought. Not knowing what else to call this current, we came to refer to it as public sentiment—which is just enough folks thinking in the same direction.

Now when your average congressman or your average United States senator gets his feet wet in this sort of a stream, it doesn't take him long to estimate the size of the stream, which way the current is running, and how strong it is running; nor does it take him long, once he has decided that he can not successfully row upstream or cut out a break in the bank, to let the people back home know that he

Cartoons by G. M. Richards.

He was going in that same direction himself.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MODERN MACHINE GUN. THERE ARE FROM 400 TO 600 SHOTS PER MINUTE IN ITS "SPRAY OF DEATH."

Decorations by Vincent Lynch.

TO DO IT!

happened to be going in that same direction himself. Which, of course, is the proof that ours is really a representative government.

Six months ago you could count by hundreds those who shouted "militarism" at the bare suggestion of preparedness for war. Those of us who had this tendency formed a considerable group in our citizenship.

I recall with some wonderment, now, that less than a year ago I was an enthusiastic member of this group. It was not until circumstance led me to a thorough investigation of our preparedness to defend ourselves and to maintain our position among the nations of the world, that I began to discern the cold truth that peril lies in the path of a nation which holds blindly to theories and ignores hard facts. I approached my investigation with no prejudices save the universal American sentiment against militarism and a feeling that war is a barbarous and wasteful means of defending national dignity and honor, and of advancing national hardihood. My investigation turned up nothing to alter these feelings, but it did expose the real facts of our military history, it did reveal the true significance of some of the things that have been going on in Europe, and it did emphasize the truth that there is a vast difference between a country ruled by a military despot, and a free people awake and ready for defense. My viewpoint changed as the facts became clear to me. My experience was a common one.

When war came, all we could do was to gaze sadly at the pacifist.

To-day the group to which I belonged has all but disappeared. A few individuals remain, but the American people has stopped chewing on its big problem just long enough to say this:

The United States is going to be adequately guarded against invasion.

How?

Nobody knows. Wilson doesn't know. Nor does Garrison; nor does Congress; nor does Wood; nor the War College; nor EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, so far as I know; though each has definite ideas.

All of these good servants of ours are diligently on the job we have set for them and for ourselves—to find out. When we arrive at the answer, we know that it must cover certain concrete facts that we are now agreed upon.

First, there was the fact of war.

When it was finally forced upon our attention that the most terrific of conflicts in the history of the world was on in Europe, and that intelligent and cultured men were killing each other in a manner and on a scale undreamed of even in fantastic fiction, all we could do was sadly to regard those of us who a few months before had been telling how the day of brotherly love had arrived and the day for armed readiness had passed. There was nothing to say.

Then there was the fact of our own inadequacy.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

It was some time before the frightful facts of what had happened to Belgium and what was going on to involve all of the Old World, broke through our cocksureness. Accustomed, through generations, to regard as an absurdity the possibility that any impertinent foreign power might venture even to threaten the chip that we carried on our shoulder; fed from our schooldays on only the inspiring facts of our history, some of us were inclined to cut up when we found a less palatable mixture in our pap-bottle. But we swallowed it, just the same, even though it upset us a bit for a while.

To-day we are willing to admit, right out loud, that of every five men who went in or were forced into the Union forces during the Civil War, one was a deserter; that President Lincoln as early as the second year of the war came to a place where he was forced to resort to the draft; that Congress adopted general conscription before the struggle had gone two years; that in the War of 1812 we were unable to beat the British, when a force greatly inferior to ours numerically was able to capture Washington with ridiculous ease; that in that same war our only real land victory was won when the war was over; that the credit for success at Yorktown must go largely to a French navy and a French army. We have even come to the place where we don't hear the cry of "Jingo" when it is contended that patriotism never has produced and never will produce very large or very effective forces of volunteers.

We have come to the place where we are not inclined to doubt the wisdom of the policy that was laid down for us by Washington. This policy contemplates an efficient navy and a small standing army which in time of war can be used as a nucleus around which to assemble a fighting force sufficient for the emergency. We have, gradually, come to know, after having had it told to us every year or so for a century and a quarter, that, apart from the navy, about all we have is the nucleus. Enough of us have reached the conviction that this is bad business, to make it certain that this coming Congress is going to do something in the way of putting meat on our military skeleton.

Once we acknowledged that there is nothing upon which to base a contention that we shall never have to fight, and that no matter how warlike we may be, how patriotic, how courageous, we should be pitifully outmatched in a test of strength with any first-class nation on earth, we began considering what we had to work with. We found these things:

The Navy; the Army; the Militia; Men; Money; Materials; Schools; Colleges; Laws; Congress.

THE NAVY

One of these days, perhaps during the coming session of Congress, we are going to get the notion out of our national head that if we pay strict attention to our fighting power on water, we don't have to worry much whether we have machine guns or pea-shooters on land.

If we can provide ourselves with a navy that is unquestionably unbeatable, *and keep that navy unbeatable*, then we can go to the movies and forget our worries.

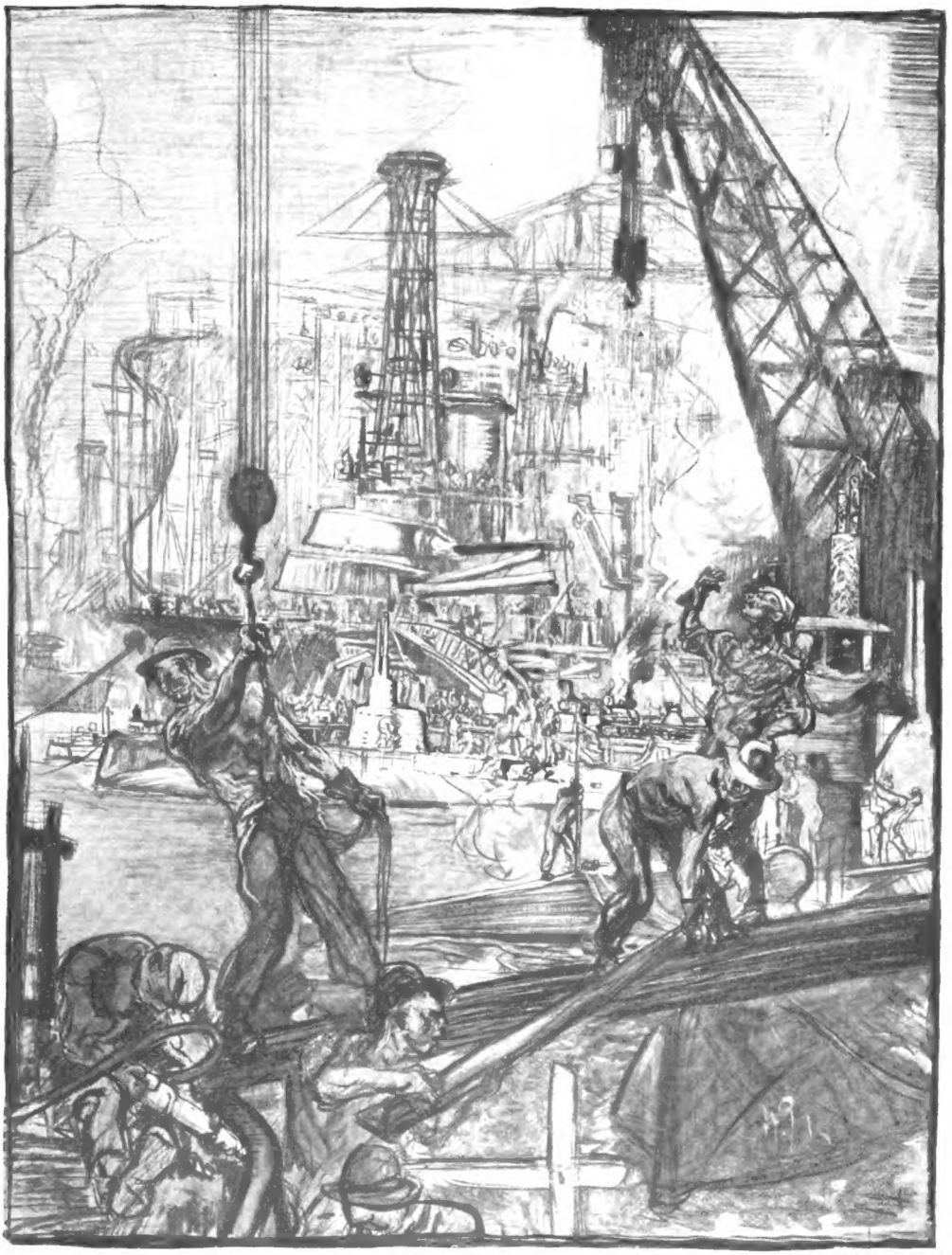
No nation on earth can do that.

But suppose we set out to do it. Suppose that each ship we build, each gun we turn out, and each crew we set afloat is a match for any like ship, any gun, and any crew anywhere in the world. Suppose numerically we have as great a battle-line, with its auxiliaries, as any other nation. Then, since we recognize all the great powers as possible enemies, not only do we face the task of putting afloat a more powerful navy than is maintained by Great Britain, but we must take account of five or six possible alliances which might be formed against us, any one of which could include Great Britain. If, in our "splendid isolation," we are to depend upon sea fighters alone for defense against invasion, not only have we got to build this gigantic fleet but we have got to maintain it.

Anyway, supposing that we have the money both to build and to maintain such a force, then we come up against that proposition repeatedly demonstrated throughout history: *that an unbeatable fleet to-day may be a beatable or even a beaten one to-morrow.*

The invention of a new type of ship may at any time wrest the control of the sea from the most powerful navy. When the *Merrimac* sailed into Hampton Roads and in a few hours sank the pride of the Union navy, the control of the sea passed from the North to the South. But—the next day the *Monitor* beat the *Merrimac*, and the control of the sea had passed again into the hands of the North. No one knows to-day whether

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Drawn by Henry Reuterdahl.

SINCE NO NATION ON EARTH WOULD ATTACK US BY LAND WITHOUT HAVING FIRST SECURED CONTROL OF THE SEA, A NAVY VICTORIOUS WOULD MEAN A CONSERVATION OF LIFE, MONEY, AND TIME THAT IS ALMOST BEYOND CALCULATION.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE OLD MUZZLE-LOADER OF THE DAYS OF MOLLIE PITCHER.

some new type of submarine or some new design of battle-ship may be developed in the European War which will make our fleet as puny, in its fighting power, as was the English fleet at the close of the Civil War.

Before Congress adjourns this time we laymen, without much doubt, are going to be pretty well satisfied on several points:

1. That it is time that the United States brought an end to its vacillating naval policy. We have blown hot and cold from the time that we started our little naval policy immediately after the Revolution.

2. That the war-ship is not the *means* of national defense, but a *valuable auxiliary* to national defense.

3. That our fleet can be developed and organized only up to the point of meeting the *probable* chances of war. Beyond that there is waste. Security against the *possible* chances of war lies only in a nation trained to arms.

There is a point of diminishing returns in battle-ship-building. Highest naval efficiency means, largely, spending. We have the money, oodles of it. How much of it we should spend on the water, if we set out to provide an adequate defense for this country, may well be left to experts. The problem is one which involves economical and efficient coordination of all of our fighting strength. Expert opinion in the United States, if followed by us, in three years would give us approximately this in addition to our present naval equipment:

We should have laid down at once four battle-ships costing $15,000,000 each; four battle-cruisers at $18,000,000 each; eight scout-cruisers at $4,000,000 each; sixteen destroyers at $800,000 each; five fleet-submarines at $1,000,000 each; and twenty coast-submarines at $500,000 each. The total strain on our national pocket would be $191,800,000. Such a program would call for an expenditure of a little less than $64,000,000 a year.

We should have to find 739 officers and 12,110 men to man our new ships, and we should have to count on spending $13,726,000 each year in maintaining them.

We should also have to meet the serious situation arising from the fact that some of our older ships can no longer be considered useful for the first or even the second line. For example, the *Oregon* class went out of date in 1910; the *Iowa* in 1912; and the *Kearsarge* and *Kentucky* in 1915. We should have to reorganize our fleet on the basis of actual efficiency of the ships which we already have built.

If we continue to follow the advice of our experts in these matters, we should take steps to secure an immediate addition of 1,000 officers and 12,000 men to our navy. There would be no trouble in securing the officers. The naval academy can take care of this item under existing quotas allotted to the classes there. On the present basis of cost, if we figure from the $40,010,724 spent annually for 3,288 officers and 52,000 men, the increase would be about $14,000,000 per year.

With this increase we should be able fully to man the fleet which we already have in commission as well as every vessel at present in reserve. We should have men sufficient for every vessel whether in or out of commission, that might be useful to us in war. We should be

Some of us were inclined to cut up when we found a less palata ble mixture in our pap-bottles.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE TYPE OF FIELD ARTILLERY USED IN THE CIVIL WAR.

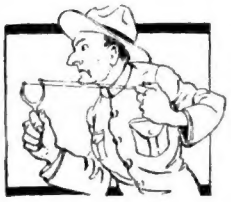
Decorations by Vincent Lynch.

able to provide a trained reserve for our auxiliaries, and from this we should also draw to fill gaps caused by loss in time of war.

If we get into a row, and come to blows over it, the first decisive thing to happen is going to be a sea-fight. Even if an opponent has a means of coming at us from Canada or from Mexico, if he plans a real invasion, he isn't going to bring on his invading machinery until he has cleared the way to his landing-places and has cut us off from outside help and communication. The question of control of the sea will be decided during the first month of the war. We shall "sic" on our war-dogs, betting that they can't be beaten. Winners, we can roll our guns back into the arsenals and begin at once carving statues of our naval heroes. Losers, we can quit the game, or stay in, shy our navy card.

In other words, an efficient navy, proportionate to a balanced system of defense, *may* be security against invasion. An efficient army, adequate for any possible emergency, *will be* security against invasion. And we can, if we will, have such an army.

Then why a navy at all? Because, since no nation on earth would attack us by land without having secured control of the sea, a navy victorious would mean a conservation of life, money, and time that is almost beyond calculation.



We must get rid of the notion that we don't have to worry whether we have machine guns or pea-shooters on land.

THE ARMY

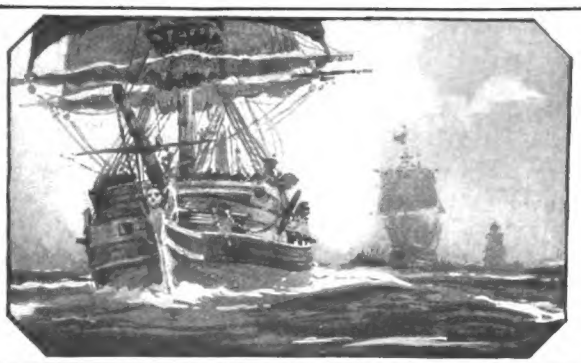
Even if Congress has done no reading during the past year, outside the predictions of the political dopesters, it will not take more than ten minutes for it to ascertain that our army is inadequate. We have a regular army of about 88,000 men and 5,000 officers, on which we spend a hundred million dollars a year. Because of our responsibilities outside the territorial limits of the United States, and because of what we have to draw off to handle the coast artillery, we have an actual mobile force within the United States of not more than 1,500 officers and 30,000 men. The organization of this force is the barest skeleton. It is reasonably well trained, incompletely equipped.

These men and officers are our military hired men. Under our traditional military policy we look to them to be so equipped and so organized in time of peace that should war come their organization could be quickly and satisfactorily expanded into a fighting power which could successfully meet any situation we might face.

In addition, we lay upon them the responsibility of supplying peace garrisons for our foreign possessions and for fortified harbors and naval bases; of preventing naval raids which might precede a declaration of war, for the purpose of giving an enemy a convenient base for operations; of supplying a reserve prepared to reinforce foreign garrisons in case of insurrection; of supplying forces for the occupation of foreign territory in case treaty rights or national policies are threatened; of working with the navy in the formation of joint expeditions to safeguard foreign interests of the United States; of holding themselves in readiness to mobilize instantly and to strike quickly at the outbreak of a war, in order to provide time for the concentration of a citizen army; of unifying a military policy which can be the foundation of a national army in time of war; of acting for the peace and safety of any community which may require

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE FRIGATE OF 1812. FAST-SAILING, WELL-FOUGHT SHIPS THAT WON RECOGNITION FOR OUR NAVY.

its services; of working out a system of equipment, transportation, and supply of a great army in case war should come; of serving efficiently as a training-school for the citizenship.

If Congress will haul any one of half a dozen able army officers on the carpet, it can discover in five minutes of interrogation how absurd it is to expect our regular army to come anywhere near to accomplishing these things; and the conviction will inevitably be reached that it is hazardous, so far as *we* are concerned, and that it is unfair to our hired men that we continue to place upon them such a responsibility.

Nor will it be difficult for Congress to form some conception of what any conceivable crisis involves. The most casual examination of modern warfare reveals the fact that our isolation is not the defense which it once was. In our next war with any great power, assuming that our navy has been beaten, and assuming that we do not have to defend our shores against an alliance of great powers, we shall be called upon to meet a force of trained soldiers which may be as small as 50,000 men or as large as 400,000 men. We shall have to attempt to repel such a force within two weeks after we have lost our control of the sea.

This is not a guess. It is an estimate based upon the transport ships that the great powers can call into the service as fast as they can be loaded with troops, within twenty days.

Austria-Hungary can land on the coast of this country 75,000 men within fifteen days; Germany 400,000 men within fifteen days; France 170,000 men within eighteen days; Italy 95,000 men within twenty-two days; Japan 95,000 men within twenty-three days; and Russia 40,000 men within twenty days.

The number of troops Great Britain could send would be limited only by the strength of her army. She has transport capacity equal to that of any three nations.

It is the opinion of those who have given the most painstaking study to our requirements in the way of a hired force, that if only the peace duties of the army are considered, its numerical strength should be in the neighborhood of 220,000 men, of which 53,000 would be stationed outside the continental limits of the United States. Although the law permits a standing army of 100,000 men, we have never been able in time of peace to bring the enlistment up to that figure. Nevertheless, presuming that under our present system we could enlist the necessary 220,000 men, we should still be far short of a defensive strength equal to any probable emergency. Experts agree that our first-line defense, that is, the fighting force which we should be able to assemble immediately within the territory of the United States, should be not less than 500-000 men, perfectly trained, thoroughly equipped, and amply supplied with officers.

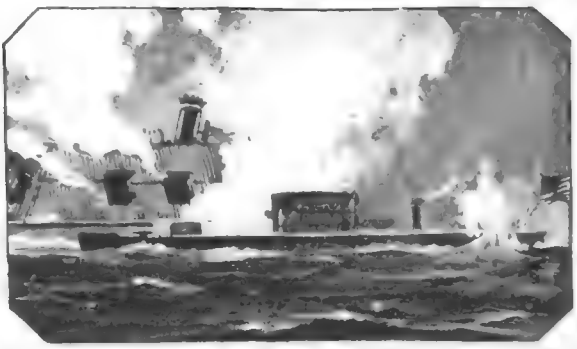
THE MILITIA

The hopeless inefficiency of the militia under its present organization, as well as the pitiful inadequacy of its equipment, has been stated so often during the past few months and in so many different ways, that no doubt remains, however high may be the individual personnel and how sincere and hard-

Waiting for promotion—still a lieutenant.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE *MERRIMAC* AND THE *MONITOR*. THEIR FIGHT WAS AN EXAMPLE OF HOW SWIFTLY CONTROL OF THE SEA MAY SHIFT.

Decorations by Vincent Lynch.

working and painstaking may be its leadership, that it can not under the present scheme of its administration be looked upon either as an important part of our first-line defense or as an efficient instrument for a reserve line.

Very recently there has been developed in some quarters an agitation for abandoning the militia as a Federal asset. In spite of determined efforts, year after year, to bring about a conformity in training and equipment that would permit our militia organizations to become at once a part of the United States army in case of war, the great obstacle—that the militia organizations are administered chiefly to meet possible emergencies which may arise only within the individual states—has not been overcome. It costs money to maintain cavalry, field artillery, and other branches of the service which become vitally important when a nation goes to war, and the states have not come to maintain the militia on a footing above what local needs demand.

Of course, the militia might be federalized. But this would be chasing the devil around the bush. We *can* federalize the National Guard and immediately it ceases *to be* the National Guard as we understand the words to-day. Also, the scheme involves politics. It raises the old bugaboo of states' rights. It has the fatal fault that, as soon as a serious effort was made to carry it out, there would be developed hostility to it in every state from Atlantic to Pacific.

This splendid energy that finds its natural expression in Indian fighting.

Well, then, suppose we say that in the militia alone is not the solution of the whole problem. We have then the experiment which has been tried in the military training-camps for college students and the one for business and professional men recently held at Plattsburg, New York.

From the viewpoint of military instruction these experiments have been successful. The course of instruction has been thorough, and it has been administered so that a foundation for military efficiency can be developed in an individual within six weeks. But not even the most enthusiastic of the army officers who have been identified with these experiments pretend to believe that voluntary attendance at these camps will ever or could ever give us the number of trained men and skilful officers necessary for a sufficient defensive force. The instruction camps are the merest drops in the bucket. In a limited way they give promise of aiding materially in supplying officers. They in no way tend to solve the problem of men.

All right, then, we have a reserve law. Yes, and during the three years of its operation it has given us something like sixteen men as a second line of defense.

SCHOOLS

We have no business overestimating the value of military schools. West Point is a factory where they make throttles and spark-plugs for a military machine. The gasoline must come from somewhere else. The army officer is the device that controls the flow and concentration of the driving power, and sets it off. He is indispensable. He is powerful in proportion to what is back of him.

Nothing but negligence accounts for the fact that in case of war we should find

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ourselves short of well-trained military leaders. Military genius agrees that absolute security means that we should have a first line of defense of 500,000 trained men instantly available, with another half-million in reserve. Between 40,000 and 50,000 officers will be required to get maximum killing-power out of these men.

There isn't an American among us who would want to see 40,000 or 50,000 men doing nothing but drawing their pay and their breath during piping times of peace, even though every last man of them might be a Triple-X commander in time of war. I venture to say, also, that there are few Americans among us who have any objection to 40,000 or 50,000 men plugging away, each one in his own groove, in our business, professional, and industrial life, even though each one of them knows the war game backward, and, if need came, would be just as good a man to direct an attack or engineer a retreat as he is at building a bridge or conducting a lawsuit.

ARMY SNOBS UNNECESSARY

We can have our 40,000 or 50,000 or 100,000 trained officers without the spectacle of swashbuckling snobs in gold braid strutting along our sidewalks and insulting our citizens. We can have them without upsetting our institutions, and without spending very much more money than we are spending now. That is why the proposal for one or two more West Points is so silly. We do not want and we do not need any more West Points or a bigger West Point. What we need is intelligent organization and supervision of schools where some sort of military instruction is already being given.

We have now in the United States fifty land-grant colleges where military instruction is given from one to three years. We have fifty-one other colleges and schools, such as the Virginia Military Institute, Culver, and St. John's College, where military instruction is given under the direction of regular army officers. In order to standardize military instruction in these schools, four hundred additional officers would be needed. They could be supplied on thirty days' notice.

Now it costs the Government $1,300,000 a year to maintain West Point. There are approximately six hundred students there. It has been estimated that every officer who comes from West Point costs the Government $10,000 for his education. Should we adopt a program of training 5,000 officers a year, the cost would be $50,000,000. We can get the 5,000 officers, if we want them, at a cost that will be not more than one-fifth of that.

Should we pay a military student $15 a month for ten months in the year for his four years of service in college, he would cost us $600. Should we, upon his graduation, allow him six months at a commissioned officer's pay in the regular army, he would receive approximately $1,400. The total cost of his education would be $2,000. The cost of educating 5,000 men in this way each year would be $10,000,000. In addition to the fact that we should have a thoroughly trained military expert, we should have turned out a citizen sound physically, a real military asset, and should have provided him with $1,000 profit at the close of his military instruction which he could use in establishing himself in civil life.

With a trained peace-nucleus on land, with officers in the making for a war army of a million trained fighters, all we lack is the million trained fighters—and a sure way of giving them the things to fight with.

This nation is going to be all stirred up over the man problem for some time to come. There is nothing to squabble over in the problem of industrial mobilization.

The problem of getting men is a political one. That of getting guns and the things to put into both men and guns is a business and an industrial one. And business is where we live. The business man fits into a scheme of preparedness primarily as a producer and an organizer of materials. It is the industrial experts that must be relied upon to cram down the maw of modern warfare the vast supplies with which military experts can organize a victory. Business mobilization involves the manufacture of military armament and explosives, the organization of general supplies, conservation of the chemicals of war, the conservation and organization of labor skilled in the manufacture of materials of war, and the organization of transportation.

There is not space here for a detailed analysis of the problems involved in all this, or of our present chances of meeting them successfully. Such an analysis will be published in this magazine in an early issue. To get, then, to the problem of men:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Drawn by Sidney Riesenberg.

JUST PLAIN MURDER—THAT'S WHAT IT WOULD BE TO SEND THE BOYS OF THIS COUNTRY INTO BATTLE WITHOUT TEACHING THEM HOW TO FIGHT

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1905 TO 1915. TEN YEARS IN THE EVOLUTION OF THE AMERICAN BATTLE-SHIP.

MEN

"The Lord will provide" brand of patriotism may be beautiful. Like many other beautiful things and creatures, it is apt to be dangerous.

K. William Hohenzollern had all the trained men he figured he would need before he began talking about himself and God. We are never going to get men the way K. William did. But if we ever do have a well-balanced scheme of national defense, we shall have to get them some way.

Fortunately, an American sense of humor took all the anesthetic properties out of Mr. Bryan's profession of faith that "if this country needed a million men and needed them in a day, the call could go out at sunrise and the sun would go down on a million men under arms." Yet Bryan was only expressing, in a silly sort of way, a very definite American trait. For a century and more, in spite of repeated warnings from our greatest men, and blind to the terrible lessons of our wars, we have let it go at just about that. Once a year we trim up our streets with Old Glory and go with our wives and daughters and sons or our best girls to cheer on into his most dizzy flights our pet local orator, knowing in advance that he is going to tell us once more about the bulwark of the nation—"our sturdy, courageous, unwhipped citizenship."

In the last few months, however, we have come to agree that wishing it were so does not make it so, and that this form of self-deception is a bad habit that may at any time lead into a catastrophe.

Even if we agree that out of our whole male citizenship a million trained men is ample security for this nation, where are we going to get them? With our Congress ready to get down to business, we are not altogether ready to answer this question.

I think it is fair to say that the majority of us know what the answer is. Yet those who are satisfied with it and who are big enough and wise enough and prominent enough to make themselves heard all over the house, should they care to, are acting like a lot of bashful lovers, hesitating and side-stepping, praying for an opening that will let them get it out of their systems in an easy and natural way.

Of course, the answer is compulsory training.

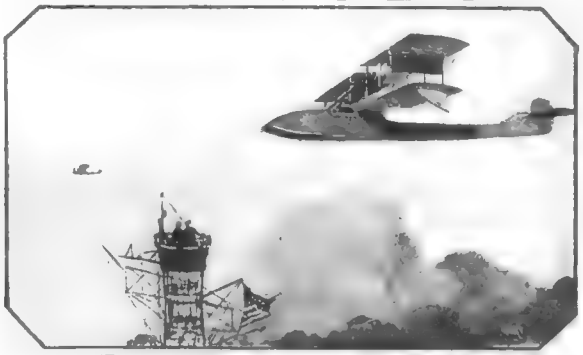
Or, if you are inclined, as I am, toward the proposition that a citizenship can not be compelled to do what it decides is the best thing to do, call it "universal" or "national" training. All that universal training means is that military instruction gets on to the plane with public schools and taxes. Good citizens may get purple in the face shouting about Prussianism and militarism and other isms; and the purpler they get, the more they shout and the longer they talk, the more quickly are they going to get at the facts—and particularly the one big fact that universal training is the answer, and that there is nothing in it not truly democratic and wholly American.

Cheer on into his most dizzy flights our pet local orator.

Prussianism, for example, is a scare-word to a democracy only because of what the House of Hohenzollern has done with a system that fundamentally is more democratic than ours. Argue about it as much as we please, our standing army comes down to us from the

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



SCOUTS, YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY—THE LOOKOUT IN THE FIGHTING TOP, AND THE HYDROAEROPLANE.

Decorations by Vincent Lynch.

old feudal days when barons paid their retainers so many pieces of gold to furnish so many soldiers. It is a survival of the days of Frederick the Great, long ago abandoned by every important nation save Great Britain, ourselves—and China.

The danger to a democracy that lies in the professional soldier, aside from the economic waste, is his eagerness to practise his profession, and his tendency, if he is powerful enough, to subvert the national interest to his inclination. Our forebears recognized this. Feeling that abhorrence to anything approaching military rule, bred in the bone of the Anglo-Saxon, in giving us a standing army they took elaborate precautions to subordinate military to civil authority.

In Germany militarism has been superimposed on a theory of national defense which is thoroughly democratic. The German armed force, as do the armies of Switzerland and Australia, comes directly from the citizenship. Her military machine was evolved by Prussia, after Napoleon, under the spur of necessity. When Prussia poured her armies into the field in 1813, they were no longer professional but citizen organizations. Once the French laughed at this citizen army as a "sort of militia." It is essentially the marvelous war-machine of to-day.

Without the spectacle of swashbuckling snobs in gold braid.

In considering our own defense we are beginning to appreciate that it is not this war-machine, not the German system of government, not wholly the Prussian influence personified in the Kaiser and his party, not even compulsory military service that make up the militarism so hateful to us, but that *German militarism is the state of mind of the German people.*

Switzerland has a military system based on universal training, and yet there is not a suspicion of militarism in that country, which is held by some economists to be the world's model democracy. Australia, after repeated experiments and after years of endeavor to find some avenue to adequate defense other than compulsory service, has universal training laws.

In Germany, through a habit of allowing their leaders to do their thinking for them, the people have accepted the Kaiser's proposition that the army is the people. The Swiss and the Australians have declared that the people are the army.

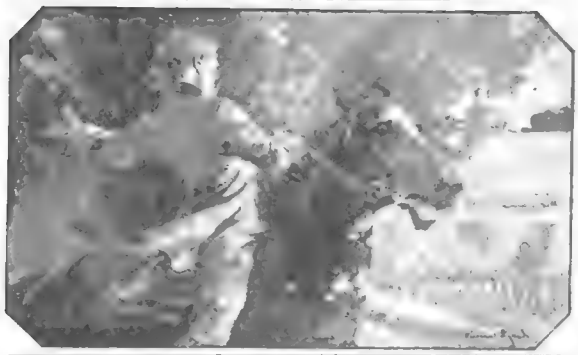
Our newspapers generally, and many of our public men, are saying that the American nation "will never stand for it." Maybe that is so. And maybe it isn't. It is a fact, anyway, that right now we are playing politics with the idea, flying around like leaves in an autumn wind, vaguely knowing where we are going, but obstinately refusing to admit that we are on our way.

This country, one of these days, is going to have universal military instruction. It may come only after a tragedy. It may come in time to avert one. But first we have got to play politics with the notion. That is one of the privileges of a democracy. Also one of the penalties. We must first go through this period of side-stepping. It is going to be an important operation. Of course, we must loiter along the way, idly whistling through our teeth, while we peer into every side-alley, before we will climb the steps to the doctor's office.

Our Secretary of War is a wise and courageous man. Yet, like most of the rest of our public men, and our politicians large

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



THE OLD PAUL REVERE WAY OF CARRYING INFORMATION, ASSEMBLING TROOPS, AND DIRECTING MOVEMENTS.

and small, he is busy fussing with alternatives. The Garrison plan is a plain compromise, and a political compromise at that. It fails wholly to take account of what we have learned at heavy cost in all the wars of our history—that patriotism does not crowd the recruiting offices, and that raw levies or even partially trained soldiers mean heavy cost and terrible waste if the nation is forced to send them into battle.

Mr. Garrison proposes to give us three separate armies unlike in training and organization. His "Continental Army" stirs tradition and sentiment. His choice of a name is good. But his scheme will not work.

It is probably fair to say that Mr. Garrison knows it will not work. He would shift the center of gravity of our military system from our regular army to a military force dependent upon voluntary enrolment for its existence.

Human nature has changed little since Washington, after most heroic efforts to get together an army of twenty thousand men in the vicinity of Boston, wrote:

"There must be some other stimulus, besides love of country, to make men fond of the service. . . . The number enlisted since my last is 2540 men. I am sorry to be necessitated to mention to you the egregious want of public spirit which reigns here. Instead of pressing to be engaged in the cause of their country, I find we are likely to be deserted in a most critical time. . . . Our situation is truly alarming, and of this General Howe is well apprized, it being the common topic of conversation when the people left Boston last Friday. . . . Such a dearth of public spirit and such want of virtue, such stock-jobbing and fertility in all the low arts to obtain advantages of one kind or another in this great change of military arrangement I never saw before, and pray God's mercy that I may never be witness to again. What will be the end of these maneuvers is beyond my scan. I tremble at the prospect."

Instances of just such experiences as fell to Washington, because of reliance on voluntary enlistments, can be found repeatedly in the full records of our wars. A nation relying upon voluntary enlistment can not be prepared. The most recent demonstration of this oft-demonstrated fact is England's situation to-day.

Garrison's plan would be splendid—if it would raise the men. It will not. While it is far better in its conception than that other scheme for enlisting and training a volunteer army of a million men immediately, and then returning them to private life, its fundamental defect is the same.

The Swiss youth, as does the German and the Australian, takes his military training as a matter of course. Patriotism with him is a natural growth. He isn't taught to draw a line between civic duty and military duty. He picks up his military knowledge gradually. By the time he leaves the common school he has become valuable as a military unit. He looks forward to the time when he can take his physical examination and join the colors each year, even if for only a few days, that he may complete his military education. He discerns nothing that is undemocratic or unreasonable in the requirement that he must know how to fight in order that he may take an intelligent part in his country's affairs. He thinks this is as reasonable as a requirement that he must pay taxes in order that the affairs of his country may be properly administered.

What we expect of our standing army.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MODERN WAY. THE FIELD WIRELESS AND THE ARMORED AUTO.

Decorations by Vincent Lynch.

Every American father and mother blessed with a son has his or her "boy-problem." The American boy-problem is no trifling one. This splendid energy, that finds its outlet in stealing the neighbor's melons, in pestering the neighbor's cat, that finds its natural expression in Indian fighting and war games accompanied by greater or less degrees of actual violence, is now being largely wasted. The Boy Scout movement is an attempt to utilize it. Yet we have a mysterious horror of devising any system through which the mental, physical, and moral development of our schoolboys may be made an asset to the boy, to his family, and to his country. If we say that there shall be military drill in all our schools, we immediately raise the bugaboo of militarism, and lose sight of the fact that in many of our public schools, notably in the schools of Wyoming, of Boston, and of Washington, D. C., cadet training has become a fixture.

Only a particularly dangerous form of national smugness has kept us blind to the fact that the school-boy of to-day is the future guardian of our peace, our ideals, and our institutions.

We peer into every side-alley before we will climb the steps to the doctor's office.

"Sir," wrote a British officer in Flanders to the editor of the *London Chronicle*, "I can not help but start with abuse, although you are only one of those 'in touch with the vast anti-conscriptionist mass of British opinion,' as your leader-writer puts it. Damn British opinion, sir; damn the vain, self-complacent English smugness and English arrogance. Don't blather about God upholding the cause of the just, and the bulldog pluck pulling us through—I am tired of pulpit and music-hall sentiments.

"Conscription does not mean that every one is a soldier—it means that George, who is an engineer, engineers for the state; Tom, who is a skilled workman, works for the state; and Harry and Bill, who are fit to fight, fight and perhaps die for the state. The state calls her children and allots to them their tasks. What monstrous, wicked, bloody oppression! And you must go on unblushingly with your old voluntary muddle."

It is too bad when a nation has to be taught its lesson by voices from the trenches.

It is certain that some courageous representative either in the United States Senate or the House of Representatives will at the coming session present a proposition for a system of universal military training, to begin in our public schools. The member of the national legislature who does this is going to start a fight. It is the privilege and the enjoyment of our representatives in Congress that they may engage in wordy war up to the point when they know beyond peradventure what the American voter wants. It seems to be the belief that American sentiment is opposed to universal training. Yet there are indication that the deep current of national thought is toward a condition of preparedness that will find its basis on the Swiss or the Australian idea.

Whether we are sufficiently clear in our national mind at this time as to what we want to do, there is no question that this coming Congress can, by legislation of a very simple variety, give us real national insurance. Origin approve of introducing

Digitized by Google

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

military instruction in all of our public schools. It can make it the law that all able-bodied young men when they reach the age of nineteen shall become members in the Continental Army of the United States; that they shall be under Federal organization and authority, and shall be furnished, at the expense of the United States Government, with all necessary military equipment; and that for three years they shall receive not less than two months' training each year, such training to include active field work and practise with the regular army.

THE TWO LINES OF DEFENSE

Congress can make it the law, also, that the Continental Army of the United States shall be divided into two classes, the first class consisting of the recruits of the first year, boys of nineteen, and the second class consisting of recruits of the ages of twenty and twenty-one; that first-year recruits shall not be subject to call for service outside of the continental limits of the country, but that the second class, having had one year of training, shall be subject to call to the colors in time of danger for service anywhere the public welfare may demand.

Should Congress do this, the second-class recruits would form with the regular army the first line of national defense. By the census of 1910, there were in the United States 949,876 men twenty years of age, and 889,036 men twenty-one years of age. If all were fit for military service, there would be 1,838,912 second-class soldiers in the Continental Army. Eliminating those of second-class age who would be found unfit, or properly exempt, the combined forces available, in the Continental and the regular armies, would be sufficient for any probable emergency. Should Congress adopt this plan, of a Continental Army gathered and organized through a system of universal training, at the end of three years each member who had received training as a recruit in the Continental Army could be made a member of the national reserve, being allowed to retain arms and uniforms and being required to report at least once a year for parade and inspection.

Should we create such military machinery as this, we should have done nothing to interfere with the civil pursuits of any male citizen. We should have utilized and directed, rather, the energies of our youth, raised the physical standard of our young men, and increased their chances for success in civil life.

It may be that the country to-day "will not stand for" this scheme. Nevertheless, when big and patriotic men are coming out openly in favor of universal training, and when splendid, home-loving women are organizing, declaring that to send the boys of this country untaught and untrained into a war would be plain murder and a crime against motherhood; when men and women from border to border are arguing that if war comes it is our boys who will be called upon to fight and that, since it is they who must fight anyway, it is only justice and only human that we should allow them to learn how to fight—when these things are going on in our country, some doubt is raised as to just what American public sentiment *will* "stand for."

HERE, then, is what we must do:

We must develop and organize our business and industrial resources to the point where, in time of war, munitions and supplies for our defending army can be furnished in maximum quantity with minimum loss of time and with minimum waste.

We must increase our naval power to the point where it becomes a real and adequate defense. That point has been indicated.

We must increase, organize, and equip our paid standing army to the point where it can successfully discharge the duties laid upon it.

We must create a reserve strength which will give us, with our standing army, a first-line of land defense of not less than 500,000 men and a second-line of defense of at least 500,000 men.

That means some plan of general military training. It means universal military training. We can have this without sacrificing our ideals or giving ground an inch on our institutions and our traditions.

We must have military instruction for all young men at a time and in a way that will not interfere with their work in life, but will the better prepare them for that work. It is the natural way. It is the economical way. It is the only way.

It is democratic. It is patriotic. It is common sense.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

Some *Past* History
Some *Present* History
Some *Inside* History

WE have always talked frankly with our readers. We have wanted EVERYBODY'S readers to know what EVERYBODY'S Publishers are trying to do. We have wanted your support, your confidence. Our monthly editions of 600,000 would seem to answer for your support, your confidence. What follows is a frank report of our management to you, the real makers of EVERYBODY'S. What we are doing. What not doing. And why. Will you read it, please?

AS TO CLEANNESS

Our aim has been to make a clean magazine. Clean all through. We were one of the pioneers in clean advertising. When the craze for tainted fiction swept readers and publishers off their feet, we stuck to clean fiction. We have never run unclean illustrations. Recall our slogan, adopted years ago: "Nothing in any part of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which might harm any reader in health, morals, or pocket." We have had constantly in mind the young people in your home. We have run nothing in our magazine anywhere which might make it harder for you to bring them up right.

AS TO FAIRNESS

In our vigorous attacks on evils of every description, we have never attacked individuals as individuals. We have attacked men only as connected with some great evil. Never with malice. Often with keen regret. Always aware that the individual might himself be ignorant of the evil in his connections. Always hoping that we might help him to see the light. The spirit of fairness has been recognized by the men we have attacked. Many of them are EVERYBODY'S good friends to-day.

AS TO ABILITY

The Railroads now thank EVERYBODY'S for helping to kill rebates. Insurance Companies for helping them clean house. Honest Judges for "showing up" dishonest. Honest Finance for blazoning Frenzied. Mormonism, Bucket Shops, Porcupine, Schedule K, Rum, Pacificism, and a score more EVERYBODY'S has pilloried. Every month we treat exhaustively in EVERYBODY'S the one big subject before the country or world. Two other subjects thoroughly, and, in KEEP POSTED, from six to eight more subjects briefly but comprehensively. Ten important subjects every month. One hundred and twenty every year. That is the serious work only, occupying less than half of the magazine. But with it, we have kept the readers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE a little bit ahead of the procession.

COURT AND ADVOCATE

Our first job, our big job, as we see it, is attacking evils. EVERYBODY'S is an advocate, before the court of public opinion, for those who suffer injustices. Several sinister Monsters you never knew existed, EVERYBODY'S dragged out of their jungles before your court. And you forthwith condemned them. Most of the things for which EVERYBODY'S has campaigned have been accepted as right and have passed, by your mandate, into the conscience, the laws, the daily life of America.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AS TO PLEASURE

Life is not all struggle. Or should not be. Along with our earnestness we take a cheerful, confident view of life. We love play as much as work. Sometimes more. A good deal of the time work is play. EVERYBODY'S is not a solemn old owl. We have always given over more than half of the magazine to fiction and other entertainment. Good, sound fiction. Some of it inevitably with a moral lesson, but all of it for entertainment. We have served up straight fun as often as we could find it.

NOW, SOME INSIDE HISTORY

Magazines the size of EVERYBODY'S are called "standard" size. Magazines which run both articles and fiction are called "general" magazines. Magazines which took part in the vigorous campaigning against business and social evils from 1900 on were called "muck-raking" magazines. They were all general magazines, of the standard size, selling at fifteen cents. They had big circulations and carried a lot of advertising. They grew to be much alike, and looked much alike. When the reforms for which they had been fighting and which their readers backed up so compellingly had passed into law and habit, that particular job was finished, and their readers probably found them, for the time being, less interesting. The value of a magazine to an advertiser is in direct proportion with the value the reader sets upon the magazine. If you like a magazine, you will read it. If you read the magazine, you are likely to read the advertisements. If you like a magazine only well enough to glance through it, you are likely to glance through the advertising pages in the same indifferent mood. Your copy is a loss both to advertiser and publisher.

WHAT THE MUCK-RAKERS DID

The first job was to differentiate them. To make them different. To make them look different. One of them died. Differentiated with a vengeance! Another discontinued illustrations, ran a cheaper paper throughout, and very little fiction. Another increased the size of the illustrations, running many double-page spreads, and went over almost wholly to fiction, specializing on "beautiful girl" covers. Another changed the shape to the so-called "flat" size, but continuing as a general magazine. Still another went to the "flat" shape, specializing on fiction and "beautiful man-and-girl" covers. Viewed simply as differentiation, it was a great success.

WHAT DID EVERYBODY'S DO?

Nothing. That's the truth. Nothing. It sounds bad. It felt worse. At the time it felt worse. It feels pretty good now. The hardest job in the world for a live man is to do nothing. Especially when everybody else is doing something. We had no choice. We thought too much of EVERYBODY'S to change it into a fiction magazine. We thought too much of ourselves to give up the fight for "Forward-Looking" movements. The evils are not all dead yet by a long shot. For the kind of a magazine EVERYBODY'S has always been, the kind we always mean it to be, we believe in the "standard" shape. You don't hunt grizzlies with a shotgun. We prefer to make our appeal to the mind of the reader of EVERYBODY'S, and not to his eye. EVERYBODY'S is not interested in the frills of life, but the realities. It has not time for the erotic or neurotic. EVERYBODY'S is neither feminine nor neuter—EVERYBODY'S is masculine. Making it wear skirts, however short, is the last thing we would do.

THE FASCINATION OF THE NEW

So we did nothing. We kept on doing nothing. That is, nothing new. We kept on with the old shape, trying to make a vigorous, helpful magazine in the old shape and along the old line. But we did nothing new. While all of our rivals were changing this, that, and the other, we did not change. It was not comfortable. The new has a great fascination. While all of our rivals were exploiting new things, some of them securing distinct advantages thereby, we fell back relatively in the procession, taking their dust. We can smile about it now. We banked on our judgment. And on time. We are not taking any dust now. Our erstwhile rivals have all gone off on tangents and left us the high-road to ourselves. We are running ahead, smoothly, surely. Time's whirligig is working. The old has become the new. EVERYBODY'S is the only standard, general, fifteen-cent magazine,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

with a purpose, in the field. When our rivals scuttled, leaving the whole road to us, it was but natural that thousands of their readers should take on EVERYBODY'S. Readers who didn't wish simply to be entertained. Readers with a purpose. Readers who wish to help along.

TWO JOBS FOR ONE PUBLISHER

A successful publisher must be a good editor and at the same time a good business man. Two totally different kinds of work. If he is a good business man and not a good editor, he can sell his publication, but he can't make it stick. If he is a good editor and not a good business man, he can make his publication, but he can't sell it. He must be both. Twenty years ago the editorial side was more important. There were not so many magazines. The competition was not so keen. A good magazine found its own way. To-day there are so many good magazines, the competition is so strong, that the business department has become quite as important as the editorial. To-day magazines are in the necessity class. But they must be sold. Just like cereals and soaps and sewing-machines. Agents must be secured. Retailers enthused. Consumers persuaded to buy. And when that is done, the publisher's business job is only half done. He must then sell advertising space in his publication to the advertiser. Otherwise, he can't afford to make the costly magazine he must make in order to compete with his rivals who secure the advertiser's patronage.

WAR JARRED BUSINESS—

Although we have the best business organization we have ever had and although our circulation is better and surer, we have not been carrying as much advertising as we once carried. Why not? Hasn't EVERYBODY'S paid advertisers? It certainly has. Dozens of big houses built their businesses almost wholly on standard-magazine advertising. Dozens of others give the standard magazines credit for a large contribution to their success. Doesn't EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE pay advertisers now? Certainly. Never better than right now. The big advertisers who use it now would not use it if it didn't pay. Then why don't all advertisers use EVERYBODY'S? We can only tell you what they tell us. Some of them believe that an advertisement run next to reading matter pulls better than an advertisement run as we run them in our advertising section. Our rivals who changed to "flat" had this in mind. Is there anything in it? Nobody knows! We would like to know what you think. We believe that a reader who looks at the advertisements in a standard magazine for their own sake is more valuable to the advertiser than a reader who may glance at the advertisements in a "flat" magazine while reading editorial matter alongside. But we must be honest and say that we have no means of knowing how many readers look at the advertising for its own sake. And further, there is no law against a reader looking at the advertisements in the "flat" magazines for their own sake. Why the reader buys a magazine and what he does with it really determine its merit as an advertising medium.

THE MIND AND THE EYE

Just for eye effect the standard page is probably less effective than the larger page. But we believe that for mind-appeal, the exact reverse is true. That for advertisers who are not wishing to make a splash, for those advertisers who wish to cover the entire country, and especially for those advertisers who wish to keep themselves constantly in the minds of customers and prospective customers, the standard page gives the most for the money. We believe the experimenters will come to that conclusion.

THE ECONOMICAL UNIT OF SPACE

The standard magazines are an anchor to windward against that day when advertisers may wish to economize on their advertising. The "flat" page is two and one-half times the size of the "standard" page and costs the advertiser three times as much. Or more. But a page is a page. It gives the maximum effect. A page in a "standard" magazine gives the maximum effect in that magazine. In order to get the maximum effect in the "flat" magazine, the advertiser must take a full page also in that magazine, which, of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

course, is three times the cost of the "standard." Obviously, if an advertiser wishes to cover the country at the lowest cost, but with maximum effect, the standard is his natural vehicle.

ADVERTISING MUST PAY

Trust the advertiser to find out what is best for his business. He must. He is up against stiff competition. He must make his advertising pay. Often in his efforts for variety, for new appeal, he changes his methods. But all the time he is watching the results. Studying, planning, with his past records before him and the competitor just around the corner. It is not the simple thing it looks from the outside. Sometimes he does freak things. But always the advertiser comes back to sanity. He must. Sometimes he follows a fad. We believe "next-to-reading" is a fad. There is nothing in it. Certainly nothing big.

A REAL SERVICE

When we encourage readers to seek the advertising section for its own sake, we are performing a real service for advertising. When we make it possible for the advertiser to reach a half-million selected circulation —selected by the character of our magazine, selected even by the shape of it—when he can reach this splendid selected circulation at a minimum cost, we are performing a real service for the advertiser. Not only can he not get his message to so large a company of selected readers such as you are at so low a cost per page anywhere else. He can not get it at any price. It doesn't exist. He can not afford to overlook you.

SHAPE SELECTS CIRCULATION

The standard magazines, following the general shape of standard books, have a bookish flavor. They associate themselves with adventures of the mind. They have the scholar atmosphere. They appeal to the thoughtful. They dignify. They refine. Print a masterpiece in a newspaper. Somehow it does not belong. Print it in a standard magazine. The shape is right. It frames the masterpiece. They belong together. The mind is pleased, impressed, satisfied. Such a mind forms a high regard for a favorite magazine. It becomes a friend, companion. Sometimes inspiration. While one is in the reading mood, he may not welcome interruptions. The real reader. But when he has finished, may he not enjoy a walk through the beautiful shops in the advertising section? Is not his frame of mind ideal for making friends with the advertisers or renewing old friendships? This real interest of the reader in his magazine is supremely valuable both to publisher and advertiser.

A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES

We have ordered a new suit of clothes for EVERYBODY'S. We have seen it "tried on," but don't know how it will look. You can't tell from a "try-on" with bastings in and no sleeves, and pins everywhere. Heretofore our policy has been to change the make-up of EVERYBODY'S every year. But gradually, so that you did not notice it. Readers sometimes weary of the same make-up continued through years, and don't know why. But this year we thought instead of gradual changes we would change "from top to toe." When you get next month's EVERYBODY'S in the new suit, tell us what you think of it. Especially if you think "no."

THE PAST IS PROLOGUE

What EVERYBODY'S has done in the past is our only promise for the future. We covenant with you, our readers, to keep you a little bit ahead of the procession. We covenant with you to slip nothing into your home which might in any way harm any of you. We covenant with you to supply a goodly share of entertainment. We covenant with you, and solemnly, to edit without malice, without self-interest, not even for your self-interest, but for the good of all, as God, the Father, gives us to see what is the good of all. Glad are we and humble and sincerely grateful for the job.

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MY FIRST CONCERT

by

CARL I. HENRIKSON

PICTURES BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

Here's a Way Back to Boytime—The First of Several Stories by a New Everybody's Writer.

IN A little town just about big enough to get into the time-tables, but so small that it takes a horrible railway accident on its main crossing to get its name into the newspapers, the announcement of a "show" of any species whatsoever creates more excitement than does an annual metropolitan horse-show in the "upper crust" of society. Our town was no exception to the rule; but on this occasion the excitement ran highest among the members of the Norwegian Evangelical Lutheran Church, for the concert was to be given in that edifice.

The evening arrives at last. Mother has tried to pawn me off on some of her good friends, but, finding that everybody is going to the concert, she is confronted with the dilemma of either taking me along or staying home herself. The postscript on the handbill — "Children Free" — decides her, and I am elected to attend my first concert.

The whole world fairly quivers in anticipation. On the bed, spread out in all their glory, are father's Sunday clothes. Mother's hands have brushed them and pressed them until they fairly glow with festivity. Beside them, curled up aristocratically, lies father's paper collar—size 16½—fresh from the box. His shoo-fly is there too, still gay and respectable, although the styles have changed since father got it one Christmas several years ago. Gayer than all, more respectable and aristocratic than all, is father's white bosom shirt, immaculate except for having done service one Sunday. Its empty sleeves stretch out with threatening poise as if wielding some unseen scepter. With cuff-buttons and collar-buttons in

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

place, it breathes forth an air of preparedness that mother's discerning care alone can give it.

After my hands, neck, and ears have been washed, mother dresses me up in my best clothes and tells me to sit still in the big rocking-chair. Afraid to move lest I soil my stiffly starched white waist, I feel a sense of kinship with father's white bosom shirt. I ask mother what a concert is, but she is too busy to tell me.

"You'll see," is all she says, whetting my curiosity to the sharpest edge.

She limps about in her squeaky, tight new shoes, and the rustling of the starched white petticoats she has donned for the occasion is music in her ears. Then, throwing all scruples to the winds and with apologies to no one, she steps up to the mirror and inserts in her ears a pair of large gold earrings which father gave her before they were married. She wears them on the rarest occasions only; for with so much want and suffering in the world she feels it a sin to bedeck herself in gaudy, expensive jewelry.

The spirit of impending holiday pervades the air; the whole house is athrob with expectancy. . . .

Hark! Father's footsteps! I rush to the door to meet him. He is surprised to see me dressed up. Before he closes the door behind him, I clap my hands and shout: "We're going to a concert this evening!"

"Is that so?" he asks, looking at mother skeptically.

Mother explains that there is no place to leave me; that the concert will not last long; and that if I make a fuss before the concert is over she will take me home and let father stay and hear it out.

While father knocks the balls of ice off his heels with the stove-poker, I ask him what they do in a concert, and what concerts are for. He tells me they are mostly music and singing and speaking pieces. Then he says: "And little boys that go to concerts must look and listen, and not say anything, and behave themselves." He speaks with such emphasis and with such a sharp look in his eyes, that I think he means me. Mother agrees with him heartily, almost vehemently, and with knowing glances in my direction.

I promise them that I will be a good boy, and we sit down to the pick-up supper mother has prepared for the occasion. Mother and I are too excited to eat anything, and father hasn't time to eat very much, so the meal is soon over.

Bees in swarming-time are not as busy as we are during the next half-hour. While father shaves, mother dresses and puts on her "switch." Then father gets into his bosom shirt and runs from one room to the other looking for the things that mother has carefully laid out for him on the bed; and while he fumes and fusses he tells her to get me ready so there will be no delay. All the while I sit at the table drumming on it with my palms and finger-tips, in imitation of the fife-and-drum corps I expect to hear in the concert.

At last father is dressed. He buttons up his big overcoat and draws his fur cap over his ears. Mother snugs into her dolman and winds a long veil around her head and neck. As for me, I wear all the clothes I possess—overcoat, overshoes, and cap. A long brown scarf, redolent of moth-balls, is wound around my neck. Its ends are brought down over my shoulders, crossed over my chest, brought around my waist, crossed in the back, and then tied in a bold, wild knot in front of me. A pair of large, thick mittens which prevent me from taking hold of anything are slipped over my defenseless hands; and over these mother slips a pair of gorgeous wristlets, wonderful creations in brown and green, every inch of them crocheted by her.

The sidewalks creak and snap as we hurry along, for the night is bitter cold. Father is in the lead, holding my hand and pulling me along as fast as he can without being rude, while mother follows a few steps in the rear. I have so many clothes on I can hardly take a full step, and the scarf crawls up with every intention in the world of snuffing me out entirely.

When we get to the first corner, mother calls to father and asks him if he locked the back door. He answers no, that he thought she locked it. After he has worried her a little, he admits that he locked it; and the rest of our journey is made in silence.

It is a long walk to the church, and I am tired before we get there. The building is aglow with light, for nearly all the lamps in the congregation have been lent for the occasion. When we get inside I find I have breathed a circle of frost on my scarf; father's mustache is a row of tiny icicles, and mother's nose is white with the cold.

The hour is early, but the church is nearly

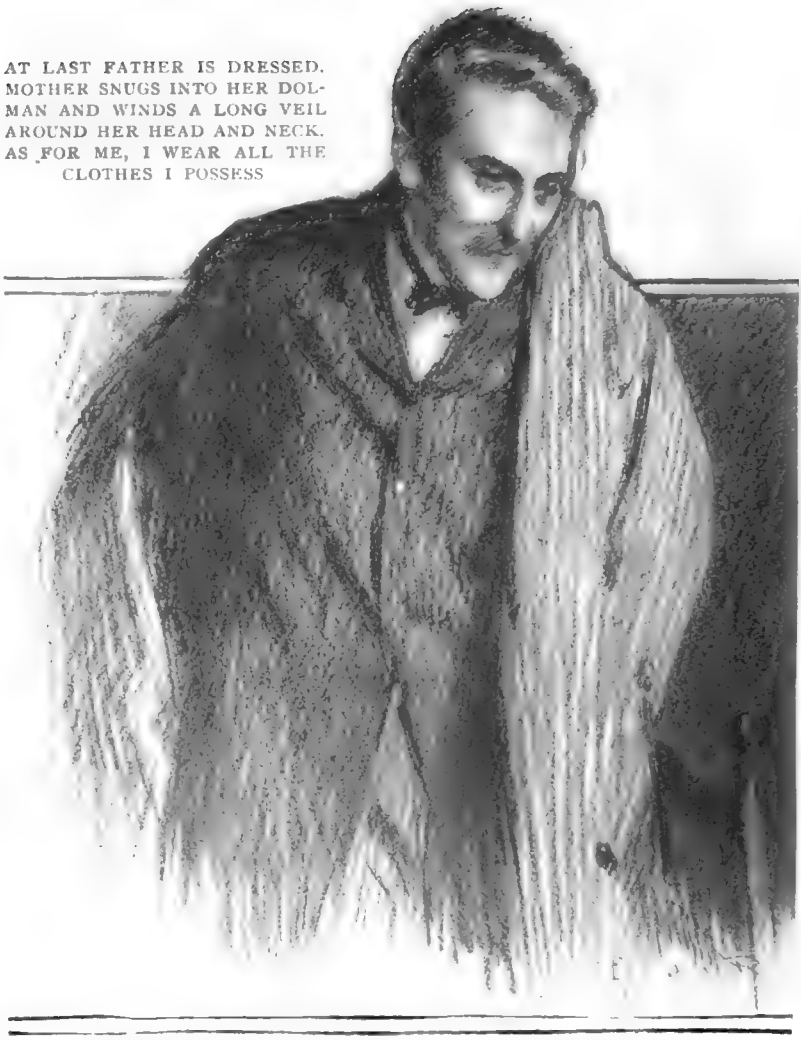
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MY FIRST CONCERT!

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

filled. An odor of tarred rope pervades the air, for most of the members are sailors. The janitor, who has been busy since early morning firing up the two stoves, wishes us a good evening, and asks father if it is cold enough for him. Father says he should say it is; and after stamping the snow off our shoes, which I do with great emphasis, we make our way through the inner door.



AT LAST FATHER IS DRESSED. MOTHER SNUGS INTO HER DOLMAN AND WINDS A LONG VEIL AROUND HER HEAD AND NECK. AS FOR ME, I WEAR ALL THE CLOTHES I POSSESS

The reception committee seems charged with electricity. Having had access to the vestry comb after pulling off their fur caps, they are conspicuous by their tidy appearance. A restless disposition also distinguishes them from the common herd. They start off, stop suddenly, wheel about, and return to the point from which they started. One moment, they are in a whispering group in the back part of the church. Presto! The group is scattered into fragments; and they stalk down the aisles beaming with welcome, but with the mystery of responsibility resting heavily on them.

A good old Norwegian sailor, disguised as an usher for the occasion, takes us in hand and starts off ahead of us to lead us to a seat. Father wants to sit away up in front where he can see the concert; mother wants to sit in the back where she can see some of the clothes and who's there. They compromise on a vacant space in the fourth row close up to the wall. Eight people have to stand up to let us in, and father's silver watch-chain gets caught on somebody's button; but we finally get to our seats.

Mother makes me stand on the seat while she unwinds the scarf and takes off my wristlets and mittens. I gape around in wonderment. Two rows back of us I see a woman that knows me. A feeling of bashfulness overcomes me, wilts me, and I sink to my seat before mother has removed half my things.

"Stand up," mother says, impatient at my boneless legs, and as cross as she dare be in church.

"Aunt Lizzie," I whisper in mother's ear, confidentially pointing back over my shoulder with my thumb.

Mother sees her and then becomes very amiable. She asks Aunt Lizzie if it is cold enough for her, and then, finding it necessary to explain my presence, she adds in a low tone so that only those in our part of the church can hear: "I didn't want Tommie to miss this."

Digitized by Google
Original from

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I sit still as long as I can, watching the pulpit and the altar, waiting for some sign of activity. Events seem to have suddenly ceased. An obstreperous lamp on one of the side walls starts to smoke like a volcano, and there is no telling what it would have done if Fisherman Swenson had not boldly risen from the ranks and turned it down so low that it soon smoked itself out. I occasionally see a portion of a white dress through the vestry door, but it seems we came awfully early. An old man in front of me starts to yawn, and I yawn too. I look back into the gallery and see a row of boys' heads like a continuous group of cherubs in every conceivable pose. I wiggle around until I slip to the floor.

Mother keeps telling me to sit still—that the concert will soon begin; but nothing seems to materialize. A man with an anchor tattooed on the back of his hand reaches over to us and tells us to move up closer. Father gives him a fearful look, but we finally get so jammed up that mother lifts me into her lap. When I wiggle to the floor again, mother, as if by magic, produces a piece of cake and with it bribes me to sit still. I quickly reduce it to crumbs, and little by little it disappears, some of it into my mouth, some of it on the floor, and some of it in father's fur cap.

When I start to wiggle again father stealthily grasps my arm and gives it a terrible squeeze and shakes me violently. I unfurl a flag of truce and sit sullen and silent for a few moments.

Then the man in front starts me yawning again. The delicious atmosphere of festivity, the musical hum of the voices around us, the feeling of comfort that pervades the church, make my eyes grow heavy and my head begins to nod. It sways from side to side until it feels mother's warm arm and shoulder, and in another moment I am asleep.

When I awake, the concert, whatever it was, is over.

Father's violent treatment of the coal-stove, during which no one can sleep, arouses me sufficiently to realize that I am home in bed. I hear mother in the kitchen stirring up the batter for the morning's buckwheat cakes, and the muffled swish of the spoon in the dish again puts the quietus on my tired eyes, and the eventful day of my first concert has passed into history.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CATHERINE.

OUT *of the* SKY

by

HOLWORTHY HALL

PICTURES BY
R. M. CROSBY

IN THE beginning, Mr. Tillinghast was born with a hundred thousand in trust for him. Later, through the medium of a patent or two and a native genius for finance, he achieved riches of his own; and finally, in the noonday of his life, he had still further riches thrust upon him by a number of aged relatives who died in placid scorn of Socialism. He belonged to the clubs which all gentlemen join, if possible; he was a distinguished member of civic committees; and he often took charge of funds intended for indigents in foreign countries. He had endowed a chair at Harvard, which sent him a courtly letter of thanks; and he had subsidized two departments in smaller colleges, which created him first a Doctor of Letters, and afterward a Doctor of Laws. He lived on Long Island, near Piping Rock, which is universally considered an excellent place for gentlemen to live.

Mr. Tillinghast had a daughter, a graceful, creamy-skinned, happy young worldling, who had arrived at the distinction of twenty-four years without the disadvantage of a titled husband or a taste for suffrage to prevent her acquisition of one. Like her father, she regarded life as an occupation enforced; and if she could have had her own way about it, she would have been the wife of a man with the precise illusions which her father had earlier concealed from his friends, and presently forgotten. But at twenty-four she was unmarried. Officially, she was unkissed. She was blessed with a good disposition; she was sufficiently intelligent for her environment; and she owned lips and eyes which, in their time, had caused a varied assortment of creditable dancers to become bad poets; but so far, although she attracted men, she hadn't attracted a man she liked. It was the one flaw in her father's happiness.

The morning was in May, Mr. Tillinghast's fiftieth birthday. Father and daughter had just breakfasted; at opposite sides of the table they sat and looked earnestly into each other's eyes, and smiled reluctantly.

"Fifty!" said the father at length. "Fifty . . . and the first morning of the long vacation! I suppose I ought to feel like a boy out of school, but I don't."

"You're silly to retire so soon," said Miss

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Tillinghast. "You'll find it awfully dull, with nobody to manage."

"No, I think not. I can afford to be philosophical now — and to take care of you."

"I'm not much care," said his daughter dryly.

"Probably you aren't—but there comes a time in every man's life when he realizes that he might have had a better acquaintance with his own family. So at least until you're married——"

"Married!" Miss Catherine Tillinghast elevated her shoulders.

"Precisely. Until you're married, I'm planning to interest myself chiefly in you."

"It's likely to be permanent, then——"

"What? With all the splendid men there are in the world?" He shook his head soberly. "You're old enough to begin to look at life a little differently—to wake up to the fact that the proper condition for a woman is marriage. The majority of the people one knows are married at your age. Incidentally, I have hopes of a grandson. Nothing would please me more than to see you contented with any one of a dozen men. Naturally, you can marry whom you choose——"

"Oh, I suppose so," said Miss Tillinghast wearily.

"Then choose," advised her father. "It's time."

"I know it. You don't imagine I haven't thought of it, do you? The difficulty is that I don't love anybody. That's rather essential, isn't it?"

"Not altogether. Love is a mighty pretty abstraction. But it's like the golden rule in business. You can get along very nicely if only one partner in the firm practises it. Good judgment is infinitely more serviceable in the long run. Besides, marriage is the end of things for a man; and the beginning of them for a woman. The advantage is yours."

"Mr. Frothingham, sir," said the butler.

"Frothingham?" echoed the financier. "Where?"

"In the library, sir."

"Queer sort of proceeding," commented Mr. Tillinghast to his daughter. "Ten o'clock in the morning! I wonder what he wants? Tell him I'll be in directly, Taylor."

The butler bowed from his neck, and withdrew. Miss Tillinghast smiled slightly.

"It's just possible he dropped in to congratulate you," she suggested. "I believe it's being done this season."

"That's so! I hadn't thought of it! I must say it's rather informal . . . Will you come in?"

"No, thanks . . ."

Mr. Tillinghast rose, when his dignity was even more apparent. He hesitated; crossed the room; and hesitated again on the threshold.

"Think over what I've said, Catherine, will you?"

"I'm thinking now."

So her father favored her with a look of approval, and went on in to the library, where he found Mr. Frothingham standing against the fireplace. He was of about Catherine's age, a thoroughly modish young man, intellectual without effort, and equipped with charming manners.

"My heartiest congratulations to you!" he said impulsively. "And what a marvelous day for a birthday!"

"Thank you, Jimmy. This is mighty kind of you. As we grow older we appreciate the attentions of young men."

"And it seemed to me that your birthday was the right time to . . . to talk of family matters."

"Family matters?" puzzled Mr. Tillinghast.

"I want to ask Catherine to marry me," blurted Frothingham. "I want to know what you think about it."

The father stiffened in grave dismay.

"You . . . you want Catherine to marry you——"

"Yes, sir. And I thought we'd better have a clear understanding beforehand."

"But, Jimmy—why, my dear boy, from what I know, and from what I've heard about you, I hadn't imagined that you're in a position to talk very seriously."

"You mean financially? Well, I'm not."

"Sit down," invited Mr. Tillinghast concernedly. "Let's be frank about this. Are you actually trying to tell me that you expect to be financed by your father-in-law?"

"Substantially. You see——"

"Wait a moment! You're about three years out of college, aren't you? And your earning capacity is what?"

"I don't know—I'm paid forty dollars a week."

"And so you're not naturally equal to the luxury of a wife, but you're willing to accept one with a dowry!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The young man gestured impatiently.

"But it's not my fault, Mr. Tillinghast!"

The financier gazed at him in amazement.

"Just how do you arrive at that conclusion?"

"College. I went to college. What chance have I? They taught me some Latin and mathematics, and the home-life of the ancient Greeks, and the history of religions, and told me I was admitted to the fellowship of educated men. Then I had to go out and sell short-time notes."

"But, my dear boy—a man who has the elements of success is bound to be successful!"

"Oh, not at all! If all the men with the elements of success were successful, nine out of ten *would* be successful, and then they wouldn't be worth anything. We need to have a big proportion of failures to keep money steady. I'm one of the failures. Why, you wouldn't take a man just out of college, and pay him four or five hundred dollars a week in your own office, would you? And you ought not to be astonished because some other man isn't paying me that!"

"No, Jimmy, but a man with a university training should have much less excuse for failure——"

"Why, no—I don't see that."

"Then you made a very bad mistake in going to college, didn't you?"

"But I didn't *go*—I was sent! If you had a son, you'd have sent him, wouldn't you? And what would he have learned? Nothing practical."

"I shouldn't have sent him to a trade school, Jimmy. The practical phase of college is negligible. I should have sent him for the general development, the broadening influence——"

"Surely. And it would have fitted him for what?"

"For intercourse with gentlemen—for his rightful position in society," said the financier, somewhat nettled.

"Then I'm fit for that, sir. I've been to college. I graduated with honors—that ought to make me all the more desirable."

"But we must judge by the results, my boy——"

"Of course. And the result of my training is that I want to marry Catherine."

Mr. Tillinghast frowned.

"And to be dependent on me! Jimmy, I don't like this. There seems to be a growing feeling in town that young men are deliberately setting out to marry rich girls—making a profession of it——"

"You wouldn't object if my own father had happened to leave me a lot of money?"

"No; that's very different——"

"Not ethically, is it? Nor if my father had been able to give me a graft position in his office with nothing to do, and a fat salary. That often happens. Then you'd think I was perfectly eligible, wouldn't you? The fact is, that if Catherine marries *any* man of my age with money, he can't possibly have made it himself. And I'm consistent about it, Mr. Tillinghast. Why, here we all are talking of equal rights and privileges for both sexes—and I say that it's perfectly proper for whichever has the money to use it! If you had a son about to be married, you wouldn't think anything of endowing him, would you? What's the difference between that and this . . . except that this way it's more helpful. Because, if your son married a rich girl, you wouldn't need to endow her; and if she happened to be poor, she wouldn't have been used to much. And if Catherine marries a rich man, he'll have got his money from somebody else anyway; and if she wants to marry a poor one like me, *you* wouldn't want her to live on his income!"

"But a poor man generally deserves his poverty——"

"Well, he always has it, hasn't he? And how many get what they really earn? You don't pay the people in your office what they earn—you couldn't, because collectively they earn all there is! And if success is only in getting money somehow, isn't marrying a rich girl a species of success? The rest of the world thinks so. And if I should marry Catherine, wouldn't that automatically remove any objection you might have to me?"

"Personally, I like you, Jimmy, but——"

"Well, then it's absolutely commercial, isn't it? I have a degree; I belong to one club that you do—it costs me too much, but I have to have it; I know everybody worth knowing; my social standing is plenty good enough. The only obstacle is that I went to college, and took at least one course that you paid for, and came out to find that I can't reconcile my inclinations—which I got *there!* — with my income! Now I want to be married. I don't want to wait

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"IT STRUCK ME THAT I COULDN'T HAVE A BETTER BIRTHDAY-GIFT THAN A SON-IN-LAW."

until I'm thirty-six or -seven. So it seems perfectly fair to me that a man who helped educate me up to a point where I can't earn more than forty dollars a week ought to be willing to make up the deficit!"

"You wouldn't be ashamed of it, Jimmy?"

"A little," admitted the young man, flushing, "but it can't be avoided. Because, in the first place, I want Catherine. And I wouldn't have gone out intentionally to get a girl with money; but if she happens to have it, I'm not going to quit on that account. I thought you'd prefer to have me straightforward about it. As a matter of fact, why should I be more ashamed of your money than if I'd inherited some, or won some, gambling in Wall Street? It wouldn't be mine, anyway—I mean, I wouldn't have created it."

Here the butler entered noiselessly, and presented a card on a tray.

"In five minutes, tell him," said Mr. Tillinghast; and then to Frothingham: "You make me, then, the following offer: For a certain monetary consideration, as yet unspecified, you're willing to marry Catherine?"

"No, sir! I'm crazy about her! But obviously I can't ask her to live on my salary. And you wouldn't be simply buying a son-in-law, Mr. Tillinghast—please don't think of it that way—you'd be buying insurance—insurance of Catherine's happiness—that is, if she should say yes. And it merely depends on what you think her happiness is worth to you."

"Your argument is interesting," conceded the financier after a pause. "I'll tell you—I like you, Jimmy, and I like to have you

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

around—but I'm a conservative, and I don't mind admitting that you modern young men shock me with some of your ideas. I like to have a man succeed by his own efforts, as I did. If you won't speak to Catherine until we've had one more conference, I'll give you a definite answer within a week."

"Very well, sir," said Frothingham, rising. "If it's convenient, I'll come a week from to-day, and——" he grinned good-humoredly—"I still congratulate you!"

Two minutes later entered the man whose card had lent the impression that his name was John H. Brady. He was a tall, powerfully built citizen of perhaps forty; and his handshake was that of a gorilla.

"Hello, Bill," he said. "They tell me you're fifty. Is that all?"

"Fifty is all," conceded Mr. Tillinghast cheerfully. "I accept your felicitations—which I expect any moment."

"That's all right . . . Where are the cigars?"

"Behind you on the table. Help yourself."

The big man took one, decapitated it, and smoked.

"Bill," he said, "the better the day, the better the deed. I'm not one of your crowd, of course, but you know me pretty well by this time. Don't you think it would be a good scheme for me to marry Miss Catherine?"

"Why, John!" The financier was staring in unaffected horror.

"You don't need to look so scared about it," said Mr. Brady. "I'm only asking you. I thought we'd call it a pleasant birthday surprise. What do you think?"

"John, I'm sorry as the devil. . . . You haven't spoken to her, have you?"

"Not yet. I was brought up in the Middle West—Rochester, New York. We ask papa first. Now, look here, Bill . . . we've known each other too long to stand on ceremony. If you've made other plans, you just say so. The point is this: if the patent-medicine business is as good for the next ten years as it's been for the last ten, I'm going to be one of the king-pins of humanity. You know that. I suppose I'm worth a couple of million as I stand. I want to marry into a family with enough coats of arms and halos and all that sort of stuff to back up my money. There's this much to say about it: I come from pretty rugged stock. There won't be any weaklings among my descendants. And in one more generation nobody'll care where the money came from, either. You know some folks may kick at the way you're getting it *while* you're getting it, but after you've got it, people only notice that you *have* got it! Say—you look sick, Billy! I guess you don't need to answer me!"

"John," said the financier, "I'm sorry, old man. . . ."

"Don't bother—it won't kill me. Never mind the frills—it's the social end, isn't it? Don't stall, Billy—isn't it?"

Mr. Tillinghast nodded mechanically.

"And I've got twenty-five college graduates working for me," said Mr. Brady with a wry smile. "All I have to do is to hold up a fifty-dollar bill, and they block up the traffic outside, trying to get in." He smoked reflectively. "Billy," he said, "who was *your* grandfather?"

"George Tillinghast."

"What business?"

"Building," said Mr. Tillinghast doubtfully.

"No, he wasn't. He was a contractor. He worked on the Mohawk Division of the Central. Well, my father was a contractor, too. I suppose my son won't remember *him* very well. I'm just one jump too soon, that's all . . . There's no other objection, is there?"

"No, John. . . . none whatever."

"You like me pretty well?"

"Mighty well . . . always did."

"I've got more money than you have right now, haven't I?"

"Close to it."

"If you'd change your mind, Billy, I might get out of the pill business."

The financier sat up a trifle straighter.

"Meaning what?"

"Just what I say. I'd keep an interest, of course, but I'd keep my name out of it. I'd associate myself more down-town. I'm only thirty-nine, Billy. . . . It wouldn't do your little girl any harm to marry a man like me. The business would be forgotten inside a couple of years. And—it might be fairly profitable to you at that."

"How so?"

"I'd make it so. Why not? I'm not fooling myself for one little minute. I'm breaking into society, and I know what it costs. The day I'm married I'll settle a million on Catherine. . . ."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"If . . . if you'd only begun your campaign sooner, John——"

"I look to you to begin it for me. You can, if you want to. I know what you're thinking. Let's mutualize. You put me on the right path socially, and I'll steer your feet among some pleasant places I happen to hold the mortgage on." He grinned broadly. "When the papers announce an engagement, they usually do print the clubs the bridegroom belongs to, don't they? Well, it's up to you. Catherine can marry a young squirt, and what has she got? *I* can do anything you say. I've never found anything yet that money won't buy. I can go into politics. I can go in for connoisseuring in art. I can adopt a young college. I won't disgrace you. Only you'll have to pilot me into the right clubs, Billy. You'll have to introduce me to all your friends.

"I'VE BEEN TO COLLEGE. AND THE RESULT OF MY TRAINING IS THAT I WANT TO MARRY CATHERINE."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And I figure that as a son-in-law I'll be worth about a hundred and fifty thousand a year to you from the drop of the hat. What do you say?"

Mr. Tillinghast sighed heavily, and looked at the floor.

"Let me think it over, John. . . ."

"The reporters, sir," said the butler, appearing softly. "They're in the hall, sir."

"Take 'em out on the loggia, Taylor—serve some of that Amontillado, and the cigars. Say I'll be there presently. . . . Let me think it over, John. I don't need to tell you that this is mighty unexpected, and you caught me off my guard. I just want to do what's best for Catherine."

"Of course you do," agreed the other heartily. "I'm not in any hurry. Think it over all you want to. It looks to me like a good arrangement all around, that's all. But I'd like to know inside of a week or ten days, if you don't mind."

"A week, John. See me in town, will you?"

"I certainly will. Well . . . I hope you have a good birthday, and lots of 'em! Be good!"

He went out; and Mr. Tillinghast, somewhat shaken by his two interviews, set about composing himself sufficiently to greet the reporters. As an introductory measure, he picked up a newspaper. It opened to a page advertisement devoted to hundreds of letters testimonial to the merit of Aletheia Pills.

"Confound him!" said Mr. Tillinghast savagely. "And damn Frothingham! Why couldn't they coalesce?" He jammed the paper into a shapeless ball, and threw it on the floor.

Then, delaying only long enough to locate the memoranda he had scribbled the night before, he passed leisurely out to the loggia to meet the representatives of the press.

There were three reporters; and the eldest, acting as spokesman, explained that the youth of the nation were waiting in tense excitement for a few epigrams on success. Mr. Tillinghast, apologizing for the lack of typewritten copy—his secretary, he said, had resigned yesterday with disconcerting suddenness—read them from his memoranda.

"Thank you," said the spokesman. "And to what qualities, or what ambitions, Mr. Tillinghast, do you ascribe your success?"

"For one thing," said the financier gravely, "a total abstinence from alcohol and tobacco."

The spokesman regarded his cigar quizzically while the other two men choked over their sherry.

"And I always aimed at the highest," went on the host. "I never allowed myself to be dazzled by the success of others—when I saw what I wanted, I went after it. Any man can get what he wants, if he really wants it. The trouble with the majority of men is that they confuse desire with inclination. I think that's all. Good morning, gentlemen."

He bowed himself away, and went to hunt for Catherine. But he had hardly gained the library when Taylor was behind him, coughing.

"Beg pardon, sir, one of the young men wishes to speak to you."

"Well . . . send him in," said Mr. Tillinghast, with a trace of irritation. "Tell him he can have ninety seconds by the clock, and not a second more."

There followed a brief silence; then quick footsteps sounded; the door was thrust open, and the youngest of the reporters came in.

"Thank you, Mr. Tillinghast. I was very much impressed by what you said about ambition; and getting what you want. So I thought I'd stay and speak to you. I want to get out of the newspaper game. You said your secretary resigned. I'd like the place."

"You would, would you? What makes you think you could fill it?"

"I'd have to. I believe your theory is sound—I know what I want, and I want to get it. I might add that a secretary with newspaper experience is sometimes an asset."

"As I told you outside, I'm retiring from business to-day, Mr. ——"

"You'll still need an executive secretary, won't you? Or call it a press-agent."

"Why," inquired Mr. Tillinghast, "should you have suddenly decided that you want to work for me? You don't know what I pay, or what the duties are; what's behind it?"

The young man grinned engagingly.

"I want to find out how you do it, that's all. My own theory is that the way to be successful is to associate only with successful men. On even terms, I can't. So on any terms, I will. I'd like to find out at first-hand a few facts."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Yes—and that means that as soon as you've gathered all you want to know, you'll quit——"

"No. I'll make a contract, if you like."

"Any references?"

"A few."

"Education?"

"A. B. degree. Four years in newspaper work."

"That isn't part of an education, Mr. ——"

"On the contrary, sir."

"Your family is . . .?"

"I'm the last of it. My father was managing editor of the *Traveler*."

"Harrison?"

"Yes, sir."

"How much do you want? Remember, this won't be city work—it'll be out here in the country."

"I want what you pay—to start. Afterward, if I'm any good, you'll be willing to pay what I want."

"Hired!" said the financier grimly. "There's three days' correspondence over on that table. Think you can sort it out for me? Begging letters in the waste-basket?"

"Certainly. Thank you very much. And—I'm not going to ask many favors, Mr. Tillinghast, but I'd like to leave my paper with a good exit. . . . Can't I telephone a special interview with you? Something radical, and startling?"

The financier reddened.

"That, sir, is a . . . er . . . out of the question, I'm afraid. The fact is . . . I . . . expect you to *write* those interviews!"

"Oh, yes . . ." Mr. Harrison bit his tongue; and at that moment Catherine Tillinghast paused in the doorway, perceived that the men were busy, and went on. Harrison had glanced up in the nick of time.

At twelve o'clock noon Mr. Harrison was presented, rather carelessly, to Miss Tillinghast. At half-past one she told her father that a man like that was so far above the common run of secretaries that his lunching with the family was a matter of course. At three she sat on the loggia and marveled at him.

"What a *wonderful* life you've had," she breathed, at the conclusion of one of his stories. "I didn't know that people have *adventures* any more!"

"It depends on their dispositions," he told her. "I have more than I want—you never have any because you're not that kind of girl."

"I don't know why you should say that," she objected. "But then, I don't know why you should say half the things you do, anyway."

"For the last four years my business has been to draw inferences, Miss Tillinghast."

"And you think you're rather clever at it?"

"Clever enough to hold down a job on a New York paper. When I talk to a strange person, I'm analyzing him from the first sentence. A reporter is what you might call a literary detective."

"Have you been doing that to me?"

"Oh, yes."

"And to my father?"

"Decidedly."

"I wonder what you thought about us?"

"I didn't mean to say that I'm a fortune-teller, Miss Tillinghast."

"I understood that. But did you have to analyze women very often?"

"I was considered the best man we had for that sort of work—meaning that I was almost as good as the poorest woman."

"That's awfully interesting. Do you know, I've never been interviewed in my life. I should think it would be tremendously exciting."

"So should I," said Harrison.

Miss Tillinghast watched him with growing admiration. This was her first experience with a man of his type—an unaffected, blunt, lively young man with nothing but his nature and his youth to recommend him. His presence refreshed and invigorated her; in some curious manner she felt just a little inferior to him, as though he possessed attributes which she could neither comprehend nor approach. She had already decided that he wasn't handsome; that he was merely a man of strong features, and a pleasant expression; but when he looked squarely at her, she wavered.

"I wonder if you'll like being *here*, after all the thrills you've had," she said at length.

"I wonder that myself," said Harrison.

Miss Tillinghast gasped.

"You . . . you don't trouble to be very polite, do you?" she queried. "That wasn't a nice way to put it, do you think?"

"If I were polite, I wouldn't interest you so much. . . ."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You flatter yourself that I'm interested at all!" she said haughtily.

"Now a remark like that," explained Harrison, leaning forward, "was what I meant when I spoke of literary detection. For example, there'd be the woman who told me in a voice exactly like that that she'd sue us for libel if we dared to print what she'd said. Then it was up to me to figure out whether that was the truth, or just the pose. With you—I'd go ahead and print!"

Miss Tillinghast collapsed abruptly from the heroic. Twice she parted her lips, twice she closed them. Finally she said, in a much subdued tone: "I think I shall be afraid of you!"

"I hope not. I don't understand why you should."

"I'm not used to being photographed that way . . . People generally believe what I say in the way I say it."

"I never shall—not when I know better."

"Nobody ever talked to me like this before," she puzzled. "And the funny part is that I almost like it."

"From the few chances that I've had to get acquainted with your set, Miss Tillinghast, I judge that you're among the best amateur actors in the world."

"Really? Do you think as little of us as that?"

"Perhaps even less. Of course this isn't directed at you personally. But sometimes I've wondered if people who've been brought up in the artificiality that you and your friends have, ever enjoy the pleasure of a perfectly common, ordinary, normal emotion. I don't think they do. Everything in their lives is gilded—from their drawing-room furniture to their casual conversation. They have two subjects of conversation: money and society. Neither has any significance. The sensations that the bourgeois have every day would strike you as either petty or sordid."

"Oh, that isn't true . . ."

"Isn't it? Why, when you're so carefully trained from babyhood not to applaud at the opera, not to show any astonishment at anything, not to laugh at a comedy, not to do any natural thing that might let other people think you were thoroughly amused, or frightened, or pleased, or hurt, how can you expect not to be affected in every other way? Where do you suppose the big passions grow—in houses like yours, or in forty-dollar apartments in Harlem? . . . And you can't even begin to answer that question, because you don't know Harlem."

"You . . . you think we aren't sincere?"

"Not after you can talk," said Harrison.

There was a prolonged silence.

"I let you know that *I'm* amused," said Miss Tillinghast.

"I give you credit for that. But I'm not of your world, you see. And to-morrow you may be ashamed of it."

"No, I won't be."

"*Spontaneity*," said Harrison. "That's the word! Your class has no spontaneity! It's ironed out of you. Quite truthfully, how many really spontaneous things do you do in the course of a week?"

"Oh, hundreds!"

"No; not half a dozen—omitting such trivialities as going out to ride, or swim. And it's only spontaneity that seems to put any value in the things we do. Isn't that true—or don't you know?"

"I . . . don't know."

"And the idea of going through life without any of the real thrills—oh, it's ridiculous! I suppose you hang up mistletoe every Christmas!"

"Why, certainly," she said in all innocence. Harrison laughed.

"I'm sorry for you—all of you. What a perfectly rotten time you must have!"

"No, we have a very delightful time ——"

"How?" he demanded. "Tell me how?"

"Well, in our clubs——"

"Rubbish!" he exclaimed. "There never was an *ex-officio* club that was any good! What fun can it be to be elected to a club that isn't exclusive?"

"But my father belongs to the most exclusive clubs in New York!"

"No, Miss Tillinghast. He couldn't qualify. He belongs to all the clubs that demand a pedigree. That's nothing. That's not exclusive. *I* belong to a club that has rooms in what was an old stable. There isn't a man in it you'll ever meet. But it's restricted to those who make a living by their brains. That's *exclusiveness*. That disposes of the clubs. What's next?"

"Music ——"

"We can all hear that—the only difference is in where we sit."

"Teas, dances . . ."

"Dances!" he repeated. "What do you know about dancing? Why, for fifty cents I could take you to a place where the brightest men and women in New York sit around

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"JUST THINK OF ME AS A MAN WHO DROPPED OUT OF THE SKY ONE DAY TO TELL YOU HIS STOCK OF FAIRY-STORIES."

and *invent* the dances you have to learn to be in fashion! Besides, with you a dance is a function. With us it's a recreation. And . . . pardon me! . . . it isn't considered improper . . . occasionally . . . to dispense with the mistletoe. What's next?"

"Outdoor sports——"

"*Sports!* Shooting, I imagine, and riding, and golf?"

"Yes."

"I shoot at Anticosti," he said. "It takes five days to get there. But there's the satisfaction of knowing that not a hundred white men have ever shot over it. Not grouse, you know—but little furry animals that'll get you if you don't get them first. And riding—well, I'll have to admit that you can afford good horses. But *golf!* Cow-pasture pool!" He sniffed contemptuously.

"And so . . . you don't exactly envy us, do you?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You bet I do . . . I'm as much a hypocrite as anybody else. I'd like the money. Thank God, I'll never have it . . . I'll keep right on working, and dreaming, and having my giddy adventures, and be happier in ten minutes than you will in a lifetime!"

"Let's walk," said Miss Tillinghast. "You've made it hard for me to . . . to sit still any longer. Father won't be back until late — there's nothing for you to do, is there?"

"He told me to follow your instructions," said Harrison humorously.

"All right! My instructions are to walk."

Strolling down from the loggia, they crossed a magnificent terrace, beyond that an enormous stretch of carefully tended lawn, and came eventually to a tiny path leading through marshland and meadow.

"Look!" said Miss Tillinghast, pointing to a distant hill. "Isn't it pretty?"

Harrison surveyed the landscape until he sighted the object of her praise. It was a small marble temple, gleaming white against the soft green of the hillside, and reflecting sharply the rays of the sun which crept through the surrounding trees.

"Pretty!" said Harrison. "Good heavens! Who put that there?"

"F-father," she faltered. "Don't you like it?"

"What did he put it there for?"

"Why, as a decoration!"

"This particular land," said Harrison reflectively, "I remember very well now. I passed it this morning. It's malarial. And on the other side of that beautiful little Ionic gem there's a real-estate development that's advertised as adjoining your property. The temple, I imagine, is to create the illusion. Who owns that property, do you know?"

"Father and Mr. Brady own it," she said sulkily. "*I* think it's a very pretty temple. And the hill cuts off the view of the development from *our* house."

They climbed the hill, and sat on the lowest of the marble steps. The trees and shrubbery formed an adequate screen to both sides and the rear; and before them swept the full extent of the Tillinghast estate.

Miss Tillinghast aimlessly plucked a few leaves from a neighboring shrub.

"You can credit me with something else, too," she said.

"And what's that, please?"

"More spontaneity."

"Yes?" He was evidently unaware of it.

"If you'd been any other . . . secretary father's had, I don't think I'd have walked out here with you. Do you?"

Harrison stared aghast.

"And a simple adventure like this," he managed, "you put down as an event—an adventure in spontaneity! Good Lord, I *am* sorry for you!"

"I'm wondering if you need to be sorry for me," she said. "Perhaps you do."

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked civilly.

She shook her head, and Harrison produced a pipe, and a tobacco-pouch.

"There's another thing," he commented. "You plutocrats don't even know how to smoke! Flavored tobacco . . . scented cigars at seventy-five cents apiece! I had one this morning. *Ugh!*" He blew three rolling clouds at the sky, and sighed in utter content. "I don't know how I'm going to get along without a pipe when I'm working."

"You do look happy with it."

"I am . . . we proletarians get a good deal of fun out of our simple pleasures."

Miss Tillinghast raised her eyes.

"I've never met anybody like you, Mr. Harrison."

"Nor I like you—at close range."

"Father told me what you said about wanting to study us. Are you finding it what you anticipated?"

"Better in some respects. But I wish he hadn't told you that."

"Why?"

"It would naturally prejudice you."

"But it doesn't."

"You think I have the makings of a good secretary?"

"Y-e-s."

Harrison puffed comfortably.

"You're not enthusiastic."

"It's hard for me to think of you as a secretary," she conceded. "You're such good . . . company."

"Only because I'm a novelty."

"Isn't that contrary to what you said some time ago—that we couldn't appreciate simple pleasures?"

"Well . . . possibly."

He looked at her critically.

"You've done something to-day that no one else has ever done, Mr. Harrison. You've made me wonder."

"Wonder what?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What I should have been like if my father had been . . . perhaps like your father."

"You'd have been a . . ." He stopped short.

"Please tell me," she begged.

"I can't. Don't ask me."

"Please!"

"You'll make a serious mistake, Miss Tillinghast!"

"But . . . I want to know!"

"But you mustn't!"

"Somehow," she said, "you've made me very unhappy . . . and miserable . . . you've said so many things that are really true . . . and it's only true things that hurt . . ."

"Then I was very culpable," said Harrison, smoking rapidly.

"No . . . you were yourself. It would be wonderful for me if I could have had—or if I could have now—the inspiration of thoughts like yours . . . if I could have had friends like you . . . I know what you've told me is true, because I'm looking forward to days . . . each like the last . . . and the next . . . and sometimes it sickens me . . ."

"But there is no way for our classes to know each other," said Harrison meditatively. "No way for *us* to know each other . . . no common ground for us——"

"There is for you and me!"

"No, not even for you and me. It wouldn't do. I'm working for your father, you know. I dare say he'd discharge me if he knew how I've talked to you in the four or five hours I've known you."

"But for you and me there *must* be a way! I told you no one has ever talked so to me . . . and I need it . . . badly . . ."

"Over there on the next hill," said Harrison, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "there's a house as big as yours. Allegorically, you'll marry the young son. Some day when you're motoring through the Adirondacks in a twelve-thousand-dollar car on the way to your palatial lodge, you'll pass me wandering along the high-road with a knapsack on my back, and you'll wish I didn't sing so loudly. To-day because I've rather shocked you, you think I talk like a philosopher; to-morrow you'll remember that I gabbled like a fool." He was aware that there was an ominous suggestion in the movement of her shoulders. "Listen!" he said quickly. "If you *did* belong to my crowd, do you know what I'd say now? Shall I say it? *Brace up, little girl, you're thinking too hard!* Now give me my pardon, and let's go back."

"Don't!" she cried hysterically. "*Don't!* You . . . you talk about analyzing women . . ."

Harrison stood looking down at her. He put his hands in his pockets, and withdrew them . . . mechanically he fumbled for his pipe. The heir to millions lay in a tumbled heap on the ground, sobbing against the mosses. Harrison dropped the pipe, and knelt beside her; one of her hands clutched his, and held it.

"You poor little kid!" he said very gently. "I'm sorrier for you than you'll ever know . . . and I'm going to show it in a way that you'll never regret. Please don't do that . . . please! I wouldn't for the world have . . . I haven't the sense of an ape! How could I know that you're . . . human? We don't speak the same language . . . if you ever think of me again, just think of me as a man who dropped out of the sky one day to tell you his stock of fairy-stories. You—you'd hardly believe what *I* think of you . . . but . . . It wouldn't be fair to either of us, little girl . . . if I told you . . . I wouldn't have any self-respect left . . ."

Her hand tightened convulsively on his.

"I . . . I'm so . . . lonesome . . ." she choked. "And . . . and you're the first . . ."

"I'm sorry . . . *so* sorry . . . but for both of our sakes . . . and the lives we're destined to lead . . . I mustn't make it any harder for you . . . I shouldn't have talked like this to you . . . because there isn't any way out."

He disengaged his hand.

"You're *not* going!"

"I must," he said gently. "I'm human, too. And you're out of my class."

"*D-don't* . . ."

"Dear child," said Harrison. "Forgive me! But the greater hurt now, the less afterward . . . I'm afraid, I'm terribly afraid I don't . . . I can't say it! . . . I can't! Good-by!"

"Where are you . . . going?"

"I?" He stooped and kissed the back of her outstretched hand. "Back to the sky," he said resolutely. "Back to the other dreamers. In other words, back to my own people. That is . . . I hope I'll have the nerve to go . . . I hope so . . . *Salut!*"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When she turned and looked across the meadows and the marshland, he was a rapidly moving speck in the middle distance, and over his shoulders floated a trail of filmy, curling smoke.

Returning from town at seven o'clock, Mr. Tillinghast inquired for his secretary, and received a note written by Harrison ten minutes before his departure.

"Why, the irresponsible idiot!" said Mr. Tillinghast, petulantly. "I was going to get a lot of work out of him, too! Well, that's what a man gets for acting on impulse! Where's Miss Catherine?"

He was advised that she had gone to her room in consequence of some slight indisposition; and, in genuine concern, he went to see about it. He found Catherine in bed, propped up with many pillows, and peering out at the world in inconsolable melancholy.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" he said. "Cheer up, dear, I have some good news for you."

Miss Tillinghast smiled wanly.

"That's nice," she granted.

"Jimmy Frothingham and John Brady both saw me to-day about you—can you guess why?"

"N-no."

"Of course you can! And it struck me that I couldn't have a better birthday-gift than a son-in-law."

"Oh!" said Miss Tillinghast faintly.

"Let's talk it over." He drew a wicker chair to the edge of the bed, and sat down. "Either one of them, now that I've thought it all out, will suit me. It's simply a question of what you want."

"I don't want either of th-them," she faltered.

"What!" he said incredulously. "Not *either* of them?"

"N-no."

"Now, Catherine, be sensible!"

"But I *don't!*"

"Jimmy Frothingham," said the financier deliberately, "comes from the finest family in this state. He's one of the finest young men you'll ever know. He has every advantage but money, and I'll take care of that if you say so."

"I w-wouldn't marry Jimmy Frothingham if he were the l-last man on earth!"

"How about John? You know what he is—the most eligible unmarried man in New York!"

"N-no—*I hate him!*"

"Catherine," said her father bruskly, "you've got to stop this nonsense. You ought to have been married two years ago. Think how it *looks!* I don't care which one you take, but I want you to take one of them. Take your choice of these two—if you want to please me, you'll take Brady. He's a diamond in the rough, Catherine, but he'll improve . . ."

Miss Tillinghast turned her face to the wall, and covered it with her hands.

"For Heaven's sake," rasped her father, "have you *ever* seen a man you wanted to marry?"

She nodded assent.

"Well, who is he, and where is he?"

"It won't do any good . . ."

"Why not? Do you suppose you can't have anything you want—even to a husband? I don't care if he's a plumber's apprentice—I want to see you married."

"He's . . . gone . . ."

"*Gone!* Was he ever here?"

She nodded again.

"When? *To-day?* Was it . . . Catherine, was it that young Harrison lad? My dear girl, he isn't worth—why, you're . . . why, he hasn't Jimmy's position, he hasn't Brady's money, he hasn't . . ."

"But I *loved* him . . . and he . . . he . . ."

The financier sighed heavily.

"Well," he said shortly, "I'll make good my promise. I won't kick. Not even if you're infatuated with a nobody you've seen for one day. Are you sure you want to marry him?"

"I *know* it . . . but he's gone . . ."

"Well, you know where he's gone, don't you?"

Miss Tillinghast laughed and cried in a breath.

"B-ack to the sky," she said.

"To the sky! Well, if he did, he left a Stuyvesant telephone-number! And he said . . . Wait a minute! I've got his note here! . . . He said that if he's wanted for anything imperative, he can get out here on an hour's notice!"

Miss Tillinghast sat up straight.

"He didn't resign?" she cried.

"Of course he didn't! Why should he?"

"You call him up . . . call him right away . . . tell him it's the most imperative thing he ever heard of . . . and when he gets here you leave us alone . . . he must have *known* . . ."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JITNEY PARTNERS *for the* DANCE

by
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

PICTURES BY WALLACE MORGAN

"SURELY YOU COULDN'T FIND A MORE HARMLESS OR RESPECTABLE PLACE."

HOW long is it since the scornful prophets predicted the collapse and decay of the dancing cult? Two years? Perhaps nearer three. Yet in that time, defying our neurotic American spirit of restlessness, which ever demands some fresh appeasement, the new dances have passed from a fad into a fashion, and from a fashion into a craze.

Normally they should now be on the easy descent to that Avernus where lie those dim joys of the past, ping-pong and diabolo. Instead of which, behold them established as a national pastime. Yes, in their simplest, most rhythmic, and most compelling exemplification, the one-step, as truly and justly a national pastime as baseball. With this difference, however. The dance has become Woman's national game. Woman it is who has saved it from its logical fate and made it her own.

Come with us to the greatest and most popular of our dance-halls, and see Woman in her new empire of amusement.

It is four o'clock in the afternoon, and the band is at it hard and conscientiously, projecting its blare and plink, its rattle and thump, over a floor already well filled with couples that glide or hop or bump or slither, according to their capabilities.

Do not infer, from the hour, that you are among the idle rich or the floating populace of our fashionable hotels. Quite otherwise! Twenty-five cents' admission, including privilege of three dances, five cents per turn

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GRAND CENTRAL PALACE.

MURRAY'S.

CLARIDGE'S.

for additional numbers; partners provided for the experienced upon application to and approval by the polished but critical manager; floor instructions for tyros at reasonable rates; strict decorum insisted upon; soft drinks only served upon the premises—there you have in a nutshell the social stratum in which you are about to move. Popular in the truest sense, this enterprise.

Now, as the music dies, and the feet troop from the floor through the sentineled openings, each with its ticket-box on guard, let us take this corner place and look about us at the other tables. What do we see? Women, women, women everywhere; four or even five to every discernible man; women of all ages and widely diverse conditions, having perhaps no caste-mark other than their prevailing appearance of lively respectability, and their obvious and earnest intent to get their money's worth out of the fugitive hour. This is their playtime on their chosen playground, their hour of respite, their "evening at the club." Here the bored housekeeping woman finds relief from the dead level of home and fireside.

Were I a philosopher, I should probably identify and point out a social portent here.

As I am not, I can only suspect its presence, and catch echoes of it in the conversation of two patrons at the adjoining table. One is a middle-aged woman, a widow evidently, dressed with a trimness and correctness which, despite its inconspicuous character, makes her rather noticeable in this gathering. Her companion, a soft-faced little creature, much younger, is apparently a stranger to her.

"Did you have the last dance?" asks the widow politely. I take it that this is a set formality of the place.

"No," says the younger woman, fretfully. "I got in just one minute too late."

"That's a pity," the other commiserates. "It was rather a longer one than usual."

"Just my luck! Yesterday I used up ten coupons," she adds, brightening. "But today there doesn't seem to be much chance."

Desultory talk follows, and then the little woman, all unconscious of my conscienceless eavesdropping, gives me a swift insight into what this place means to a certain rather arid kind of existence.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"What am I going to do?" she is asking in a plaintively argumentative voice, as if some one were impugning her right to be there. "I'm always through at the flat by three. Then there's maybe a little shopping, but I have to be careful not to spend too much, so I don't dare go many places; and after that nothing but sit with your hands folded and look out the window."

The other nods sympathetically.

"Jim don't get home till half-past six. If he'd take me out in the evening—but he's tired and he'd rather go over to Leary's and bowl a game, or drop in at the District Club and talk politics or baseball. That's natural. But what about me? I've got to have something, haven't I? I'm sick of the movies."

"Does your husband know that you come here?"

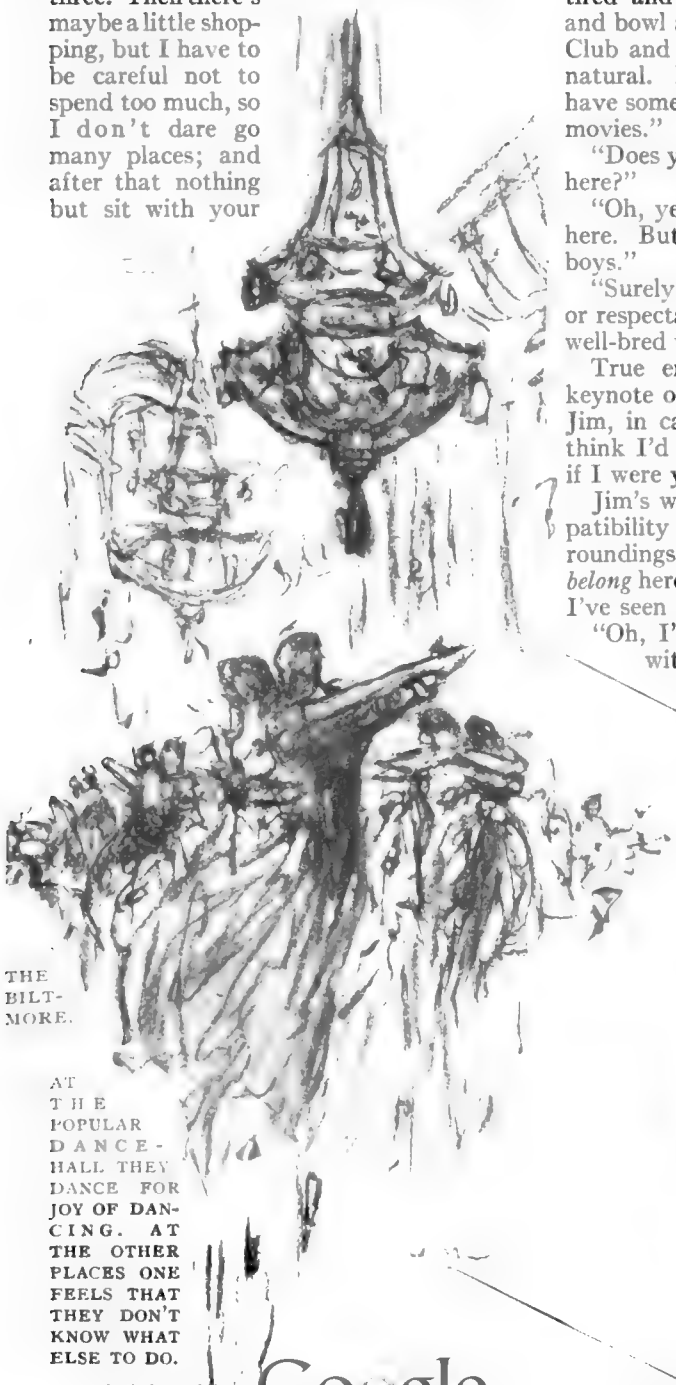
"Oh, yes. We-ell, yes; he knows I *come* here. But he don't know I dance with these boys."

"Surely you couldn't find a more harmless or respectable place," says the other, in her well-bred voice.

True enough. Propriety is the social keynote of the place. And yet, you know, Jim, in case this should meet your eye, I think I'd quit Leary's and learn to dance, if I were you.

Jim's wife is now struck by some incompatibility of her tête-à-tête with the surroundings. "Some way you don't seem to *belong* here," she observes doubtfully. "But I've seen you around before, haven't I?"

"Oh, I'm a regular," answers the other with a smile. "It would surprise most of my friends to see me here. They think I'm too old to dance, at home. But the music is in my blood, I suppose. I



THE BILTMORE.

AT THE POPULAR DANCE-HALL THEY DANCE FOR JOY OF DANCING. AT THE OTHER PLACES ONE FEELS THAT THEY DON'T KNOW WHAT ELSE TO DO.

DOMINO ROOM.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

love it. So I come here, and if there's no one else, one can always find one of these boys. Put a nickel in the slot," she smiled, "and out comes an automaton all wound up."

One of these nickel automata presently strides light-footedly over to the table and seats himself between the two. Jim's wife's face brightens at his approach. He is another social portent, brought into being by the decree of the bored housekeeping woman that she wishes to dance, the fiat creature of her demand for a partner. That is what he is, a professional partner.

He would preferably term himself an "instructor," doubtless, but his opportunities of profitable lesson-giving are waning, I judge, as overtaxed ingenuity falters in the invention of new steps, and facility in the old becomes more nearly universal. There are certain threadbare evidences about his carefully pressed clothes, poor chap, which speak of a dwindling practise. Meantime it is his duty to "fill in" for women patrons who lack escorts, as most of these do. His is the thin, Egyptian type of face, reminiscent of that Rameses who founded the cigarette trade and now has his picture on the boxes. He appears mildly bored.

Others of his tribe drift in from an indefinite background, distributing themselves at the tables with the women. This is a sign that the music is about to begin. Then—

"*Rat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, tittle-tattle, *ta*-ra-rat, pr-r-r-r—*rrmp!*"

What magic inheres in that barbaric beat of the one-step! How those woman-faces flame into expectancy! With what eagerness they press forward, through the guarded defiles, dropping each her little yellow five-cent square of cardboard—"Good for one dance, this date only"— into the box. Eyes alight, pose alert, foot tapping eagerly for the swell of the music-wave that shall sweep them out into that happy ocean, the mass sways, pulsates, disintegrates, and becomes a broken series of bobbing couples.

I am weak enough to wish that I might say they dance well. I can't. They don't. The race-track tout of the roof-garden and his painted partner for whom he "opens wine" are immeasurably more adept. But after all, what does it matter? What is important is that they dance happily and earnestly.

As I turn, at the close of the one-step, I find myself facing the slave-pen. There it stands—the high desk of the overseer, the ropes hemming in the double row of seats, and in these seats the patient line of black-gowned slaves. Overhead swings a long, slim sign-board—"Instruction Tickets Here." For a trifling additional fee, the tyro (man) may purchase the educational services of any slave therein. See: one of them is emerging now. She wears fur-topped shoes, but is otherwise unremarkable. To the man who has just secured the cultural advantages of her instruction she nods briefly, one of the women managers having presented them to each other in a formula which really, one feels, should run like this:

THE LADY MANAGERESS, A PERSON OF IMPOSING CORRECTNESS.

"Briseis, this mighty prince has bought you for a thousand obols. Have a care of your manners, and I'm sure you'll find him a kind and indulgent master."

But, more probably, in this practical modern world, the injunction runs more as follows: "One-step only, Miss Jones. Fifty, paid. Ping!" (This last from the cash-register.)

As they pause near our table, I get a near look at him, and appraise him as the conscientious cashier of a small-city bank. He is a curious, mild-looking biped with a long, forward-slanted face, dimly lighted by pale, filmy eyes, and suggesting a meek eagle. I can hear his nervous, self-conscious explanation:

"Supprise for m' wife. Going to take her to our club's Hallowe'en-night ball, for her birthday, and dance her legs—beg y'pardon, miss, her feet off. She's crazy about it. I haven't let on I was going to learn."

So even here Woman is the motive in the background of the dance.

The slave is responding in a weary-throated voice: "Yawta take some privit lessons."

Under cover of the music I begin to get bits and scraps of the flavor of the place. A very young girl leans against a pillar near me, absorbing Experience through wide eyes. I can hear her little gasp as one of the "pros" bears down upon her; but whether it is apprehension or anticipation, I can not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tell. Apparently he diagnoses it as the former, for he sheers off and presently returns with one of the Lady Manageresses, a person of imposing correctness. She asks the child if she doesn't wish to dance, and straightway presents the professional. He is an anemic youth with that facial effect of wistfulness achieved by keeping the eyebrows conscientiously elevated.

"Dance, miss?" he invites impersonally.

As she passes to the floor, guided by the pressure of his hand upon her waist (this is locally *de rigueur* and implies no familiarity or disrespect), I hear her murmur in delicious panic: "If any of the teachers *should* be here and see me!"

"We have 'em. From the Normal College," he observes.

"Oh, but our school is out of town." And the boarding-school truant, flushed with the excitement of this venture into the unknown, is whirled away.

"Nothing in it for Tim," observes one of a group of three instructors, watching them. "She's too good a stepper."

The conclusion seems irrelevant until I later learn that the chief professional emolument of these languid young derelicts lies in catching a really bad dancer and securing an order for private lessons. The trio falls to discussing some regular patron, hidden from my view by a pillar, whom they designate by the uncomplimentary sobriquet of the Vampire.

"Whyn't you take her out, Mat?"

"Who? Me? A hesitation? I got *use* for *my* feet. Let Steve do it. He's new, and can stand it."

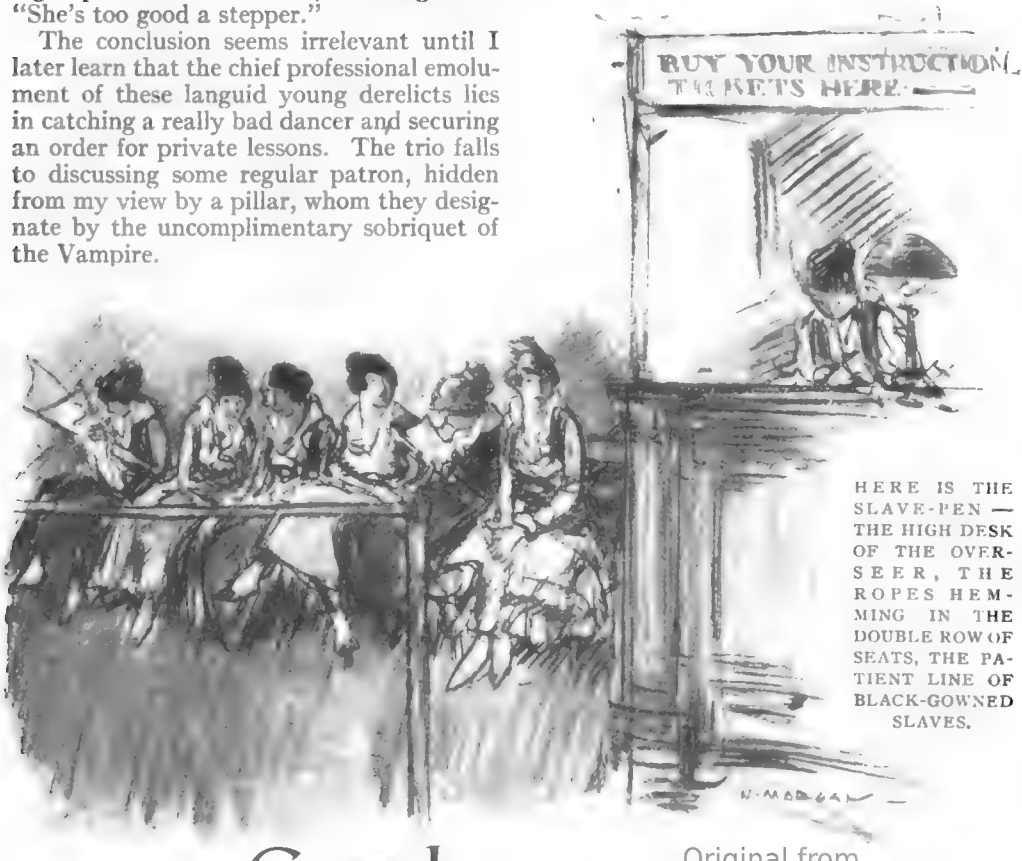
"Is she very bad?" inquires Steve.

"Bad! She's a porch-climber. You need shin-guards."

"Won't she fall for lessons?"

"Next week," says the first speaker derisively. "She's always goin' to take a daily —next week. A hand-out artist. Asks you up to dinner. Then, after the grub, out comes the victrola. 'Sha'n't we try a few of those new steps to the tango?' Then you come to and find you've given two dollars' worth of lessons for a half-dollar feed."

As I listen, it is borne in upon me that professional partnerism does not make for a sunny philosophy of life. Curious, I alter my position for a view of the Vampire, and behold a living tragedy set to dance music. She is a gaunt old maid of fifty-five, dressed with scrupulous finish in a style twenty



HERE IS THE SLAVE-PEN — THE HIGH DESK OF THE OVERSEER, THE ROPES HEMMING IN THE DOUBLE ROW OF SEATS, THE PATIENT LINE OF BLACK-GOWNED SLAVES.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

years too young for her. On her face is stamped that haunted, avid look of the woman who "wakes, too late, to gaze after her life passed by," and, strangely qualifying it, the passion of rhythm, governing her very breath.

Several times already I have seen her on the floor, prancing with the energy of fleeting happiness, but without much heed to tempo. But now the allotment of "pros" to which her entrance-fee entitled her, is exhausted. She sits and waits, hoping with a pathetic and imperishable hope for any Prince Charming, however humble, who will unchain her from that bleak wall whereon the wall-flower pines. She, too, is one of the pillars which support that structure of music and motion.

Fewer dancers are on the floor now, for the slow waltz-measure fills the air. The one-step is for one and all, but the hesitation is the ruthless betrayer of ineptitude. And ineptitude could hardly go farther than in the action of the burly, brown-clad, boyish-looking man of fifty, who now bears down upon our corner, panting but determined. Bob - hunch - duck. Bob - hunch - duck. Bob-hunch-duck. Then three little bunny skips like an abruptly electrified rabbit, accompanied by jaunty wagglings of the shoulders.

Under his swinging arm I catch a glimpse of his partner's face. She is the shortest and plumpest of the slaves, and her expression suggests at once that proverb which warns against the fury of the patient. But he doesn't see it. He is jauntily hunching his way over the floor, and the conversation runs to this effect:

"She says to me, 'You can't do it'——"

"Don't wriggle your shoulders."

" 'You're too old,' she says. 'Am I?' I says——"

"Shift. *Shift.* Right foot out."

" 'Am I! I'll show you,' I says."

"*Don't* put your knuckles in my ear."

" 'I'll show you,' I says. 'You wait!' "

Again the motivating woman in the background.

Narrative dialogue on so slippery a floor is perilous. Another couple whirls toward the absorbed conversationalist. He takes the wrong step. A mighty bump follows. He recoils upon the small plump slave, and then the fury of the patient bursts its bonds.

"The *same* ankle," she proclaims with acid bitterness, extricates herself from his grasp, and reaches up. I could have sworn that she was about to march him by the ear, school-teacher-wise. She doesn't. She only takes him firmly by the coat-sleeve. But the effect is much the same as if she conducted him out through the exit in disgrace.

"I never saw 'em coming," he pleads. "That boob turned the wrong way."

"Five more lessons," she retorts in a steely voice. "Private lessons, too, before you go on that floor again for anything but a one-step or a trot."

"All right," he yields meekly. "I'm game. *I'll* show her if I'm—" His voice fades and is lost.

The intervals between dances grow shorter as the clock advances. Presently there sounds again that primeval summons of the music:

"*Rat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, tittle-tattle *ta*-ra-rat!"

Low in my heels a pulse begins to throb. I am—have I not confessed it, up to this time?—myself a dancing man. Though arrived at those years faintly damned by the qualifying term, "discretion," a spirit in my feet still moves me to step out boldly to the music. I step. The floor is icy treacherous, the tempo hurried, and the other participants, it seems to me, not invariably guided by the articles of the Hague Convention; but presently I am in the swing of it, encouraged by a near view of the Conscientious Cashier. He is panting dryly and perspiring humidly. Long since his collar has sunk with all on board. Yet indomitable purpose is in his mien.

As the wheel revolves faster around me I catch bits of speech from all sides, whirled forth from the spinning dancers and combining to form the atmosphere of the place.

A Pro: "Yas. Gesso. No. Sure. Awright; t'morra."

A Slave: "Check — slide. One — two; *one*—two. Turn. *Turn!* (In the lip language.) You big, clumsy camel!"

Jim's Wife: "Gracious! Is that six? I ought to be cooking Jim's roast this minute. How time flies when you're having a good time!"

A Gum-Chewing Athlete: "Naw, I ain't got it yet. There! And then the step back! How zat?"

The Truant: I'll tell *all* the girls at the school about this place."

Rameses of the Cigarette-Box:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE IS A PROFESSIONAL PARTNER, CREATED BY WOMAN'S DEMAND FOR THE DANCE.

"Give 'em my card, will yeh, miss? All the latest steps, as reasonable as any of the good ones."

THE VAMPIRE (*with a passion of gratitude in her tone*): "Oh, I *was* so afraid I'd have to leave without another turn."

THE FIFTY-YEAR-OLD YOUTH: "Yessum; I says to her, 'I may be stout an' I may never see forty-nine again. *But* gimme time,' I says, 'an'——'"

THE SMALL PLUMP SLAVE: "Bring that elbow down and *keep* it down."

THE FLOOR MANAGER (*confidentially so as not to be audible more than fifty feet or so away*): "Gentleman with lady in pink, a leetle more conservative in the dip, please."

THE BAND: *Rat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, *tat*-tatta, rattle-tattle—boom-er-rang. B A N G!

Silence, subduing and joyless, settles down. The pros retire to their background. The slaves return to their pen. Nothing remains but to wait for the next. Nothing here, that is.

Elsewhere Broadway remains, and the White Light district. But what remains to be said of the nocturnal cult of the light fantastic toe, which has not already been said? At the Popular Palace, the dancing was for its own sake, for the delight of rhythmic movement. In many of the other places we might visit, the art of rhythmic movement is exhaustively commercialized—sometimes in a partnership with the bar, sometimes in an uglier and grimmer alliance. And in none, from the Sixth Avenue resort to the luxurious hotel restaurant, is it the dance that is the thing. That little central open space with the orchestra overhanging it is focal rather than essential. One feels that, unlike the twenty-five-cent merrymakers, these habitués dance because they don't quite know what else to do with themselves. They are killing time, not seizing upon it and making every least moment of it count. They may perform more expertly than the patrons of the popular hall, but surely they get nothing comparable out of it. It is the people at the popular dance-hall who are nationalizing the dance.

And those people are women. "That which Woman wills, the gods will." And so long as Woman wills that the dance shall go on, the high gods, be sure, will pipe to her pleasure. For She - Who - Must - Be - Amused has found and founded her own national pastime.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NAN of

"THERE," HE CONCLUDED, "IS HIS CARTRIDGE-BELT, HANGING THERE YET. THE BOY IS DEAD—WHY SHOULDN'T I TELL YOU?"

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MUSIC MOUNTAIN

by
FRANK H.
SPEARMAN

PICTURES
BY
CHARLES SARKA

HENRY DE SPAIN is general manager of the Thief River stage-line, with headquarters at Sleepy Cat. His real job is to subdue the outlaw clan of Morgan's Gap, who have had their own way in the valley for years. One of their men, Sassoon, stabs a stage-guard, and de Spain's men get out after him. They pick up his trail at Calabasas Inn, and de Spain, at night, follows him into the natural stronghold of Morgan's Gap, and by a clever ruse drags him from his shack.

At the exit of the Gap, while the other two men wait just outside, he encounters Nan Morgan, niece of the Morgan chief. She halts him, questions him and his prisoner sharply, threatens to call her uncle; but at the critical moment the men beyond the Gap raise a commotion, and in the confusion de Spain rushes his prisoner out. Nan immediately dashes back to give the alarm, and the capturing party is hotly pursued, until de Spain proves his earnestness, and his aim, by dropping the leader's horse.

The Morgans openly declare themselves for revenge on de Spain, and make an unsuccessful attempt to "get" him. He, meantime, is growing deeply interested in Nan Morgan, who shows no more friendliness toward him than does the rest of her family. One day he finds her horse in the stage barns at Calabasas and discovers that she has gone to Sleepy Cat for medicine and will be back by the next stage. He goes down to the Calabasas Inn to get some coffee ready against her return—and walks into a trap. Sassoon and three of his Morgan friends follow him into the empty inn and lock themselves in with him. There is a terrible fight, in which de Spain justifies his reputation as a gunman. Despite the terrific odds, he kills two of his enemies and wounds the two others. He himself is seriously hurt, but jumps through a window, throws himself on Sassoon's horse, and escapes. His friends pick up his trail—a trail marked by blood, and very unsteady, and finally lost altogether in the dust of the road leading straight toward Morgan's Gap.

ON THE TRAIL OF DE SPAIN

"HERE'S a go," muttered Pardaloe, at fault after riding back and forth for a mile in an effort to pick the horse up again.

"Remember," interposed Scott, mildly, "he is riding Sassoon's horse—the brute is naturally heading for home."

"Follow him home, then," said Lefever, unhesitatingly.

Scott looked at his companion in surprise. "Near home, you mean, John," he suggested inoffensively. "For three of us to ride into the Gap this morning would be some excitement for the Morgans. I guess I think the excitement would last long for us."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The three were agreed, however, to follow up to the mouth of the Gap itself, and did follow. Finding no trace of de Spain's movements in this quest, they rode separately in wide circles to the north and south, but without picking up a hoof-print that gave them any clue to the whereabouts of the missing man.

For a week the search continued day and night, but each day, even each succeeding hour, reduced the expectation of ever again seeing the hunted man alive. Spies working at Calabasas, others sent in by Jeffries to Music Mountain among the Morgans, and men from Medicine Bend haunting Sleepy Cat, could get no word of de Spain. Fairly accurate reports accounted for Gale Morgan, nursing a wound at home, and for Sassoon, badly wounded and under cover somewhere in the Gap. Beyond this, information halted.

Toward the end of the week a Mexican sheep-herder brought word in to Lefever that he had seen in Duke Morgan's stable Sassoon's horse—the one on which de Spain had escaped. He averred he had seen the blood-stained Santa Fé saddle that had been taken off the horse when it was found at daybreak of the day following the fight, waiting at Sassoon's corral to be cared for. There could be, it was fairly well ascertained, no mistake about the horse—the man knew the animal; but his information threw no light on the fate of its missing rider.

De Spain Finds a Bleak Refuge

DE SPAIN, when he climbed into Sassoon's saddle, was losing sight and consciousness. He knew he could no longer defend himself, and was so weak that only the determination of putting distance between himself and any pursuers held him to the horse after he spurred away. With the instinct of the hunted, he fumbled with his right hand for his means of defense and was relieved to find his revolver, after his panicky dash for safety, safe in its place. He put his hand to his belt for fresh cartridges.

The belt was gone.

The discovery sent a shock through his failing faculties. He could not recollect why he had no belt. Believing his senses tricked him, he felt again and again for it before he would believe it was not buckled somewhere about him. But it was gone, and he stuck back in his waistband his useless revolver. One hope remained—flight; and he spurred his horse cruelly.

Blood running continually into his eyes from a wound above his forehead made him think his sight was gone, and direction was quite beyond his power to compass. He made little effort to guide, and his infuriated horse flew along as if winged.

A warm, sticky feeling in his right boot warned him of at least one other wound when he tried to make some mental inventory of his condition. But he found he could inventory nothing, could recollect next to nothing, and all he wanted to do was escape. More than once he tried to look behind, and he dashed his hand again and again across his bloody forehead. But he could not see twenty feet ahead or behind him.

A perceptible faintness presently forced him to realize he must look to his wounded foot. This he did without slackening speed. The sight of it and the feeling inside his torn and blood-soaked boot were not reassuring, but he rode on regardless of either his horse or his exhaustion. It was only when spells of dizziness, recurring with frequency, warned him that he could not keep the saddle much longer, that he attempted to dismount to stanch the constant flow of blood from his stirrup.

Before he slackened speed he tried to look behind to reconnoiter. With relief he perceived his sight was a little better; and in scanning the horizon he could discover no pursuers. Choosing a secluded spot, he dismounted, cut open his boot, and found that a bullet, passing downward, had torn open an artery under the arch of the foot. Making a rude tourniquet, he succeeded in checking pretty well the spurting flow that was sapping his strength.

After he had adjusted the bandage, he stood up and looked at it. Then he drew his revolver again and broke it. He found five empty shells in the chambers and threw them away. The last cartridge had not been fired. He did not know how he happened to have six cartridges in the cylinder—he rarely loaded more than five.

He climbed again into the saddle, and, riding to a ridge, looked carefully over the desert. It was only with an effort that he could steady himself, and the extent of his

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

weakness surprised him. What further perplexed him as he crossed a long divide, got another good view, and saw no pursuit threatening in any direction, was to identify the country he was in. The only landmark anywhere in sight that he could recognize was Music Mountain. This now lay to the northwest, and he knew he must be a long way from any country he was familiar with. But there was no gainsaying, even in his confused condition, Music Mountain. After looking at it a long time he headed with some hesitation cautiously toward it, with intent to intercept the first trail to the northeast. This would take him toward Sleepy Cat.

As his eyes continued to sweep the horizon he noted that the sun was down and it was growing dark. This left him less in fear of molestation, but made it harder for him to reach a known trail. The horse, in spite of the long, hard ride, still seemed fresh, and de Spain, with one cartridge, would still have laughed at his difficulties had he not realized with uneasiness that his head was becoming very light. Recurring intervals of giddiness foreshadowed a new danger in his uncharted ride. It became again a problem for him to keep his seat in the saddle. His efforts to guide the horse only bewildered the beast, and the two traveled in maudlin curves and doubled back on their track until de Spain realized that his sole chance of reaching any known trail was to let go and give the horse his head.

A starless night fell across the desert. With danger of pursuit practically ended, and only a chance encounter to fear, de Spain tried to help himself by walking the horse and resting his bleeding foot in front of the pommel, letting the pony pick his way as he chose. A period of unconsciousness, a blank in de Spain's mind, soon followed the slowing up. He came to himself as he was lurching out of the saddle. Pulling himself together, he put the wet foot in the stirrup again and clung to the pommel with his hands. How long he rode in this way, or how far, he never knew. He was roused to consciousness by the unaccustomed sound of running water underneath his horse's feet.

It was pitch dark everywhere. The horse, after the hard experience of the evening, was drinking a welcome draft. De Spain had no conception of where he could be, but the stream told him he had somehow reached the range, though Music Mountain itself had been swallowed up in the night. A sudden and uncontrollable thirst seized the wounded man. He could hear water falling over the stones, and climbed slowly and painfully out of the saddle to the ground. With the lines in his left hand, he crawled toward the water and, lying flat on the ground beside the horse, put his head down to drink. The horse, meantime, satisfied, lifted his head with a gulp, rinsed his mouth, and pulled backward. The lines slipped from de Spain's hand. Alarmed, the weakened man scrambled after them. The horse, startled, shied, and before his rider could get to his feet, scampered off in a trot.

While de Spain listened in consternation, the escaped horse, falling into an easy stride, galloped away into the night.

Stunned by this new misfortune, and listening gloomily to the retreating hoofbeats, de Spain cast up the situation in which the disaster left him. It was the worst possible blow that could have fallen; but it had fallen, and he turned with such philosophy as he could summon to take the drink of water that had probably cost him his life.

When he had slaked a seemingly unquenchable craving he dashed the running water first with one hand and then the other over his face. He tried feebly to wash away some of the alkali that had crusted over the wound in the front of his head, now burning and stinging in it. There was nothing to do but to secrete himself until daylight and wait till help should reach him.

Meantime, the little stream beside him offered first aid. He tried it with his foot and found it slight and shallow, although with a rocky bed that made wading in his condition difficult. But he felt so much better that he was able to attempt this and, keeping near to one side of the current, he began to follow it slowly up-stream. The ascent was at times precipitous, which pleased him, though it depleted his new strength. It was easy in this way to hide his trail, and the higher and faster the stream took him into the mountains the safer he would be from any Calabasas pursuers.

At every step he hoped to reach the gorge from which the stream issued. He would have known this by the sound of the falling water, but, weakening soon, he found he must abandon hope of getting up to it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

However, by resting and scrambling up the rocks he kept on longer than he would have believed possible. Encountering, at length, as he struggled upward, a ledge and a clump of bushes, he crawled weakly on hands and knees into it, too spent to struggle farther, stretched himself out on the flattened brambles, and sank into a heavy sleep.

He woke in broad daylight. Consciousness returned slowly, and he raised himself with pain from his rough couch. His wounds were stiff, and he lay for a long time on his back looking up at the sky. At length he dragged himself to an open space near where he had slept, and looked about. He appeared to be near the foot of a mountain quite strange to him, and in rather an exposed place. The shelter that had served him for the night proved worthless in daylight and, following his strongly developed instinct of self-preservation, de Spain started once more up the rocky path of the stream. He clambered a hundred feet above where he had slept before he found a hiding-place.

It was at the foot of a tiny waterfall where the brook, striking a ledge of granite, had patiently hollowed out a shallow pool. Beside this, a great mass of frostbitten rock had fallen, and one of the boulders lay tilted in such a way as to roof in a sort of cave, the entrance to which was not above a man's knee. De Spain crawled into this refuge. He figured that from this high, open ledge he could show a small signal fire at night, and if it were answered by his enemies he had a semblance of a retreat under the fallen rock, a hunting-knife, and one lone cartridge to protect himself with.

The outlook was, in truth, not altogether cheerful—some would have called it, for a wounded man, desperate; but it had some slight consolations, and de Spain was not given to long-range forebodings. The rising sun shone in a glory of clearness, and the cool night air rolling up the mountain was grateful and refreshing. Lying flat on the rock, he stretched his head forward and drank deeply of the ice-cold pool beside which he lay. The violent exertion of reaching the height had started the ruptured artery anew, and his first work was crudely to cleanse the wound and attempt to rebandage it. He was hungry, but for this there was only one alleviation, and, carefully effacing all traces of his presence on the ledge, he crawled into his rock retreat and fell again into a deep sleep.

It was this sleep that proved his undoing. He woke to consciousness so weak that he could scarcely lift his head. It was still day. A consuming thirst assailed him, but he lacked the strength to crawl out of his cave, and, looking toward his bandaged foot, he was shocked to see how it had bled while he slept. When he could rally from his discouragement, he rebound the bandages and told himself what a fool he had been to drag his foot up the rocks before the wound had had any chance to heal. He resolved, despite his thirst, to lie still all day and give the artery absolute quiet. It required only a little stoicism; the stake was life.

Toward afternoon his restlessness increased, but he clung to his resolve to lie still. By evening he was burning with thirst, and when morning came, after a feverish night, with his head on fire and his mouth crusted dry, he concluded rightly that one or both of his wounds had become infected.

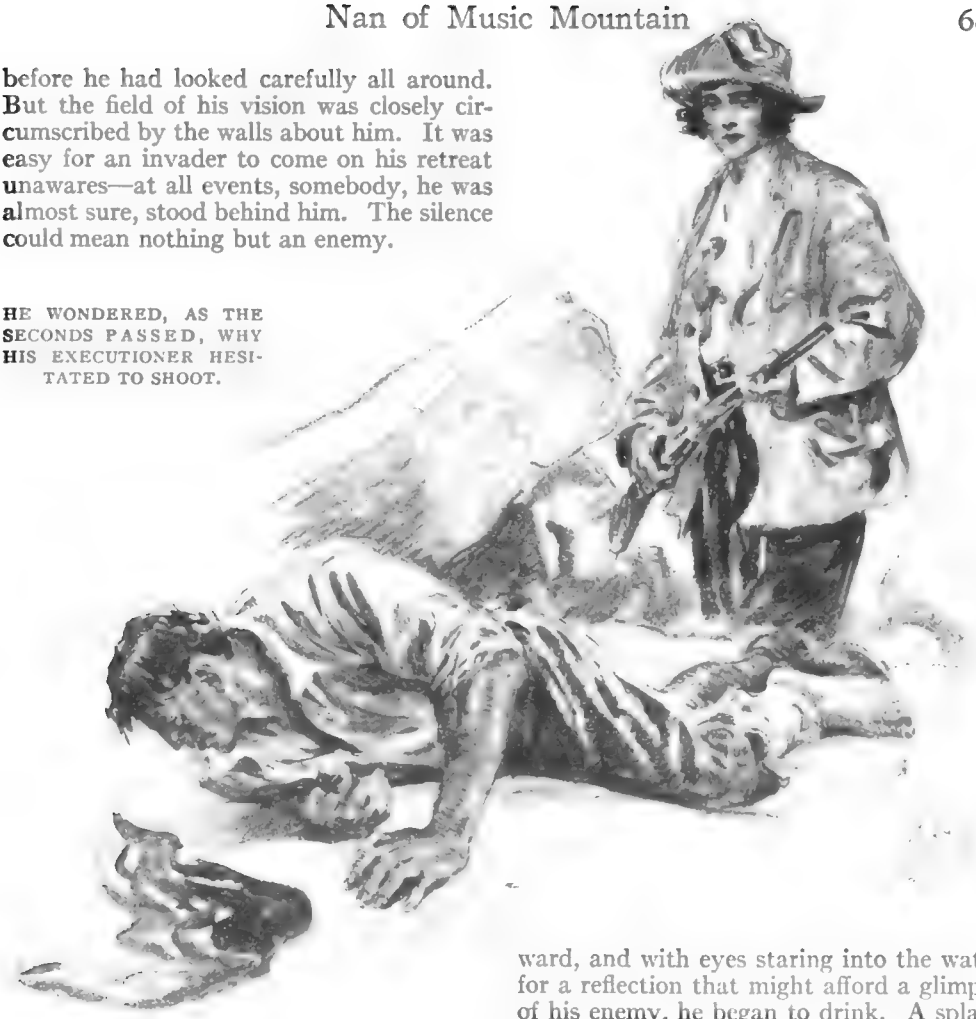
De Spain understood what it meant. He looked regretfully at the injured foot. Swollen out of shape and angry-looking, the mere appearance would have told him, had the confirmation been needed, that his situation was becoming critical. This did not so much disconcert as it surprised him and spurred him mentally to the necessity of taking new measures. He lay a long time thinking.

Against the infection he could do little. But the one aid at his hand was abundance of cold water to drink and bathe his wound in, and to this he resolved now to drag himself. To crawl across the space that separated him from the pool required all the strength he could summon. The sun was already well up, and its rays shot like spectrum arrows through the spray of the dainty cataract, which spurted in a jeweled sheet over the rocky ledge twenty feet above and poured noisily down the broad pool among jagged boulders below.

Crawling slowly forward, choking with thirst, he reached the water, and, reclining on his side and one elbow, he was about to lean down to it to drink when suddenly he felt with some kind of instinctive shock that he was no longer alone on the ledge. He had no interest in analyzing the conviction; he did not even question it. Not a sound had reached his ears. Only a moment

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

before he had looked carefully all around. But the field of his vision was closely circumscribed by the walls about him. It was easy for an invader to come on his retreat unawares—at all events, somebody, he was almost sure, stood behind him. The silence could mean nothing but an enemy.



HE WONDERED, AS THE SECONDS PASSED, WHY HIS EXECUTIONER HESITATED TO SHOOT.

He was as helpless as a baby. An impulse in his fingers to clutch his revolver he restrained at once—it could only hasten his death.

He wondered, as the seconds passed, why his executioner hesitated to shoot; and he lay breathless in horror of being shot in the base of the brain. Anywhere else he would almost have welcomed a bullet; anywhere else, it might have given him one chance for life, through rolling over after he was struck, in an attempt to kill his assailant.

His thoughts, working in flashes of lightning, suggested every possible trick of escape and as rapidly rejected each. There was nothing for it but to play the part, to take the blow with no more than a quiver when it came. Braced to such a determination De Spain bent slowly downward, and with eyes staring into the water for a reflection that might afford a glimpse of his enemy, he began to drink. A splash above his head frightened him almost to death.

It was a water-ousel dashing into the foaming cataract and out again, and the spray following from the bath wrecked the mirror of the pool.

De Spain nearly choked. Each mouthful of water was a struggle. The sense of impending death had robbed even the life-giving drafts of their tonic, and each instant carried its acute sensation of being the last. At last his nerves, weakened by hunger and exposure, revolted under the strain. It might, after all, be a fantasy of his fever that pictured so vividly an enemy behind, ready to murder him.

With an effort that cost more mental torture than he had ever known, he drew back on his elbow from the pool, steadied himself, turned his head to face his executioner and confronted Nan Morgan.

Digitized by Google
Digitized by UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Nan Morgan Faces a Problem

SHE stood just beside the rock from which the ledge could be reached from below, and as if she had just stepped up into sight. Her rifle was so held in both hands that it could be fired from her hip, and, at so close quarters, with deadly accuracy. Her khaki suit, the laced boots, her slender neck and poised head topped by the alert cowboy hat were very familiar to de Spain as she stood with startled eyes fixed on his haggard face.

Her expression reflected her horrified alarm, but it did not conceal her anger and aversion at the sight of him. Unaware of the forbidding spectacle he presented, de Spain, swept by a brainstorm at the appearance of this Morgan—the only one of all the Morgans he had not fancied waiting to deliver his death-warrant—felt a fury surge over him at the thought of being killed by a woman. Even self-defense was out of the question. He could no more fire at this girl—even had he a chance—than he could at his sister. And he lay, his eyes bent steadily on hers, trying to read her purpose concerning his life.

She stood guarded, but motionless with surprise. He turned himself slowly and, sitting up, waited for her to speak. There was little to hope for, he thought, in her expression. And all of his duplicity seemed to desert him before her cold resolution. The tricks he would have tried, at bay before a man, he felt no inclination to attempt.

"I suppose," he said, at length, not trying to disguise his bitter resentment of her presence, "you've come to finish me."

His shirt, tattered for bandages and stained, his hair matted down on his forehead in blood, his eyes inflamed and sunken with weakness and hunger, his cheeks crusted and sallow, the birthmark showing on his cheek like a second gaping wound—made him a desperate sight. Regarding him steadily, Nan, as bewildered as if she had come suddenly on some great wounded beast of prey, made no response to his words. The two regarded each other defiantly and for another moment in silence.

"If you are going to kill me," he continued, looking into her eyes without any thought of appeal, "do it quick."

Something in his long, unyielding gaze impelled her to break the spell of it. "What are you doing here?" she demanded with anger, curbing her voice as much as she could to control her excitement.

De Spain, still looking at her, answered only after a pause. "Hiding," he said bluntly.

"Hiding to kill other men!" Nan's accusation as she clutched her rifle was almost explosive.

He regarded her coolly and collected his wits: "Do I look to you like a man hunting for a fight? Or," he added, while she made no answer, "like a man looking for a quiet spot to die in? How," he went on slowly, "can you say I am hiding here to kill other men? That's what your people tell you about me, is it?"

"I know you are a murderer."

In spite of his weakness he flushed. "No," he exclaimed sharply, "I am not a murderer. If you think it—" he pointed contemptuously to her side. "If you think it, you have your rifle—use it!"

"My rifle is to defend myself. I am not a public executioner," she answered.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "I'll tell you why I came here. I shall never get away alive, anyway—you can have the truth if you want it. I got off my horse to get a drink. He bolted. I couldn't walk, and I climbed up here to hide till my wounds heal. Now, I've told you the truth. Will you tell me where I am?"

But he could get no information of any sort out of her. Yet he saw that something more than his mere presence detained and perplexed her. Her prompt condemnation of him rankled in his mind, and the strain of facing her suspicion wore on him.

"I won't ask you anything more," he said at length. "You do right to give me no information. It might help me save my life. I can't talk any longer. You know you think I have no right to live—that's what you think, isn't it? Why don't you shoot?" She only stared at him. "Why don't you answer?" he demanded recklessly.

Nan summoned her resolution. "I know you tried to kill my cousin," she said hotly. "And I don't know you won't try it again as soon as you are able. And I am going to think what to do before I tell you anything or do anything."

"You say you know I tried to kill your

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

cousin! I say you know nothing of the kind. I say your cousin tried to kill me. I say I know he is a bully and a coward, a man that doesn't know what it means to fight fair. Tell him that for me."

"You are safe in abusing him when he's not here."

"Send him to me to hear it! This is no place for a woman that calls me what you call me—send your cousin and all his friends here!" His voice shook with anger. "Tell him I'm wounded, tell him I've had nothing to eat since I fought him before. And if he's still afraid—" de Spain drew and broke his revolver almost like a flash. He could have threatened her life before she could move a muscle—"tell your fine cousin I've got one cartridge left—just one—to make good with." So saying, he held in one hand the loaded cartridge and in the other the empty revolver.

"You've asked me to go away—I'm going," she said. "How much of what you tell me is true, I don't know. But I can believe my own eyes, and I believe you are not in condition to do much injury, even if you came here with that intention. You will certainly lose your life if you move from your hiding-place."

She started to go. He leaned suddenly toward her. "Stop," he said peremptorily, raising himself with a wrenching effort. Something in the stern look from his eye held her. His extended hand pointed toward her as imperiously as if instead of lying helpless at her feet he could command her to do his bidding. "I want to ask you a question. I've told you the truth. I am practically unarmed—one cartridge. If you are going to send—your cousin and his men here, it's only fair I should know it now—isn't it?"

Her face was hard, in spite of the weakness he struggled to conceal behind his words. It annoyed her to think he had surmised just what was revolving in her mind. He was asking what she had been asking herself, and demanding an answer she did not know.

"My cousin is wounded," she said at length. "If you stay here quietly you are not likely to be molested."

She stepped down from the ledge with the words, and was gone as noiselessly as she had come. Shaken by this discovery she had so unexpectedly made, Nan retreated almost precipitately from the spot. And the question of what to do worried her as much as it worried de Spain.

The whole range had been shaken by the excitement of the Calabasas fight. Nan, who had heard but one side of the story, and that, of course, least favorable to de Spain, pictured the aggressor from the story of the only two men who lived to tell of the horribly sharp action with him. But her common sense whispered to her that whatever had been said about de Spain's starting the fight, one man locked in a room with four enemies, all dangerous men in an affray, was not likely to begin a fight unless forced to.

Unhappy and irresolute, Nan, when she got home, was glad of an excuse to ride to Calabasas for a packet of dressings coming by stage from Sleepy Cat for Gale, who lay wounded at Satt Morgan's; and, eating a hasty luncheon, she ordered her horse and set out.

Should she tell her Uncle Duke of finding de Spain? Whenever she decided she must, the recollection of de Spain's condition unsettled her resolution. Where he lay, he could, if he meditated revenge on her people, murder any of them, almost at will. To spare his life, imperiled to this extent theirs—but surely he was not far from death from exhaustion.

The long ride to Calabasas seemed very short as the debate went on. She drew up before the big barn. Jim McAlpin was coming out of the door to go to supper. Nan asked for her package, and wanted to start right away again. McAlpin refused absolutely to hear of it. He told her she had ridden hard, urged her to dismount, and sent her horse in to be rubbed. While it was being cared for, McAlpin asked in his innocent Scotch way about Gale.

Nan was non-committal. But she listened with interest, more or less veiled, to whatever running comment McAlpin had to offer concerning the Calabasas fight. "And I was sorry to see Gale mixed up in it," he concluded, in his effort to draw Nan out. "Sorry. And sorrier to think of Henry de Spain getting killed that way. Why, I knowed Henry de Spain when he was a boy, so high—" he put out his hand cannily. But his listener remained obdurate. There was nothing for it but further probing, to which, however, Jim was abundantly equal. "Some say," he suggested, looking in toward the door of the barn, "that Henry

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

went down there to pick a fight with the boys. But," he asserted cryptically, "I happen to know *that* wasn't so."

"Then, what did he go down there for?" demanded Nan indignantly, and unwarily.

McAlpin, the situation now in hand, took his time to it. He leaned forward in a manner calculated to invite confidence without giving offense. "Miss Nan," said he, simply, "I worked for your Uncle Duke for five years—you know that. I think a good deal of him—I think a good deal of you; so does the missus, so does little Loretta. I hear and see a good deal here that other people don't get next to—they can't. Now Henry de Spain was here with me, sitting right there where you are sitting, Miss Nan, in that chair," declared McAlpin with an unanswerable finger; "not fifteen minutes before that fight began, he was there. I told you he never went down there to fight. Now, do you want the proof? I'll tell you—I wouldn't want anybody else to know—will you keep it?"

Nan seemed indifferent. "Girls are not supposed to keep secrets," she said, shortly.

Her narrator was not to be balked. He pointed to the coat-rack on the wall in front of them both. "There is Henry de Spain's coat. He hung it there just before he went down to the hotel. Under it, if you look, you will find his belt of cartridges."

McAlpin gave this information time to sink in. Nan's eyes had turned, despite her seeming indifference, to the coat; but she was thinking more intently about the belt which McAlpin asserted hung under it. "You want to know what he did go down to the hotel for that afternoon. I happen to know that, too," averred McAlpin, sitting down respectfully on the edge of a chair. "Henry de Spain is dead," he said quietly. "I wouldn't tell it if he wasn't. Some of the boys don't believe he is. I'm telling you it's a physical impossibility for a man to take the fire of four revolvers in the hands of four men like those four men, at arm's length, and live. Henry de Spain is the cleverest man with a gun that ever rode the Spanish Sinks, but limits is limits; the boy's dead. And he was always talking about you. He was fairly gone on you. Now, that's the truth: I was the only one he could always ask about whether you'd been here; and when; and when you might be expected coming again.

"Now, that afternoon he came in here kind of moody. It was an anniversary for him, and a hard one—the day his father was shot from ambush—a good many years ago, but neither one of us had forgotten it. Then he happened to see your pony a-standing back there in the box stall. He asked me whose it was; and he asked me about you, and, by jinx! the way he perked up when I told him you were coming in on the stage that afternoon! When he heard you'd been sick, he was for going down to the hotel to get a cup of coffee—for you!" McAlpin, like any good story-teller, was already on his feet again. "And you know," he exclaimed, "what he got when he reached the barroom!" He took hold of de Spain's coat and held it aside to enter his exhibit. "There," he concluded, "is his cartridge-belt, hanging there yet. The boy is dead—why shouldn't I tell you?"

Nan rode home much more excited, upset, and puzzled than when she had ridden over. What should she do? It was clear to her that de Spain had not ridden unarmed to where she found him, to ambush any of the Morgans. What ought she to do? Tell her uncle? It would mean de Spain's being shot like a dog where he lay, and perhaps her uncle's death in the last encounter with the dying man. And if she told no one of his whereabouts, should she leave him to die of starvation among the rocks?

Other things McAlpin had said crowded her thoughts. Strangest shock of all it was to her, that this man of all other men should profess to care for her. She had shown anger when McAlpin had dared to speak of it. At least, she thought she had. And she still did not know how sufficiently to resent the thought of such audacity on de Spain's part; but, recalling all she could of his words and actions, she was forced to confess to herself that McAlpin's assertions were confirmed by them—and that what McAlpin said interpreted de Spain's unvarying attitude toward her. This was, to say the least, a further complication for her feelings.

The Enemy Turns Friend

WITHOUT going in to see Gale, whom Bull Page, his nurse, reported very cross, but not hurt much, Nan left her packet for him and rode home. Her Uncle Duke was in town. She

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"I WOULDN'T HAVE HAD YOU TAKE A RIDE LIKE THAT, LITTLE GIRL, FOR FORTY BELTS!"

had the house to herself, with only Bonita, the old Mexican servant, and ate her late supper alone.

The longer she pondered on de Spain and his dilemma—and her own—the more she worried. When she went to bed, upstairs in her little gable room, she tossed on her pillow, assailed by conflicting doubts, till a resolve seized her to go up again to de Spain's hiding-place and see what she could see or hear—possibly she could uncover a plot if one were really on foot.

She dressed resolutely, buckled a holster at her side, and slipping a revolver—a new one that Gale had given her—into it, she walked softly downstairs and out of doors.

The night air was clear, with a three-quarter moon well up in the sky. She took

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her way rapidly along the trail to the mountain, keeping as much as possible within the great shadows cast by the towering peaks. Not a sound met her acute listening as she pressed on—not a living thing seemed to move anywhere in the whole great Gap, except this slender-footed, keen-eyed girl whose heart beat with apprehension of wiles, stratagems, and ambush.

Breathing steadily and keyed to a tense feeling of suspicion, Nan at length found herself below the ledge where de Spain was in hiding. She stopped, and with the craft of an Indian stood perfectly still for a very long time before she began to climb up to where the enemy lay. Hearing no sound, she took courage and made the ascent. She reached without adventure the corner of the ledge where she had first seen him and there, lying flat, listened again.

Hearing only the music of the little cascade, she swept the ledge as well as she could with her eyes, but it was now so far in shadow as to lie in impenetrable darkness. Hardly daring to breathe, she crept and felt her way over it with her hands, discovering nothing until she had almost reached de Spain's retreat at the farther side. Then her heart stopped in an agony of fear—underneath the overhanging wall she heard voices.

To attempt to escape was as dangerous as to lie still. Had she dared, she would have retreated at once the way she had come. Since she dared not, she was compelled to hear what was said and, indeed, she was eager to hear. De Spain had confederates, then, and had tricked her after all! Whatever his plot, she was resolved to know it, and instead of retreating she took her revolver in hand and drew herself nearer to the plotters. When she had gained her new position the mutterings, which had been indistinct, became audible. It was not two voices she had heard, but one—de Spain, she concluded, was talking in his sleep.

But a moment afterward this explanation failed to satisfy her. The mutterings were too constant and too disconnected to be mistaken for sleep-talking—it dawned upon Nan that it was delirium. She could hear de Spain throwing himself from side to side, and the near and far sounds, as if of two voices, were thus explained. She crept nearer.

He turned about on the rock floor ceaselessly, muttering of ammunition, horses, water, passengers, wheels, and railroad wrecks. Nan listened to his ravings, stunned by the revelation of his condition.

De Spain once threw out a groping hand and before she could escape caught her skirt in his fingers. Nan tried to pull away. His grip did not loosen. She took his hand in hers and while he muttered meaningless words she forced his fingers open and drew away. His hand was so hot and dry it almost burned.

She told herself he must die if he remained longer unaided, and her problem resolved itself into one question—should she let him die where he lay? There were unpleasant possibilities if she did so. His death so close to her own home might, if he were ever found, throw suspicion on her uncle and arouse the deeper resentment of the wounded man's friends. If pity played a part in suggesting that her best course was to help him, Nan kept its promptings as much as she could in the penumbra of her thoughts.

She had already decided what to do as she walked back home, but without admitting or even realizing it. . . .

Toward daylight of the same morning de Spain in his fever dreamed he was not alone; that some one was with him—a figure moving silently in the faintness of the dawn—a figure he struggled to believe a reality, but one that tricked his wandering senses and left him, with the coming of another day, weaker, with failing courage and alone.

But when he opened his eyes later, and with a clearer head, he found food and drink near. Unable to believe his sight, he fancied his wavering senses were deceiving him, until he put out his hand and felt the substance of what he saw. There was milk, which he took incredulously; but he sipped it with the caution of a man not unused to periods of starvation. And there were eggs, which he broke and swallowed hungrily at intervals from the shell; bread with meat, that he cached, animal-like, in near-by crannies, and, man-like, in his pockets.

He was determined if she came again to intercept his visitor. For forty-eight hours he tried cat-naps, with an occasional sandwich to keep up his strength. Nan returned unseen and disappeared, despite his watchfulness. A new supply of food proved she had been there.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

An innocent snare discovered her presence when she did come the third time. It was just before day, and de Spain had so placed small obstacles—handfuls of gravel and little chips of rock—that if she should cross the ledge in the dark she could hardly escape rousing him.

The device did betray her. "I'm awake," de Spain said at once from his retreat.

When she stopped at the words he could not see her; she had flattened herself, standing, against a wall of the ledge.

He waited patiently. "You give me no chance to thank you," he went on after a pause.

Nan, drawing nearer, put down a small parcel. "I don't need any thanks," she replied with calculated coolness. "I'm hoping when you're well enough you will go away, quietly, in the night. That will be the only way you can thank me."

"I shall be as glad to go as you can be to have me," rejoined de Spain tartly. "But that won't be thanking you as I am going to. If you think you can save my life and refuse my thanks as I mean to express them—you are mistaken. I will be perfectly honest. Lying out here isn't just what I'd choose for comfort. But if by doing it I could see you once in two or three days——"

"You won't see me again."

"No news could be worse. And if I can't, I don't know how I'm going to get out at all. I've no horse—you know that. I can't stand on my foot yet; if you had a light you might see for yourself. I think I showed you my gun—and one cartridge. If you could tell me where I am——"

He halted on the implied question.

Nan took ample time to reply. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know where you are?" she asked; and there was a touch of vexed incredulity in her tone.

De Spain seemed unmoved by her skepticism. "I can't tell you anything else," he said simply.

"Then—you are in Morgan's Gap," she said swiftly, as if she wanted it off her mind.

There was no movement of surprise; neither was there any answer. "I supposed, when I found you here, you knew that," she added less resolutely; the darkness and silence were plainly a strain.

"I know you are telling the truth," he responded at length. "But I can hardly believe it. That's the reason, of course, you *did* find me. I rode a good many miles that night without knowing where I was, or what I was doing. I certainly never figured on winding up here. How could I get in here without being stopped?"

"Everybody inside the Gap was hunting for you, I suppose."

"There isn't much use asking where I am, in the Gap. I never was inside but once. I shouldn't know if you did tell me."

"You are at the foot of Music Mountain, about a mile from where I live."

"You must have thought I meant to raid your house. I didn't. I was hit. I got mixed up in trying to get away. You want me away?"

"Very much."

"No more than I want to get away. Perhaps by to-morrow I could walk a few miles. But I should have to assassinate somebody to get some ammunition."

"It wouldn't be hard for you to do that, I presume."

Her words and her tone revealed the intensity of her dislike and the depth of her distrust.

He was silent for a moment. Then he said without resentment: "You are ashamed, already, of saying that, aren't you?"

"No, I am not," she answered defiantly.

"Yes, you are. You know it isn't true. If you believed it, you never would have brought food here to save my life. You want me out of the Gap. I want to get out. Come back, once more, in the daytime. I will see what I can do with my foot by that time." He paused. "Will you come?"

"It would be too dangerous for me to come up here in the daytime."

"Come at dusk. You know I am no murderer."

"I don't know it," she persisted stubbornly. It was her final protest.

"Count, some day, on knowing it."

One Morgan Doesn't Want to Fight

ON THE next day—because there were such good reasons for it—she found herself deciding conscientiously to see de Spain for the last time, and toward sunset. This was the time he had

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"YOU SHA'N'T KILL MY COUSIN! WHAT DO YOU MEAN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE? LEAVE US!"

suggested, but it really seemed, after all thought, the best time. She began dressing early for her trip, and with constantly recurring dissatisfaction with her wardrobe — picking the best of her limited stock of silk stockings, choosing the freshest of her few pairs of tan boots. All of her riding-skirts looked shabby as she fretfully inspected them; but Bonita passed out the newest one for the occasion, while Nan put in the interval, with more than usual care, on her troublesome hair—never drier and less tractable, it seemed, in her life. Nothing, in truth, in her toilet satisfied her, so that at last she was obliged to turn from her glass with a hateful sigh that it made no difference, anyway.

De Spain was sitting with his back against a rock and his knees drawn up, leaning his head on his right hand and resting his elbow on the knee. His left arm hung down over his left knee, and the look on his face was one of reflection and irresolution rather than of action and decision. But he looked so restored after his brief period of nourishment that Nan, when she stepped up on the ledge at sunset, would not have known the wreck she had seen here a few days before.

His heart jumped at the sight of the young face, the dark hair, the mannish hat, the clinging white blouse, the light, sure step, and the clear, courageous eyes that surveyed him questioningly. De Spain scrambled to his feet.

"I am going to tramp out of here tomorrow night," he confided to her after he had said what he could of thanks. 'It will be Saturday; a lot of your men will be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in Sleepy Cat—and they won't all be very keen-sighted on their way back. I can get a good start outside before daylight."

She heard him with relief. "What will you do then?" she asked.

"Hide. Watch each chance to crawl a mile nearer Calabasas. I can't walk much; but I ought to make it by Sunday night or Monday morning. I may see a friend—perhaps I may see the other kind of fellow; and with my lone cartridge, I may be able to bluff him out of a horse," he suggested lazily, looking at the crimson tie that flowed from Nan's open neck. "By the way," he added, his glance resting on her right side, "where is your protector today?" She made no answer. "Fine form," he said coldly, "to come unarmed on an errand of mercy to a desperado!"

Nan flushed with vexation. "I came away in such a hurry I forgot it," she said lamely.

"A forget might cost you your life."

"Perhaps you've forgotten you left a cartridge-belt behind once yourself," she returned swiftly.

The retort startled him. How could she know? But he would not at first ask a question, though the look in her eyes told him she knew what she was talking about. They regarded each other a moment in silence.

De Spain, convicted, finally laid his fingers over the butt of his empty revolver. "How did you find that out?"

She tossed her head. They were standing only a few feet apart, de Spain supporting himself now with his left hand high up against the wall, Nan with her shoulder

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lightly against it; both had become quizzical. "Other people forget, too, then," was all she said, fingering the loosened tie as the breeze from the west blew it toward her shoulder.

"No," he protested, "I didn't: not that time. I went over to the joint to get a cup of coffee and expected to be back within five minutes, never dreaming of walking into a bear-trap." He drew his revolver from his scabbard and, breaking it negligently, took out the single cartridge. "Take this." He held the cartridge in his left hand and took two halting steps toward her. "Since you are unarmed, I will be, too. Not that this puts us on an even footing. I don't mean that. Nothing would. You would be too much for me in any kind of a contest, armed or unarmed—I know that."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, to hide her confusion. And she saw that each step he took cost a lot of pain, skilfully concealed.

"I mean," he said, "that you are to take this cartridge as a remembrance of my forgetfulness and your adventure."

She drew back. "I don't want it."

"Take it."

He was persistent. She allowed him to drop the loaded shell into her hand. "Now," he said, replacing his gun, "if I encounter any of your folks in an attempt to break through a line, and somebody gets killed, you will know, when you hear the story, that *this* time, at least, I didn't start it."

"All the same — " she hesitated — "I don't think that is exactly right. You need not shoot my people, even if you meet them. And there are plenty of others you might meet, who——"

He put her objections aside, enjoying being so near her, and happy that she made no retreat. "My reputation," he insisted, "has suffered a little in Morgan's Gap. I mean that at least one who makes her home under Music Mountain shall know differently of me. What's that?" He heard a sound. "Listen!"

The two, looking at each other, strained their ears to hear through the rush of falling water. "Some one is coming," said de Spain. Nan ran lightly to where she could peep over the ledge. Hardly pausing as she glanced down, she stepped quickly back. "I'll go right on up the mountain to the azalea fields," she said hastily.

He nodded. "I'll hide. Stop. If you are questioned, you don't know I'm here. You must say so for your own sake, not for mine."

She was gone before he had finished. De Spain drew quickly back to where he could secrete himself. In another moment he heard heavy footsteps where he had stood a moment before with his visitor. The footsteps crossed the ledge and their sound died away up the path Nan had taken. De Spain could not see the intruder. It was impossible to conjecture who he was or what his errand, and de Spain could only await whatever should develop. He waited several minutes before he heard any sign of life above him. Then snatches of the two voices began to reach him. He could distinguish Nan's voice and at intervals the heavier tones of a man. The two were descending. In a few moments they reached the ledge, and de Spain, half a dozen steps away, could hear every word.

"Hold on a minute," said the man roughly. His voice was heavy and his utterance harsh.

"I must get home," objected Nan.

"Hold on, I tell you," returned her companion. De Spain could not see, but he could already feel the scene. "I want to talk to you."

"We can talk going down," objected Nan.

De Spain heard her hurried footfalls. "No, you don't," retorted her companion, evidently cutting off her retreat.

"Gale Morgan!" There was a blaze in Nan's sharp exclamation. "What do you mean?"

"I mean you and I are going to have this out before you leave this ledge."

"How dare you stop me!"

"I'll show you what I dare, young lady. You have been backing and filling with me for two years. Now I want to know what you're going to do!"

"Gale! Won't you have a little sense? Come home with me, and I'll talk things over with you as long as you like."

"You'll talk things over with me right here, and as long as I like," he retorted savagely. "Every time I ask you to marry me you've got some new excuse."

"It is shameful for you to act this way, Gale." She spoke low and rapidly. De Spain alone knew it was to keep her humiliation from his own ears, and he made no effort to follow her quick, pleading words.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The moment was most embarrassing for two of the three involved. But nothing that Nan could say to her cousin won any reprieve.

"When you came back from school I told Duke I was going to marry you. He said, 'All right,' " persisted her cousin stubbornly.

"Gale Morgan, what Uncle Duke said or didn't say has nothing whatever to do with *my* consent."

"I told you I was going to marry you."

"Does that bind me to get married, when I don't want to?"

"You said you'd marry me."

Nan exploded: "I never, never said so in this world!" Her voice shook with indignation. "You know that's a downright falsehood."

"You said you didn't care for anybody else," he fairly bellowed. "Now I want to know whether you'll marry me if I take you over to Sleepy Cat to-morrow?"

"No!" Nan flung out her answer, reckless of consequences. "I'll never marry you! Let me go home!"

"You'll go home when I get through with you. You've fooled me about long enough."

Her blood froze at the look in his face. "How dare you!" she gasped. "Get out of my way!"

"You damned little vixen!" He caught her by the wrist. "I'll take the kinks out of you. You wouldn't marry me your own way, now you'll marry me mine."

Nan fought him like a tigress. He dragged her struggling into his arms. But above her half-stifled cries and his grunting laugh, Morgan heard a sharp voice close at hand: "Take your hands off that girl!"

Whirling, with Nan in his savage grip, the half-drunken mountaineer saw de Spain ten feet away, his right hand resting on the scabbard of his revolver. Stunned, but sobered instantly by mortal danger, Morgan greeted his enemy with an oath.

"Stand away from that girl!" repeated de Spain harshly, backing the words with a step forward. Morgan's grasp relaxed. Nan, jerking from him, looked at de Spain and instantly stepped in front of her cousin, on whom de Spain seemed about to draw.

"What are you doing here?" demanded Morgan with an enraged oath.

"I left some business with you the other day at Calabasas half-finished," said de Spain. "I'm here this afternoon to clean it up. Get away from that girl!"

His manner frightened even Nan—the quick step to the side and back—poising like a fencer—his revolver restrained a moment in its sheath by a tense right arm as if at any instant it might leap into deadly play.

Shocked with new fear, Nan hesitated. If it was play, it was too realistic play for the nerves of even a mountain girl. De Spain's angry face and burning eyes photographed themselves from that moment on her memory. But whatever he meant, she had her part to do. She backed, with arms spread low at her sides, directly against her cousin. "You sha'n't fight!" she cried at de Spain.

"Stand away from that man!" retorted de Spain sternly.

"You sha'n't kill my cousin! What do you mean? What are you doing here? Leave us!"

"Get away, Nan, I tell you. I'll finish him," cried Morgan, punctuating every word with an oath.

She whirled and caught her cousin in her arms: "He will shoot us both if you fire. Take me away, Gale. You coward!" she exclaimed, whirling again with trembling tones on de Spain, "would you kill a woman?"

De Spain saw the danger was past. It needed hardly an instant to show that Morgan had lost stomach for a fight. He talked wrathfully, but he made no motion to draw.

"I see I've got to chase you into a fight," said de Spain harshly, starting gingerly to circle the hesitating cousin. Nan, in her excitement, ran directly toward the enemy as if to cut off his movement.

"Don't you dare put me in danger!" she cried, facing de Spain threateningly. "Don't you dare fight my cousin here!"

"Stand away from me!" hammered de Spain, eyeing Morgan steadily.

"He is wounded now," stormed Nan, so fast she could hardly frame the words. "You sha'n't kill him! If you are a man, don't shoot a wounded man and a woman. You sha'n't shoot! Gale! protect yourself!"

Whirling to face her cousin, she backed directly against de Spain. Both hands were spread open, the palms up behind her as if to envelop him. In the instant that she and de Spain were in contact, he realized rather than saw—for his eyes never released Morgan's eyes—what she was slipping to him—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the loaded cartridge. It was done, and in a flash she was running from him again; but their fingers had touched. In that moment of deadly peril they knew each other anew. Then Nan, in front of her cousin, was crying out once more against the shedding of blood.

"I came up here to fight a man. I don't fight women," muttered de Spain, regarding both with an unpromising visage. Then to Morgan: "I'll talk to you later. But you've got to fight or get away from here, both of you, in ten seconds."

"Take me away, Gale!" cried Nan. "Leave him here—take me home! Take me home!"

She caught her cousin's arm. "Stay right where you are," shouted Morgan, pointing at de Spain, and following Nan as she pulled him along. "When I come back, I'll give you what you're looking for."

"Bring your friends," de Spain said tauntingly. "I'll accommodate four more of you. Stop!" With one hand still on his revolver he pointed the way. "Go down that trail first, Morgan. Stay where you are, girl, till he gets down that hill. You won't pot me over her shoulder for a while yet. Move!"

Morgan took the path sullenly, de Spain covering every step he took. Behind de Spain, Nan stood waiting for her cousin to get beyond earshot. "What will you do?" she whispered hurriedly to de Spain at last.

Covering Morgan, who could whirl on him at any turn in the descent, de Spain could not look at her in answering: "Looks pretty rocky, doesn't it?"

"He will start the whole Gap, as soon as he gets to his horse."

He looked up at the sky. "It's pretty near dark. They won't be very active on the job before morning."

Morgan was at a safe distance. De Spain turned to Nan. Her cheeks were on fire, she breathed fast, her eyes burned.

"It looks," muttered de Spain, "as if I should have to climb Music Mountain to make a getaway."

"There is no good place to hide anywhere above here," said Nan instantly.

"Well, if this is the last of it, I can take it here with our one cartridge."

Her eyes were bent on him as if they would pierce him through: "If I save your life—" still breathing fast, she hesitated for words—"you won't trick me—ever—will you?"

Steadily returning her appealing gaze, de Spain answered with deliberation: "Don't even give me a chance to trick you, Nan."

"What do you mean?" she demanded, fear and distrust in her tone.

"My life," he said slowly, "isn't worth it."

"You know—" He could see her resolute underlip quiver with her intensity of feeling as she faltered. "You know what every man says of every girl—foolish, trusting, easy to deceive—everything like that."

"May God wither my hand before it ever is raised against you. And strike my tongue before ever it speaks to deceive you, Nan."

"I don't feel now as if you would. But a while ago you frightened me so——"

"Frightened you! Great Heaven, girl!" He stepped closer and looked straight down into her eyes. "If you had just raised one finger at me, when I was bluffing that fellow, I'd have calmed down and eaten out of your little hand by the hour!"

She believed him. "There's not a moment to lose," she said swiftly. "Listen: There's a trail out of the Gap around this mountain, straight across the face of El Capitan, if you can make it."

"I can make it."

"Listen: It is terribly dangerous——"

"Whatever it may be, it's a concrete boulevard to a man in my fix."

"It is half a mile—only inches wide in places—up and down—loose rock. If you slip, it's a thousand feet——"

"A hundred would be more than plenty."

"A good climber can do it—I have done it. I'd even go with you, if I could."

"Why?"

She shook her head angrily at what he dared to show in his eyes: "Oh, keep still; listen!"

"I know you'd go, Nan," he declared, unperturbed. "But, believe me, I never would let you."

"I can't go, because to do any good I must meet you with a horse outside."

He only looked steadily at her, and she turned her eyes from his gaze. "See," she said, taking him eagerly to the back of the ledge and pointing. "Follow that trail, the one to the east—you can't get lost; you can reach El Capitan before dark—it's very close. Creep carefully across El Capitan on that narrow trail, and on the other side there is a wide one clear down to the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"GO DOWN THAT TRAIL FIRST, MORGAN. STAY WHERE YOU ARE, GIRL, TILL HE GETS DOWN THAT HILL."

road. Oh, do be careful on El Capitan!"

"I'll be careful."

"I must watch my chance to get away from the corral with a horse. If I fail, it will be because I am locked up at home, and you must hide and do the best you can. How much they will surmise of this, I don't know."

"Go now, this minute!" he said, restraining his words. "If you don't come, I shall know why."

She turned without speaking and ran down the rocks, fearless as a chamois. De Spain, losing not a moment, hobbled rapidly up along the rock-walled passage that led the way to his chance for life.

Across El Capitan

PUSHING his way hastily forward when he could make haste; crawling slowly ahead on his hands and knees when held back by opposing rock; feeling for narrow footholds among loose and treacherous fragments of the cliff; flattening himself like a leech against the face of the precipice when the narrowing ledge left him only inches under foot;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

clinging with torn hands to every favoring crevice, and pausing for fresh strength when the peril was extreme, de Spain dragged his injured foot across the sheer face of El Capitan in the last shadows of the day's failing light.

Half-way across, he stopped to look down. Far below him the valley lay shrouded in night. Where he stood, stars, already bright, lighted the peaks. But nowhere in the depths could he see any sign of life. Spent by his efforts, de Spain reached the rendezvous Nan had indicated, as nearly as the stars would tell him, by ten o'clock. He fell asleep in the aspen grove. Horsemen passing not a hundred yards away roused him.

He could not tell how many or who they were, but from the sounds he judged they were riding into the Gap. The moon was not yet up, so he knew it was not much after midnight. The ground was very cold, and he crawled farther on toward the road along which Nan had said he might look for her. It was only a long hour before he heard the muffled footfalls of a horse. He stood concealed among the smaller trees until he could distinguish the outlines of the animal and the figure of the rider.

De Spain stepped out of the trees and, running toward Nan, caught her hand and helped her to the ground.

She cautioned him to silence and led the horse into the little grove. Stopping well within it, she stooped and began cutting away the mufflers from the hoofs; de Spain took the knife from her to finish.

"I'm afraid I'm too late," she said. "How long have you been here?" She faced de Spain with one hand on the pony's shoulder.

"How could you get here at all?" he asked, reaching for her other hand.

"I got terribly frightened thinking of your trying El Capitan. Did you have any falls?"

"You see I'm here—I've slept since. And I've loads of time—it's not one o'clock."

"But they were hiding on both trails outside watching for you—and the moon will be up—" She seemed very anxious.

De Spain made light of her fears. "I'll get past them—I've got to, Nan. Don't give it a thought."

"I don't know what you'll think of me—" He heard the troubled note in her voice.

"What do you mean?"

She began to unbutton her jacket. Throwing back the revers, she felt inside around her waist, then unfastened and drew forth a leather strap. She laid it in de Spain's hands. "This is yours," she said in a whisper.

He felt it, questioningly, hurriedly, then with a burst of recognition and amazement. "Not my cartridge-belt!" he exclaimed.

"It is your belt."

"Where did you get it, Nan?" he whispered hurriedly.

"Where you left it."

"When?"

"To-night."

"Have you been to Calabasas and back to-night?"

"Everybody but Sassoon is in the chase," she replied uneasily—as if not knowing what to say, or how. "They said you never should leave the Gap alive—they are ready with traps everywhere. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't bear—after what—you did for me to-night—to think of your being shot down like a dog, when you were only trying to get away."

"I wouldn't have had you take a ride like that, little girl, for forty belts!" He strapped the cartridges around him. "But since you have—" He had drawn his revolver from his waistband. He broke it now and held it out. "Load it for me, Nan?"

"What do you mean?"

"Put four more cartridges in it yourself. Except for your cartridge, the gun is empty. When you do it you will know none of them ever will be used against your people except to protect my own life. And if you have any among them whose life ought to come ahead of mine—name him, or them, now. Do as I tell you: load the gun."

He took hold of her hands and, in spite of her refusal, made her do his will. He guided her hand to draw the cartridges one after another from his belt, and waited for her to slip them into the empty cylinder, to close the breech and hand the gun back.

"Now, Nan," he said, "you know me. You may yet have doubts—they will all die. You will hear many stories about me—but you will say, I put the cartridges in his revolver with my own hands; and I know he will not abuse the means of defense that I gave him myself. There can never be any real doubts or misunderstandings between us again, Nan, if you will forgive me for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

making a fool of myself when I met you at Tenison's. I didn't dream that you were desperate about the way your uncle was playing—I didn't even know he was there. I pieced it all together afterward." He waited for her to speak, but she was silent.

"You have given me my life, my defense," he continued, passing from a subject that he perceived was better untouched. "Who is nearest and dearest to you at home?"

"My Uncle Duke."

"Then I never will raise a hand against your Uncle Duke. And this man to-night—this cousin—Gale? Nan, what is that man to you?"

"I hate him."

"Thank God! So do I."

"But he is a cousin."

"Then I suppose he must be one of mine."

"Unless he tries to kill you."

"He won't be very long in trying that. And now, what about yourself? What have you got to defend yourself with against him, and against every other drunken man?"

She laid her own pistol without a word in de Spain's hand. He felt it, opened it, closed it, and gave it back. "That's a good defender—when it's in reach. When it's at home, it's a poor one."

"It will never be at home again except when I am."

"Shall I tell you a secret?"

"What is it?" asked Nan unsuspectingly.

"We are engaged to be married." She sprang from him like a deer. "It's a dead secret," he said gravely; "nobody knows it yet—not even you."

"You need never talk like that if you want to be friends with me," she said resentfully. "I hate it."

"Hate it if you will; it's so. And it began when you handed me that little piece of lead and brass on the mountain to-night, to defend your life and mine."

"I'll hate you if you persecute me the way Gale does. The moon is almost up. You must go."

"You haven't told me," he persisted, "how you got away at all." They had walked out of the trees. He looked reluctantly to the east. "Tell me and I'll go," he promised.

"After I went up to my room I waited till the house was all quiet. Then I started for Calabasas. When I came back I got up to my room without being seen and sat at the window a long time. I waited till all the men stopped riding past. Then I slipped through the window and down the kitchen roof and let myself down on the ground. Then I slipped over to the barns and found a hackamore and went down to the corral and hunted around till I found this little pinto—she's the best to ride bareback."

"I could ride a razorback—why take all that trouble for me?"

"If you don't start while you have a chance, you will undo everything I have tried to do to avoid a fight."

The wind, stirring softly, set the aspen leaves quivering. The stars, chilled in the thin, clear night air, hung diamond-like in the heavens, and the eastern sky across the distant desert paled for the rising moon. The two standing at the horse's head listened a moment together in the darkness. De Spain, leaning forward, said something in a low, laughing voice. Nan made no answer. Then, bending, he took her hand and caught it up to his lips.

For a long, long time after he had gone she stood, listening for a shot—wondering whether he could get past the open traps. The moon came up, and still lingering, breathless with suspense, she watched a drift of fleecy clouds darken its face. She scanned anxiously the wrinkled face of the desert which, with the craft of a woman, hides at night the accidents of age and lies smoothly deceptive to the gaze. It seemed to Nan as if she could overlook every foot of the motionless sea before her for miles; but she well knew how much it could conceal of ambush and death even when it professed so fairly to reveal all.

Strain her ears as she would, the desert gave back to them no ripple of sound—not even the clatter of retreating hoofs.

De Spain, true to all she had ever heard of his Indian-like stealthiness, had made himself in the twinkling of an eye a part of the silence beyond—the silence of the night, the wind, the stars, the waste of sand,

When it seemed as if an hour had passed, Nan felt her way noiselessly home. She regained her room as she had left it, through her east window, and, throwing herself across her bed, fell into a heavy sleep.

*The next instalment of "**Nan of Music Mountain**" will appear in the January number.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The SPIRIT of the AGE

PICTURES BY HARRY TOWNSEND

Why are so many people discouraged about religion? Should they be? Which way shall we look for a readjustment? Here is an answer from a man who is not afraid that changes in religious thinking will kill religion. As preacher and teacher, Dr. Black has had wide opportunity to learn the religious and social problems that are troubling men's minds to-day. He has already helped EVERYBODY'S readers to an understanding of the general unrest and the forces behind it. Here he presents an analysis of the modern religious spirit which is full of hope and reassurance.—THE EDITOR.

TO VERY many this is a time of great moral distress. They feel that the foundations which they thought secure are slipping from under us. Many causes are contributing to this, and the situation of the world at war to-day is only confirming fears that had already arisen.

These fears were due to the forces at work in our midst that seem to disintegrate old positions. We see movements which compel change in the region of religion. There is the critical movement which has altered our view of the Bible. Scientific method has altered the statement of almost every doctrine. The democratic movement is only just getting in its work. Of the three this will probably be by far the most powerful for change, because it is forcing the church, as well as society generally, to consider the whole question of *authority*.

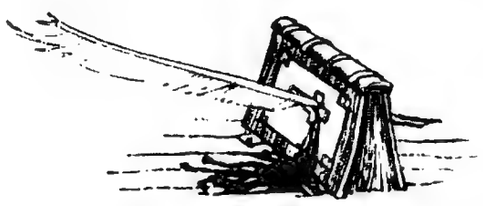
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

On every hand we hear of the failure of religion in the face of the tragedy of Europe to-day. It is true that organized religion has failed, but the failure is equally true of other organized powers. Civilization itself as seen in the organized State has broken down. Where could there be a more lamentable failure than that of the university system of Germany: failure to direct opinion, to control passion, even to display some of the boasted objectivity of truth? But we do not despair of education on that account, and we do not despair of civilization. No more do we despair of religion.

It is perhaps too soon, in the face of the terrible calamity—with the agony of Belgium still in our ears—to ask ourselves to take long views of history. Yet sooner or later we will recover heart and take at least a longer view. We will see that all is not lost; and indeed the fact that the world is in the death grips of struggle indicates that there are conflicting ideals.

Temperament plays a large part in the way we meet the prospect of radical change. Some dread it, hate the discomfort of adjustment, fear the result on things they hold dear, and are always considering the inevitable loss. Some welcome it eagerly and are impatient to see the new day make itself an "awful rose of dawn."

We must not pay too much heed to the general wail about the decay of religion. It often means only the decay of a certain kind of religion, or even of a certain church. If, for example, Christianity is bound up in one's mind with a certain practise of adult baptism, one can easily assume that religion is going to the dogs if less attention is paid to that particular rite. A religious man may be tempted to despair of religion because of changed views of the Sabbath. In every age we find traces of the pessimism which asserts that civilization is breaking to pieces. We see now that such judgment was vitiated by a narrow standard. A political creed will affect judgment as a religious creed does. Sometimes the very growth of democracy has been assumed to be a sign of decay. Even a sociological creed will bias the mind of judges. In the estimation of some the falling off of the birth rate is proof positive of degeneracy.



Perhaps our greatest need is to be able to hold by a rational optimism. Various forms of slushy optimism are common among us. They mostly consist of some scheme of shutting our eyes to fact. No honest man wants to get peace that way. We need a truer and more courageous view of what actually is. All that a brave man needs is a living faith in the order and sanity and purposiveness of the universe. He is content with the wages of "going on." He renews his strength; for he believes that lying back of the world and life there is something that he can call *purpose*. For all intelligent working and living we need to be sure that there is an end, more than an end in time, an end in purpose. If we see this in history and touch it in experience, we can look steadily and clearly at all the facts.

We look, then, into the age in which we live and see if what we call the Spirit of the Age is after all antagonistic to the highest life of men which we call religion. Some, of course, content themselves with simply damning the age. It is to them the age of the devil, and we are here to fight it. They say that all our trouble and all the restlessness of which we find evidence are due to the fact that we live in an irreligious age. This is not so. It is true that we live in an age different from any other. Man has created a new world for himself. But he is blind to the forces at work in our midst who calls this an irreligious time. If it is true that the highest form of religious life must have at its heart social service, there never was a time when this highest religious ideal was more insistent. One of the forces in our analysis which demanded reconstruction was the democratic spirit, and in its essence this is the Christian ideal of brotherhood. It is fed by the great vision of Jesus Christ.

Perhaps what we need most is to call into consciousness what actually exists in us and among us. We are often blinded to the very things which are most characteristic. Even the disciples, after living with their Master and having experience of His spirit, misunderstood His purpose tragically. Once because the Samaritans were ungracious to Him and offered Him a personal indignity, James and John wanted to call down fire from heaven to consume the village. He rebuked them by saying: "Ye

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

know not what manner of spirit ye are of." That was the pathos—that men could have been so near Him and yet could so misunderstand Him—and themselves!

All through the centuries the men who have tried to enter into Christ's spirit and carry on His work have often misrepresented His aim and have been blinded to the very things they themselves were standing for.

It may seem like bravado, but it is in solemn earnest that we assert that there never was an age more fervently Christian than this one. The very negative forces which have been compelling change are really in line with the essential religious spirit. The golden age is not behind us, like a burnt-out star, but before us as the master-light of all our seeing. Our optimism is surely rational if it is based on ascertained facts.

Taking, then, a broad view of our time, we can sum up results in these three positive ways: First, the spirit of the age is seen to be *a spirit of truth* and the love of truth. When we say that our age is preeminent in this, it does not mean that men did not before believe in truth. That would be false and foolish. But it is true as never before that we are seeking to get *reality* everywhere. It is the watchword of all our education. We test all our scientific method by how it agrees with what is. We seek to get our feet on fact.

We are coming to see also that this ideal of truth is something bigger than knowledge. It has to be related to life. It is not merely something to know, but something to be. We can not know truth till we are true men. There is a flash of revealing light in the word of Jesus, "*I am* the truth." This spirit of our age needs only to be led to its natural conclusion to be of the very essence of Christianity.

In the second place, the spirit of our age is certainly *a spirit of cooperation*. The age of individualism has passed, and we see that there is no progress that way. In every sphere of life we know that we can not stand alone. We know the value of team-work in play, and all labor worth while is done by team-work. Education does not mean that a certain number of teachers get an opportunity to say things which students can get down in note-books and possibly get into their heads. We must work together in education, and the best teachers realize that the finest results come when the scholars work along with them. A modern university is an experiment in cooperation. Knowledge is too vast for any one to think to cover all the ground. A professor in Cambridge, when a visitor spoke of the smallness of his own special library, replied, "In Cambridge when you want to know a thing, you don't turn up a book first of all, you turn up a man." Every true university must have this ideal, that men are working not only for their own department but in a spirit of cooperation.

In the world of business also we are getting past the stage of bare competition. Many of our difficulties to-day are due to the attempt to make adjustment to the new demand. We are not content with the old state of every man for himself and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

devil take the hindmost. One of the strongest movements of our time is toward truer communal life. It does not spell impoverishment for the individual, but enrichment. The welfare of the group means ever greater welfare to the member.

It may be that this is one of the ultimate causes for the terrible war in Europe, that this spirit of the age is breaking through the bonds of spurious nationalism. It is seeking the widest kind of cooperation. It looks for even international relations that will one day make war itself impossible. In its highest flower it will reach a brotherhood of man, of which we already see traces.

SCIENTIFIC METHOD HAS ALTERED THE STATEMENT OF ALMOST EVERY RELIGIOUS DOCTRINE.

We must see how near this is getting to the spirit of Christianity. Even the idea of the church itself, however far short it has come, stands for this dream of brotherhood. There have been times when it even realized to some extent its dream. Certainly the Kingdom of Heaven, of which the church is the poor instrument, points to this ideal. We are groping toward the imperial vision of Christ, of a realm of God which oversteps all barriers of class and caste and color and race. The diffusion of good-will among men, the sense of human brotherhood, of being bound up in the one bundle of life, the growing trust in men, all this is of the very essence of democracy—and it is not far from the Kingdom of Heaven.

We refuse to let the world's tragedy today daunt us. Out of the welter we see emerging something nearer our dream. And there are elements of hope even in the present desperate straits. One of them is the revolt of the conscience of man, the distress of the soul of man. The bloody struggle fills us with dismay, because it so contradicts what we recognize to be the true spirit of the age.

The third fact in our analysis is that our age stands for *the spirit of service*. This is the demand made everywhere. In the last result the value of a gift is seen to be its value for others. This test is being applied to everything. The great statesmen of America are preachers, and all of them in some fashion preach this doctrine. This is really what democracy means. In its final issue it is a spirit of service. Business is asked to judge itself by this judgment. Our heroes are ceasing to be the warriors who ride to their ends through the blood of men and over the ashes of ruined homesteads. The men who serve their day and generation, helping us to nobler life and juster laws and sweeter conditions, are the heroes we are learning to enshrine in memory and in heart.

The man whose one thought is to get and never to give, who uses his gifts or his position for selfish ends, is already being condemned by the common ethics of the world.

We are learning that society even demands sacrifice, as baseball sometimes demands a "sacrifice hit." This spirit of service spells for every noble soul, if need be, sacrifice. Once more we see how that line runs right down through Christianity. At its heart stands a cross, a lonely cross that yet is calling all men unto it.

All this is not to say that the age is always and altogether Christian. Now, as at all times, there are forces antagonistic to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the higher life of man. There are foes to be overcome as in other times, and the great struggle of the ages goes on as of old. Indeed, they are the same old foes with only new faces. All that we assert is that the redemption is nearer than when we believed. It may still be hard to be a Christian, as Robert Browning sighed, but it is probably easier than ever it was; for the gains of the past remain as part of our inheritance.

There is, of course, danger in the shift of emphasis which has taken place. Danger comes from some of the conditions that accompany the changes of our day. For example, the spirit of broadening truth has meant a *breakdown of the sectarian spirit* in religion. This may lead to a general attitude of indifference, as if one thing were as good as another. All cats are gray in the dark, and if we live in a haze we may assume that nothing matters. The loss of loyalty to a religious group has often brought moral weakness to young men of liberal mind.

RELIGION MUST BE AT HOME IN THE WORLD

But this smaller emphasis given to sectional and sectarian religion has also meant great gain. Lord Melbourne said cynically that the church was the last bulwark against Christianity. An institution may be the greatest enemy of the life which gave birth to the institution. The spirit of liberty which gets enshrined in a constitution and a code of laws may be endangered by its very children. It is too true that often the organized church has been put into the place of religion itself.

We must not forget that the break-down of sectarian religion has been largely due to the recognition that the Kingdom is bigger than the church. The church must be judged by how far it is an efficient instrument for advancing the interests of the Kingdom. Organization is needed to embody and preserve life, and a great opportunity now emerges to give the religious spirit a wider and nobler kind of institution.

For instance, we may well ask that the American genius for organization might start on the problem of the country church. All over the country are villages with four or five struggling "causes"—with mighty little effect. The community is divided up in the pettiest kind of fashion in the very thing where true union is needed. Instead of a church which might be the center of the fullest social life and the center of spiritual influence, there are broken fragments pulling against each other. As for the ministers, there is not a man's job in it for any of them. If we allowed the true spirit of our age to work on the situation, there would be opportunity for the best man God ever made to put in a life's work at the head of such a church in any country community. Is it too much to ask that some of the business capacity in our midst should be consecrated to this practical purpose?

Again, there is undoubted danger from the *loosening of creeds*, which is a sign of our times. Many are tempted to take the position that it does not matter what a man believes. We say superficially that it is not what one thinks but what he does that counts. This is true if we mean opinion or speculation. If by faith we mean the fundamental position of a man's living, then this statement that it does not matter what he believes is the silliest and the falsest ever made. By comparison nothing else does matter. The real faith will soak through every thought and feeling, and mark the whole fabric of life.

The decay of creeds which marks our time has come from a sense of the futility of much of our hair-splitting on points and propositions. Robert Louis Stevenson tells of an old Scotch lawyer who was arguing with his minister about Calvinism and was interrupted by an intolerable pang of pain. "After all," he said, "of all the 'isms, I know none so bad as rheumatism."

Further, the decay of creeds is largely caused by a truer understanding of what faith is. It is not the acceptance of propositions, however true. It is an attitude of the heart and life. We see that the essence of religion is not in propositions any more than it is in church organization. These are necessary and inevitable, but they exist for life, not life for them.

The added emphasis on the *practical* and the *social* side of religion is in keeping with the spirit of the age. There may be danger here of making our religion shallow, and even of developing a new kind of formalism. But surely there is hope in the modern attitude. It means the end of much false emphasis. In a district of Liverpool where there were constant religious riots between Catholics and Orangemen, there was a Chinese laundryman. He realized that he was

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in the war zone, and one day he put out a sign with these words, "Me have no religion: me washee clothes." It is a sad commentary on much that passes for religion that such a story has sting to it.

The final test of a religion must be practical, and the test of practise must be a social one. Does it give men mastery over self, over life, over the world? The truth is that the church is being driven back to a closer touch with its Master's ideal.

The teaching of Jesus on the Kingdom of Heaven made it among other things a brotherhood. The righteousness can not be attained in isolation. It was a society which He founded. Because the essence of personal religion is trust in the Heavenly Father, we are related at once to the other children. This thought of the family runs through all the teaching of Jesus. It means ties of love and mutual sympathy. And it means service.

The Kingdom was part of His faith in God the Heavenly Father. The man of faith is always a critic of the present—and there was no keener critic of present affairs than Jesus. He saw the multitude of men as sheep without a shepherd, and His heart was moved with compassion. He saw the strong lording it over the weak, the powerful nation drenching earth with blood in lust of dominion. He knew from experience what grinding poverty was, and bootless labor. He saw the sorrow of the people, and the luxury of the rich, and the shame of courts. He saw the ignorance of the little ones, and the pride of the great ones. He saw greed, and hatred, and selfishness, and oppression. He saw men spending their strength and squandering the treasure of their hearts for things of no account.

The more the world's misery oppressed Him, the more He felt that the Kingdom which He preached was "good news." The ideal society had to have deep roots. It could not come by a few moves on the economic chess-board. It had to begin in the heart and conscience of men. The social ethics had to be built on personal ethics, born of the soul brought into relation to God the loving Father. The Kingdom had to be the Kingdom of God. But ever the end was the ideal society—not to save the soul but to save the world. So He preached it as good news to the poor and the maimed.

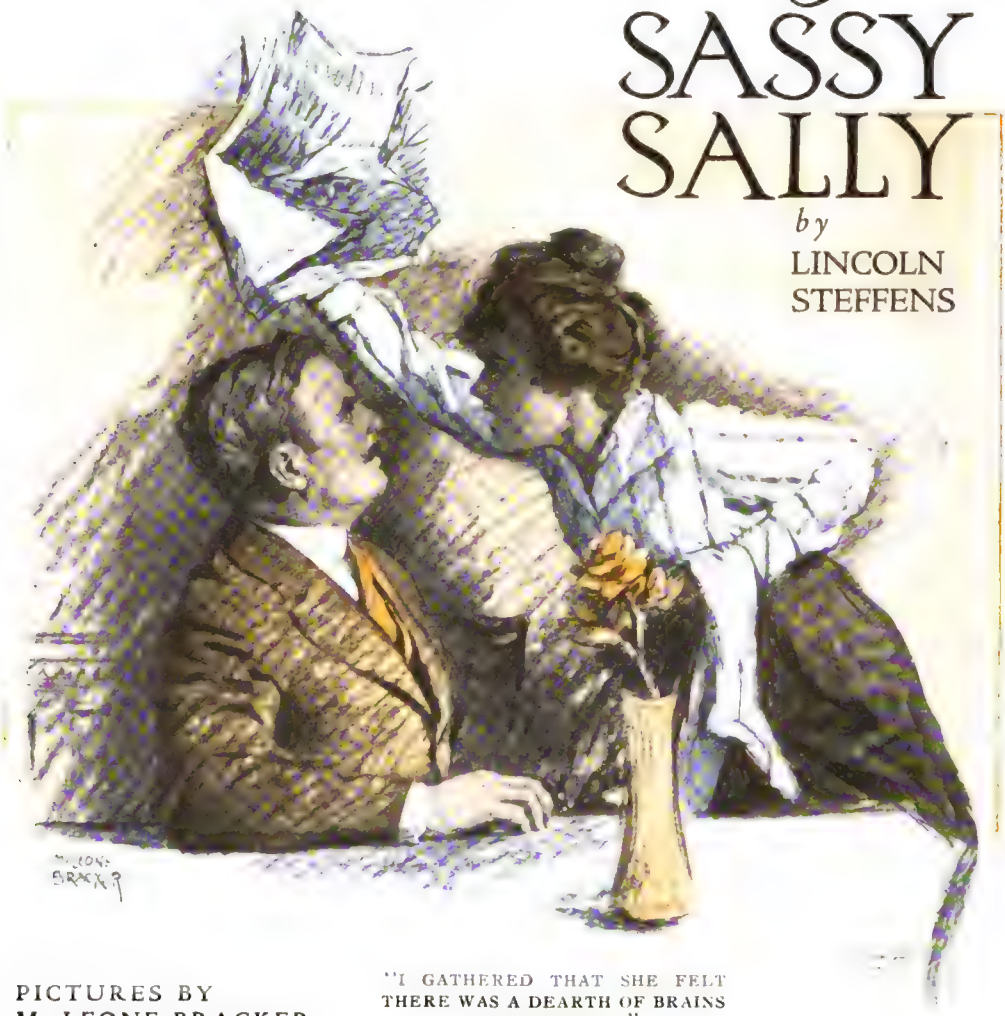
Men say that this Kingdom is visionary and impractical. Well, it has lifted the world in its steep ascent more than anything in history. It is still the inspiration of this world in which we live. It is its only hope. We have courage to face the future and to endure the present because of the power of that vision. This light that never was on sea or land is the life of everything that lives in man.

All the problems of America are *religious* problems. They are all problems of human relations. Take any one of them, the problem of immigration, labor problems, the problem of the trusts, race and color problems. We may do something by legislation and by economic arrangement, but an ultimate solution is only possible through religion. Religion works in the sphere of relations, and our problems are all due to the fact that the true relations have been lost. We must get back into the right attitude toward each other. For this we need faith and the courage that faith can give. We need faith in God and in man. In the true spirit of our age we move forward, and make the old adventure of soul which has ever led men to serve the purpose of God.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

POP'S PLACE *for* SASSY SALLY

by
LINCOLN STEFFENS



PICTURES BY
M. LEONE BRACKER

"I GATHERED THAT SHE FELT THERE WAS A DEARTH OF BRAINS IN THE BUSINESS."

"LABOR is hard on labor," said Pop Pease one day at the end of a talk we had in his office, and it sounded to me like the beginning of a story. I had learned, however, to give him his head. You mustn't be businesslike with a busy business-man. So I didn't ask for his story. I laid for it, letting him deliver his lecture first.

"When we put in the minimum wage here," he said, "we fixed seven dollars a week as the lowest for girls, six-fifty for men and boys."

He stopped short, expecting some objection to a lower scale for males than for ladies and, of course, the temptation was strong. A woman couldn't have resisted it. But I, having a mind single to that story, held on while this scab on the Male Men's Union exposed his ridiculous feminism.

"Go on, Pop," I said and, with a disappointed look, he went on:

"When we'd fixed that minimum," he said—and, maliciously, he repeated: "seven dollars for girls, six-fifty for men—when we had it established, I sent for the wage-list

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

one day to show it with pride to a skeptical investigator. I was stunned to find about a dozen names down for five, four, and three dollars a week. Well, I went right up in the air, and when I came down the bookkeeper was there under my feet explaining that the dozen under-paid persons were not employees of the store. They worked in the store, but were employees—waiters, etc., of the Employees' Association. That sent me up in the air again and I rang for the president of the association to land on in my next descent. I meant to crush him."

"Him!" I exclaimed. "Do your 1500 women and 150 men elect a man for president?"

I couldn't help it. It was a mistake; it stopped the lecture and put off the story. But any man who had to hear this store-manager forever running down our sex and his own, and harping upon the superiority of women—no male man could resist such a chance to show that women themselves prefer us men for all high posts of honor, trust, profit, and authority. And besides, I need not repeat upon the reader the indignities he imposed upon me. When he did finally step off my prostrate form, so to speak, he was as quiet as I was quieted. He had had the last word. I, being more masculine, let him have it. But I would like, now that it is all over and he is not here, to assert the dignity of my sex and say that his attempts to wriggle out of the hole I had him in were pathetic, ridiculous, irrelevant, and effeminate. But the president of the Employees' Association got even with him, almost.

"He defied me," said Pease, when he finally continued his meanderings. "Yes, sir. He told me it was none of my business. He said the Employees' Association was as independent as a business corporation or a labor union, which it was, and had the same inalienable right to underpay, overwork, and otherwise exploit its employees."

Of course he misquoted the president of the association. No labor leader would be as intelligent and as honest as that statement indicated. The gentleman probably stood up only for the right of the union to run its own business in its own way. And I might have corrected Pop. But I wasn't looking for more trouble and more delay. He would have argued that labor unions do exploit labor: they underpay and overwork their clerks and stenographers, and it would be useless to explain to a narrow-minded, class-conscious employer like Pop Pease, that clerks and stenographers are not labor; they belong to the middle class.

"How did you beat him, Pease?" I asked softly.

"By violating his union and our store rules," he answered harshly. "I exercised my authority. I threatened to discharge him and his whole ring of association directors unless they accepted our minimum wage for their employees, too."

Then he proceeded to dilate upon the necessity and the pleasure of breaking laws and abusing labor, and with such enjoyment that I had to remind him, carefully but firmly, that what he had started out to do was to illustrate how labor, not the employer, abused labor.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I was going to tell you how, every time anybody in the store does something the other employees don't like, they want that person discharged."

"Discharged?" I repeated, thinking of his expressed impulse to discharge the president of the Employees' Association. But his feminist mind had forgotten that.

"Yes, discharged," he iterated. "Employees know only discharge. We, the employers, we fine 'em, we suspend—we have all sorts of little ways of enforcing conformity and discipline. We don't discharge if we can help it. We hate to. I always think of the discharged girl going around, looking for another job. And meanwhile, how does she live? She has been spending all she got in pay for board, lodging, car-fare; hasn't laid by a cent; and yet, out she goes into the street. No, sir. That's the last thing I stand for: a discharge."

"Of a woman," he meant. He is so prejudiced that he doesn't have to say it. Even a woman can see now why he was so ready to fire the president of the Employees' Association: the president was a man, and the manager— But never mind. I didn't say it then, so it wouldn't be fair to say it now. And I had my reward for holding my peace at the time. He started the story.

"Sassy Sally was a terror all right," he said, suddenly, just like that. "A demon. Her face looked like an old hatchet and her voice sounded like a rusty buzz-saw, and she chopped and sawed wherever she went. It was fierce. I admit that. Everywhere she worked, the other employees raised a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"SHE SAID SOMETHING TRUE TO A WOMAN-CUSTOMER'S FEET, OR ABOUT THEM, ONE DAY."

howl. You could tell by the ripping, roaring outbursts of emotion and violence just about where she was any day. They didn't like Sally. No. They hated Sally. And it was a sort of justifiable feeling, I confess. But they wanted her discharged."

Pease looked troubled, then he grinned, and then he was troubled again. Parts of his story were being lost, good parts, too, no doubt. But I was afraid to attempt the rescue.

"I wouldn't have it," he said, when he came back to me. "I stuck by her. The homely thing! She'd have the deuce of a time, she would, getting a job in any other store. Other employers are prejudiced against ugly girls, and I've always meant to ask how we happened to take her on. But there she was, and the whole shop kicking to have her fired. And I—I stood back of her, moving her from one department to another. I must have transferred that she-devil a dozen times. I tried her on shoes, till she said something true to a woman-customer's feet, or about them, one day. Feet are sensitive, especially customers' feet, and they can kick hard. I gave her corsets, and she blamed a woman's figure for what was, what must have been—the corset's fault. Oh, yes, she quarreled with customers as well as with the other salesladies. She just quarreled—that's all there was to it. I put her

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on infants once; thought the kids would tame her. She would have been all right there, I think, maybe, if their mothers didn't come along with them. The appearance of a mother transformed a baby into a brat in Sally's expressed opinion one day, and —Sally was impossible!"

He put her in the basement, in the packing department, where there were no customers at all, and he inferred from the quiet in the store that all was quiet everywhere. But, he said, his delusion resulted merely from the circumstance that the basement was so far away that he didn't hear the sounds that sounded down there. There were sounds, but he didn't know it till one day the foreman of the packing department, a committee of his men and boys, girls and women, and the assistant store-manager called on him, formally, to complain, very informally, that Sassy Sally had recently risen above the fury of mere words to throw boxes and parts of boxes, a hammer and other tools at them.

"That girl's got to go, Mr. Pease," said his assistant, after the foreman and his staff had told their story, well. "We've tried her everywhere now, and she doesn't fit, she can't fit, she won't fit anywhere."

Pease sought to lighten the discussion by a weak remark to the effect that it seemed to him that Sally "fit" pretty well in the basement. It was a miss.

"She ain't no joke," said the foreman. "And," he added, "she ain't no use."

"That's rot," said Pease. "Everybody's some use. There must be a use for Sally."

"Well, you find it," said his assistant, hotly. "I can't."

"Her place is home," said the oldest woman on the committee; and when she said that, she was expressing a very low sentiment from the standpoint of a store. "That was going too far," Pease said to me, and he resented it at the moment.

"No, no, no," he said anxiously. "Home is no place for a woman. The home is for the children. A woman's place is in business, in a store, and you all know it. We must find Sally's salvation here."

"All right," they said or looked, and the assistant-manager added: "Up to you, Mr. Pease."

"No," said Pease. "I can't find it. Let's make Sally find it herself. That's the wrinkle. We'll put it up to her. You go and ask her where she'd like to work, and you put her wherever she says; see? If it's possible."

"Pop" paused at this point in his narrative to laugh, and since I wanted to laugh, too, I asked him what he was laughing at.

"Oh, nothing," he said, sobering. "That girl was like the rest of them. They don't know where they belong or what they can do, most of them. She asked to be made the head of a small, new department we were starting; not the buyer, but the first saleswoman. And just to spite me, I guess, my assistant put her there. I think he had it in for the buyer, too, a very able, very dignified woman of middle age. But she liked Sally. She was away a lot, of course, and that might have explained it, but she said Sally had brains and that was why the rest, and especially the men, hated her. But at last she reported to me that it was no use. Sally caused too much trouble; she must go.

"Send her up here to me," Pease says he commanded, and he laughed again, an exasperated laugh.

"Whew!" he said. "She came all right. She came in here like a whirling dervish, one hand full of goods, the other holding a newspaper page; her red, red hair was down, and her eyes were blazing. And then she sailed into me. I couldn't make out what she was saying at first. She was in a frenzy. But I gathered that she felt that there was a dearth of brains in the business, that there was none among the other employees and very, very little in the management. The only exception was among the customers. They were fools, too, utter and abject idiots, but they were not so great in that line as we were.

"For she included me," said Pease. "She was clear on that point, and explicit. She was nasty about it. Besides my lack of intelligence, she said, with a sneer, that I was called a friend of the employees. She wanted no friend, she said. I was kind to girls, she said, with an unkind spit at the word 'kind.' She wanted no kindness. I was patient and good, she said they said, and she scratched the faces of those two words. She wanted none of me."

Pease sighed reminiscently before he resumed his sad, sad story. He gradually got used to her screams. He began to catch phrases here and there, and they interested him.

All she wanted, it seemed, was "a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

chance;" "a chance to do business;" "straight." She desired "good goods" to sell, an intelligent announcement of them in an "ad with some sense" and then "room enough to show them." She was weary of "monkey business;" "love-making" made her "sick," whether it was done by her or to her or against her.

I know. That sounds irrelevant, but that was the way Pease told it. He hadn't led up to anything like that, and I was astonished, too.

"What?" I asked Pease. "What the deuce——"

"Well, you see," he explained, "one of the rows that Sally had got into before was over a window-dresser. We had a young fellow who was a corker at it, and the kind of dub girls of a certain age take to. You know, I suppose, that girls change their taste in men from one period to another."

I didn't, but I didn't dare say so. Too many delays already. I noted it down for another time and another story; at the moment I said: "Sure, Pop; go on."

He eyed me, doubting my veracity, I thought, but I didn't even venture to resent that. He's too much like a woman to treat as one would a man. And, fortunately, he didn't treat me as one either. He went on:

"Sally was hauled up one day for a catfight with another girl," he said, "and we discovered, as we got to the bottom of it, that the quarrel was over the window-dresser. The other girl declared she had seen Sally kiss him. That's what first riveted my attention upon her; it sounded human and, you know, weak, and hopeful. If—but anyhow the case was brought to me and I pretended to get mad. I had Sally up here on the carpet. And when she made faces at me, and defied me, I—to get under her skin—I asked her how she came to fancy a nasty little flibberty-gibbet like that. That fetched her. She said she didn't fancy him; she despised him; but that he could be flattered and she had flattered him. She laid it on thick. She had to, she said—to get him to show certain goods of hers in a certain way in the window."

"Gee!" I exclaimed, "but women are unscrupulous, aren't they? That's a new kind of politics, a new and a low kind of bribery." And I foresaw how men would further corrupt business a politics when they achieve their economic independence and the vote.

Pease thought not. Perhaps I should say that he felt not. For he didn't express any thoughts. He expressed only feeling, and my perfectly innocent, honest, and relevant remark sounded the depth of his feminism. He lost his temper. He became a little like Sally, I guess. What he actually said was too personal to me, too unfair, and much too unladylike to set down here. You can form some idea of the unreasonableness of this remarkable brute of a man when I tell you that he blamed the man in this case; he laid the whole load of the trouble with Sally upon the window-dresser. His solution of it was to discharge him for being bribed by the kiss.

"Yes," he said, when I protested. "I fired him. I fired him hard. Yes, I enjoyed firing him; I think I danced when I did it."

I think he did, too. He danced when he told it to me, and I—with my eye on the story—the story that was to illustrate how employees are forever for discharging, and how he, the employer, is forever against discharging—women—I let him dance on my male sense of justice till he was sated and tired out. Then I steered him tactfully back to the narrative.

"And Sally?" I suggested.

"Sally?" he answered. "Sally was right; dead right. Women have intuition and that's why they are always right. I understood her kick. I knew what she meant by business being too personal; that it went too much by favors, by keeping in with this one and playing up to that one. She raged too much about it. I could hardly pick out of her ravings all the good kicks she kicked. The noise of her was awful. But by and by she began waving the newspaper sheet she had in one hand and the goods she had in the other, and I gathered as if in flashes of lightning that she was finding fault with an advertisement."

"How can you expect me," she screamed, "how could any one sell those goods on an 'ad' like that?"

Here was real light. Pease says it brought him to his feet and he spoke too; he screamed.

"Hold on there, you," he yelled; and when she faltered, daunted, he said: "Lemme get that. What did you say about that 'ad'?"

She was off again. She was telling him what he asked to know, but not so that he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

could hear it for the noise of the telling. He became as wild and womanly as she was, and she was shocked. She halted.

"You say that 'ad' isn't right?" he cried.

"Right!" she shrieked. "Right?" she laughed. She laughed like a buzz-saw. "Right! It's crazy. It's——"

"Hold on," he called, and he says she "held on" all right; she held right on splitting the air till Pease, in his fury, seized his hat and leaped at her as if to strike her and run.

"You dare," she challenged, like a lioness, "you just dare!"

"Can you fix that 'ad'?" he demanded.

"Can I fix it!" she sneered. "Can I—why, anybody can fix that 'ad,' anybody but an advertising man."

"Then fix it," said Pease, and he pointed to his desk and his chair; he threw a big blue pencil at her. "I'm going out," he said, gasping. "I'll be gone for twenty minutes. Sit down there, and fix that 'ad' the way you want it, and I'll be back to see it."

And he ran. She yelled at his back, and his stenographer outside said that he came out as if he were blown out by a noisy explosion.

"I went down through the store," he admits, "picking out in each department the man I'd like to have married that red-headed she-devil to; men who deserved that kind of a woman; a woman who was fit to be a wife to most any damn man. That's the way I felt. But," he said, "I kept thinking that maybe——

"You know," he interrupted quietly, "you know how hard it is to get ad-writers. Most of 'em are men. And it's fierce, what they don't know and can't do! And I was wondering if that wasn't the trouble, that we'd been putting men on another woman's job. Maybe that red-headed shrew——"

When he got back to his office all was quiet. He gave his stenographer outside a puzzled, inquiring look, and she shrugged her shoulders. They were both afraid to speak. The quiet after the storm was too quiet to be disturbed.

"I HATE TO THINK OF THE DISCHARGED GIRL LOOKING FOR ANOTHER JOB."

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Pease hesitated, then he carefully opened the door to his inner office and looked.

A radiant woman's face smiled back at him from his desk. Sassy Sally's, yes.

She looked up, but she signaled with her pencil hand to him to keep still. "Pop" was glad to obey. As she bent down again to her job and became lost in it, he slipped in and crept softly over to the window, and waited till——

"There," she said. "There's an 'ad' for my department, and for all the others I've worked in; there's what'll bring in th' customers and help us to make 'em buy. There's an ad that's an ad."

She was pushing it toward him; he reached eagerly for it. He glanced at it; read it. It looked good to him, and as he studied it out he saw that there was knowledge in it, knowledge of women and knowledge of stocks.

"Well?" she asked after a while.

"Pretty good," he answered.

"*Pretty* good!" she echoed. "You haven't got an ad writer can touch it!"

"Wait a minute," he pleaded, afraid she was going to "turn red" again. He pushed a button. "Now, Sally," he said, "you go away. Go home. Leave this to me. When you come back in the morning, report to me."

"I'm on," she sneered. "Can't see it for yourself. Going to leave it to somebody else."

"Go on, now," he commanded, huffily. "I've had all I'm going to stand from you for one day. You do as I tell you. Get out. Go on. Get out."

She obeyed. He had to push her a little, and she said a few more things; none that he cared to recall. But she went, "the hussy!" And right after her going, the head ad man came in. He came in backward, so to speak. The stenographer outside says Sally "soaked him a few." But Pease asked for his attention.

"Here, Bullett," he said, "look at these corrections on your last night's 'ad,' and see if they're an improvement on copy."

The ad man took the page, smiling tolerantly, and glanced at it. In a moment he showed an interest, which deepened as he studied. And he spoke what was on his mind like a man.

"By Jove," he said. "This is good. It's inexpert, but it's—why, it's almost genius. It's just what we've been looking for. It's psychology, and it's—whoever did that knows what we've got for sale in a dozen departments and knows what will be wanted by the customers. Who is it?"

"It's Sassy Sally," said Pease.

"Sassy Sally!" Bullett exclaimed. "That demon?"

"Yep," said Pease. "That demon did it. She's found her place at last. I want you to take her into your department."

Bullett objected. Pease was set, and when Bullett realized that, the poor fellow pleaded and argued and begged and threatened to leave.

Pease said he relented a little. He asked only for a month's trial; just thirty days. "She has brains," he explained, "Sally has. That's been the kick everywhere; but we need brains, and not only in your department. I'm sending her to you to develop her brains. When that's done I'll have other uses for her, perhaps."

Bullett tried to reason with Pease. He insisted that the human side of business was important; that it was something to have pleasant personal relations among the employees of a department, and that Sally made an impossible social atmosphere. Pease says he "answered him there all right."

"I gave him what Sassy Sally gave me. I told him that this store was not a society affair. It was business. There was too much of this personal relationship stuff, too many likes and dislikes, too much playing up to this one and down to that one. I got raw. I explained to that man that a department store was a woman's business, not a man's, and that it had to be run accordingly, on strictly business lines, as a business. It didn't matter whether they liked Sally or not; she had good ideas about ad writing, and the advertising department must be organized on a basis, not of human relationship, but to produce ads that would sell goods in other departments."

Pease laughed. He explained his malice by saying there was a noise in the ad department the next day, and the next, and the next; and that the trouble there seemed to be very real. Sally was so tactless in her way of working and in her comments on the work of others that a strike was threatened. Pease found himself compelled to remind them all of his promise to take her out at the end of the month.

"That's all I ask for her," he told the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"SHE SAYS THAT THE HOME IS THE PLACE FOR A MAN."

other ad writers, "just one month's trial. But that I insist on. No matter what she makes you suffer, you can stand it for thirty days and—you will."

And that settled it, he said. There were rows in the department, but no "kicks;" not to him. He heard no more of the matter at all. He had forgotten it when his secretary reminded him, as he had told her to, that the month was up.

"Sally has been in the ad department just thirty days to-day," she said.

"All right," said Pease. "Write out for Bullett an order to send her back to me to-morrow morning."

Pease laughed, his malicious, knowing, effeminate laugh. He said that that afternoon Bullett came rushing into his office.

"What's this?" he said. "You taking

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Sally back? What for? What do you want her for?"

He was a bit excited, and Pease was calm, and—womanish.

"I only lent her to you," he declared. "You asked for her for one month, only one month, and this is the thirtieth day. She is to report to me in the morning."

"But," Bullett protested, "she's made herself invaluable. She's indispensable. She's by far the best ad writer we've got, and the most active. She gets all over the store, digs into everything, makes 'em show her, and—she sells goods."

"Sure," said Pease. "Brains. That girl's got brains, and I want to spread brains all over the store. I told you that."

"But," Bullett objected, "where else can she spread as she does where she is? What can you do with her? She's a holy terror, you know, everywhere but with us, and she's no lady-bug there. But— What are you paying her, Mr. Pease?"

"Twelve dollars a week," said Pease.

"Twelve dollars!" exclaimed Bullett. "Why, say, we'll give her twenty."

"No, you won't," said Pease. "You give her fourteen, and don't you raise her again till I tell you to. I don't want her to get that red head of hers all swollen up. I'll see that she doesn't lose by it, but you let me raise her gradually."

That was all. Pease was through.

"Is that the story?" I asked.

"It is," he said.

"But," I objected, "you started that story to illustrate how labor abuses labor; how your employees always want to discharge employees."

"Well," said Pease, "but didn't they all want to have Sally discharged till I found an angular hole where she fitted in? And she—she herself pesters the life out of me to discharge first this one, then that, all over the store. She's cleaned out her own department since she went there. There's hardly a man left in it."

"Oh," I remarked, "you gave her Bullett's place?"

"Yes, she's head of the ad department."

"And she prefers women?"

"She?" said Pease, with a snort. "She prefers brains, and she doesn't know the difference between a man and a woman. She'd fire them all, if she had her way; but she doesn't have her way. I'm not afraid of her. Not on your life. And I—I'm against discharges. She can fire th' mutts—they can get other jobs; but when it comes to women, when Sally comes in here jumping on a girl and sneering and yelling at us, Bullett and I, we hunt around and find some place for her. She's got Bullett scared, but not me; no, sir. There's always some place in a big store like this where brains isn't indispensable."

"For a girl," I said.

"Sure," said Pease, only half-hearing, "for women. Business isn't merely business—it's a part of our social organization, and all women should be as comfortable and happy in it as Sally is."

"And Bullett?" I asked.

"Bullett?" Pease repeated, wondering. "Oh, Bullett's Sally's husband now. She married him. He didn't want to, but Sally did. She's really human. After she got me to discharge him from her department, she felt sorry for him, so she took him back and gave him a job, a subordinate place in her home. She says that the home is the place for a man. And then, in the interest of the home, she made me take him back as a—well, as a sort of assistant to help me find round holes for round pegs, and square holes for square pegs. He's pretty good at that. He and I, we keep lots of girls Sally and the other foreladies discharge. For—as I told you, didn't I?—our employees are forever firing their employees."

H. G. Wells
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
William De Morgan
Sir Arthur Pinero
Israel Zangwill

WHAT DO THE BRITISH THINK *of our* NEUTRALITY?

Viscount Bryce
Maurice Hewlett
Countess of Warwick
G. K. Chesterton
Adm. Sir Edward Seymour

and others answer in the January EVERYBODY'S

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PETER-PETER

by

RUTH SAWYER

AUTHOR OF "THE PRIMROSE RING," ETC.

PICTURES BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

"Sure, Maire, 'twas the brave sight I mind at Carn-na-ween:
'Twas four an' twenty pipers wi' their little caps o' green;
'Twas twice four hundthred Wee Folk came a-throopin' down—between
The bogland an' the brae beside Lough Duirmuid."

"CURSES ON ME FOR A GOOD-FOR-NAUGHT!"

PETER read it over many times, his foot keeping the rhythm with the swinging cradle——

"'Tis not bad," he said thoughtfully, "an' then again 'tis not good. I'll be takin' another thry at it."

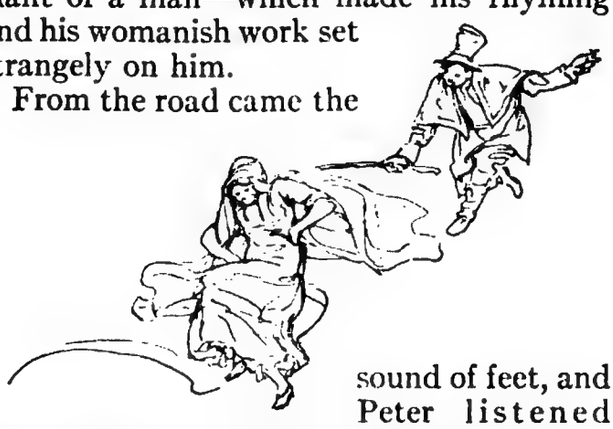
He bent over the scrap of paper on his knee; but his eyes blurred, running the penciled words all together; and then he saw that the light had gone and dusk had entered the cabin, and on the hearth the turf had burned out.

"A million curses on me for a good-for-naught," he laughed softly. "The stir-about has stopped boilin', the p'rates not peeled yet, an' herself comin' back from the fair any minute."

He rolled up the paper and stuffed it, with the stub of a pencil, into the sagging pocket of his Donegal homespun. Bending over the cradle, he smoothed the blanket and drew it up under the small pink chin of a sleeping baby.

"Faith, 'tis a sin, just, the way the two of us idle about—writin' poetry wi' the work standin' by wailin' at us," and he shook an accusing fist at the child. Then he lifted the cradle into the chimney-corner, that he might have a clear hearth, and started his preparations for the evening meal.

He stacked the turf afresh; he lighted two candles, one for the window and one for the table. He peeled the potatoes—putting them on to boil; and then he mixed a baking of griddle bread, and spread the cloth. All this he did with a deftness that spoke of long apprenticeship. Yet there was no hint of drudgery in aught that he did. He whistled as he worked, and his movements were full of life and buoyancy—a strong giant of a man—which made his rhyming and his womanish work set strangely on him.



From the road came the sound of feet, and Peter listened with a discriminating ear. He shook his head: "'Tis not herself—'tis a man's weight." He laughed good-naturedly. "'Tis over-early

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

yet; she'll not be leavin' till the last tune is piped an' the last reel danced."

"Pether!" It was a man's voice calling close by the door.

"Aye; will ye come in?"—and Peter lifted the latch.

"Not the night—I be's dthrivin' home a pair o' sheep I thraded wi' Mat Hegarty for my old sow. 'Tis Kathleen—she said as how ye were not to wait the meal for her—she'd be late—like as not;" and the voice trailed off into the night.

"Thank ye," Peter called after it—the laugh still with him—"I'm thinkin' she'll catch up wi' the griddle bread, here. 'Tis a bit late, itself."

Peter latched the door again and drew the creepy-stool close to the fire that he might better stir the pot and watch the baking bread. Out from his pocket he pulled the crumpled paper, and, smoothing it, he read the lines again:

"Sure, Maire, 'twas the brave sight I mind at Carn-na-ween:
'Twas four an' twenty pipers wi' their little caps o' green"-

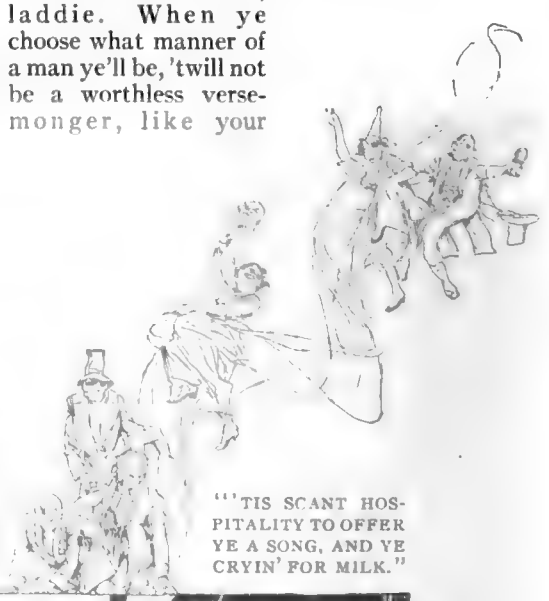
He paused and looked dreamily into the fire, and then went on slowly

"'Twas twice four hundthred Wee Folk wrapt about in silvery sheen
Like the shimmerin' starlit wathers o' Lough Duirmuid."

"That be's betther, I'm thinkin', though 'tis not satisfyin' yet." Peter frowned. "'Tis sthrange—this poetry-makin'. Ye can mix it an' bake it accordin' to directions, an' ye get but a poor mouthful afther all. 'Tis only the words that sing themselves off your tongue that are worth the writin' down."

The baby stirred. A pair of insistent fists beat back the blanket, and a pair of deep blue eyes—deeper than Peter's—opened and blinked uncertainly at the dancing shadows of the turf-fire on the white wall opposite. Peter leaned over the cradle lovingly and pushed a finger into one of the fists.

"Ye harken to me, laddie. When ye choose what manner of a man ye'll be, 'twill not be a worthless verse-monger, like your



"'TIS SCANT HOSPITALITY TO OFFER YE A SONG, AND YE CRYIN' FOR MILK."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"AYE, A BRAVE EVENIN'," PETER ANSWERED. "YE HAVE PASSED THE WIFE ON THE WAY—MAYBE?"

father. Ye can be a docthor, or a barrister, or a prosperous farmer— Only—I'd not have ye go about any work for the sake o' the silver ye could grind out of it."

The baby protested with a lusty cry, and Peter looked anxiously at the clock in a dim corner.

"Poor wee son—'tis time ye were fed, an' your mother not home yet." He reached over and lifted the baby to his knee. "'Tis scant hospitality to offer ye a song, an' ye cryin' for milk, but I'll make ye the finest one I can—'twill fill your heart if it can't your stomach."

The baby settled himself comfortably in the hollow of Peter's arm, while Peter broke into a low sing-song croon. There were no words to it at first—Peter was searching for them; and when they came, one by one, he pieced them together into a cradle-song as a mother might piece out of bits of cloth a cradle-quilt.

"What would ye think that the wee birds were singin'—
Hid by, in the brush?
Weary an' spent wi' their soarin' an' wingin',
The night brings them home to their nests where they're swingin'
An' singin' their—'hush!'

"What would ye think that the wee lambs were thinkin'—
Breasted close to the sheep?
All through the long day they've been nibblin'—dthrinkin'
The clear runnin' wather; an' now they are blinkin',
An' thinkin' o' sleep.

"What would ye think the wee childher were sayin'—
Sweet as wind i' the reeds?
Their little white feet are all tired wi' playin',
An' now at day's end they are kneelin' an' prayin'
An' sayin' their beads.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"An' what would ye think a wee lad could be dthreamin'—
Lyin' here, fast asleep?
'Tis o' birds an' sheep an' wee childher—all seemin'
To bring pretty pictures to put in his dthreamin'
An'———"

Suddenly Peter broke off. Again came the tramp of feet up the road; not one, but many; a merry crowd home from the fair. He listened eagerly for the wife's laughing voice among them, but they laughed and tramped on, out of hearing; and the child, roused by the quiet within and the noise without, took up his hunger-cry again. Peter rose, anger stirring at his heart. Kathleen might dance and sing and merry-make to her soul's content, and Peter had no thought of condemnation; but she must not leave the child hungry. This was unforgivable.

It had happened once—a fortnight before—and Peter had spoken the first harsh words that had ever left his tongue since he had courted and married her. Kathleen had promised then that she would never forget again. Now Peter counted the days between, and marveled that a mother's memory could span so few.

He hushed the child against his shoulder and strode back and forth before the door. The cabin had been scoured by Peter's careful hands; everything shone, from the pots on their hooks below the chimney-shelf to the pewter porringer above; this last had been the child's baptism gift from the Marquis of Carn-na-ween, along with the customary five-pound note.

Kathleen's skill spent itself on dresses—sprigged and made for herself—and on lace for herself and the child. She was a rare hand, too, at a currant cake, when a stranger came to tea; but for the daily household tasks she had little skill and less liking, and she was glad to leave them all to Peter, who did them ungrudgingly. It mattered not a whit that the neighbors called him womanish and a bit touched, and that the marriageable youths laughed at him and thanked their good fortunes Kathleen had not fallen to their lot.

If Peter heard aught of it, he heeded it as little as the wind in the reeds; if he felt any shame at his wife's foolish vanities and pleasure-seeking, he gave no sign for others to reckon by. He had married for love and found it, and the miracle for him was in having and holding for his own any one so beautiful and full of witchery as Kathleen. To himself he was a good-for-naught—fit only to scrub and clean and tell tales to the village children. Whenever he chanced to sell some verses to the Derry *Journal* for a shilling or half a crown, he blessed his good luck and gave the money to Kathleen to spend on next fair-day. But he thought little more of his verses than of himself.

Not until the child was coming had he made any barriers to Kathleen's freedom; then he had watched over her tenderly but firmly, lest in her heedless craving for pleasure she might harm the child. And after the birthing he saw to it that she should stay by and tend the child when he had to be away—working the garden or caring for the creatures.

For the rest, she was as free to come and go as the creatures themselves, and every fair and every feis and every wedding and every wake saw Kathleen, carefree, ready to dance at the first piping.

Peter looked at the clock—it had kept pace with the growing dark outside. The child, hushed by the swing of Peter's long, striding step, had gone to sleep on his shoulder, and Peter stopped by the window to trim the candle-wick and look out.

"If she comes before he wakes I'll not be so angry—but 'tis a cruel thing to keep a wee lad starvin'."

He flattened his face against the glass and even as he did so he heard feet for the third time that night on the road. He hurried to the door and opened it wide, sure in his heart he would find Kathleen coming toward him out of the dark. A slight figure crossed the patch of light cast by the candle. It was Michael Baron's Timothy, his fiddle under his arm.

"A brave evenin'," he called.

"Aye, a brave evenin'," Peter answered, the laugh gone from his voice. "Ye have passed the wife on the way—maybe?"

The lad shook his head, puzzled. "Is she not back? Faith, she's been dancin' wi' the Marquis half o' the evenin', an' he took her away in his cart some two hours since." Then, seeing the look in Peter's face, he added clumsily, "Like as not the horse has cast a shoe an' that's what's kept them."

Without a word Peter turned and closed the door on the lad. He was like a man thick with drink as he shuffled over to the hearth and sank down heavily on the creepy-stool; and his eyes were the eyes of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a man hurt past thinking or feeling. The kettle boiled out on the hearth, the bread burned to black ashes, and the hands of the clock crossed themselves twice before either Peter or the child stirred. At the sound of the hunger-cry Peter roused himself and brought water for the child to drink, and then hushed him to sleep again. So he sat on through the night; and morning found him beside a dead hearth.

It was the glint of the sun through the window striking the porringer that woke him at last. He staggered up from the creepy-stool, cramped with his long watch and the holding of the child, and caught up the porringer—sending it crashing through the window after the sun.

"Curse him! Aye, curse him! If he had wanted her why could he not have taken her when she belonged to no man—but to come like a thief i' the night an' steal her—buy her wi' his money an' his grand words— Oh, curse him!"

Peter's head dropped close to the head of the sleeping child, and he sobbed as a man can sob over but one sorrow in his life.

The days that followed were as a dream to Peter. For the most part things seemed remote, tangled, and strangely incongruous; but there were moments vividly intense and real and these he fought like a drowning man. He remembered that the neighbors came to him ready to loose their tongues concerning herself and him; he remembered, too, how the words were changed to offers of sympathy and help, and questions about the child—would he keep him, and how would he feed him? He sent the neighbors quietly about their business. The child had already been cared for. Early that morning Peter had gone into the pasture and driven home a milch goat, and taught the child to suckle it. This was the one clear conscious act in those first days of sorrow.

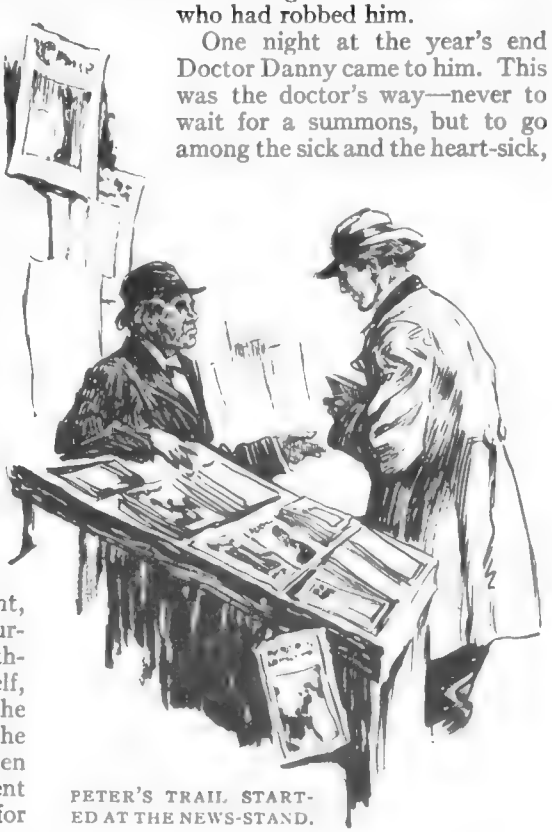
There were times, often late in the night, when Peter seemed to be carrying the burden of the world's trouble and grief; nothing personal, nothing belonging to himself, but something which seemed to leave the nail-wounds in his hands and feet and the biting sting of a scourge on his breast. Then he wrote—fiercely—breathlessly. He sent his spirit out upon the hills for balm, for strength, for peace, for all sights and sounds that might ease the weary, the hungry, the soul-sick, and the sorrowing. And out of these he made his verses.

He wrote of the wind on the moorland; of the throstles' nest-building; of the sun in the east and the sun in the west; of seeds planted and harvests garnered, and of the thousand things that the commonest soul may see and hear any day from the hills of Ireland. And because they were simple and true and had been gathered by the hand of one who had touched the secret heart of things, they became glorified by that which we call genius. And when morning would come and find Peter again beside the dead hearth he would look across the cabin to the crucifix that hung under the picture of the Virgin, and mutter bitterly:

"I know—I know. I, too, have tasted the reed."

So the days lengthened into weeks and the weeks into a twelve-month, and in all that time Peter held no thought of blame for Kathleen—only a great contempt for himself and burning hatred for the man who had robbed him.

One night at the year's end Doctor Danny came to him. This was the doctor's way—never to wait for a summons, but to go among the sick and the heart-sick,



PETER'S TRAIL STARTED AT THE NEWS-STAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wherever he was needed and could bring a cure. He found Peter sitting by the child's cradle with his head sunk deep in his hands.

"Why don't ye bare your back to it, man?" The doctor's voice was full of courage and good cheer. "Ye know as well as I that a trouble never bites so deep if ye stand up under it."

Peter nodded. He would have agreed to anything Doctor Danny might say; but it brought him scant comfort nevertheless.

"The Marquis has come back—I've been speaking with him," and the doctor's hand was laid firmly on Peter's shoulder. "I've some rare good news for ye, man. Will ye hear it now or let your trouble knock ye about a while longer?"

Peter sprang to his feet. "If it's news o' her, tell it now!"

Doctor Danny pushed him back on the stool. "Easy, easy, man. Ye are like to frighten away any good news, springing at it that way. Aye—'tis about the wife. She never went with the Marquis at all. She took the boat for America with the girls from Ballyweel. The Marquis only carried her as far as Donegal and gave her the money for the passage over."

"The money— Did she ask him for it?"

"Aye, the same as she has always asked him for things since she was a child and her mother nursed the two of them."

"Why did she go?" Peter asked it dully.

"Why — because the whim took her — that's the why. Hasn't she been giving in to her whims ever since she was born, and haven't ye helped her?"

Peter took in a long breath after the fashion of a man who has come out of a pit into clear air. Then his eyes fell on the sleeping child.

"How could she leave him?"

"Ye see," said Doctor Danny slowly, "'tis not every woman that feels motherhood with the birth of her first child. 'Tis often the caring for him, or the losing of him, that brings it to her. Who knows— what ye have been calling trouble may be your blessing after all; only—" and he turned upon Peter with a sudden fierceness: "Ye listen to me! Ye must find Kathleen —and find her before she's lost entirely—to herself and the child and ye. She's naught but a child yet. Ye can find her and keep her and make a woman of her, if ye will."

That same night Peter faced himself across the hearth: "To-morrow ye'll start afther her, an' ye'll never leave the road till ye find her; but first of all ye'll make a man o' yourself. Ye'll take your verses and sell them and write betther ones an' sell those, until ye can earn your bread an' hers as a man should. Ye can never make a woman o' Kathleen till ye have made a man o' yourself."

Peter came to America with the child, enough money to pay his passage and entrance into the country, the pockets of his homespun bulging with verses and old tales, and the laugh back in his voice again. He found, the day he landed, a woman from Carn-na-ween who would look after the child while he was away.

"'Twill not be for long," he explained to the child. "Like the King o' Ireland's Son, I'm off to seek my fortune, but there be's dthragons an' giants on the road leadin' to all threasure, an' ye are over small yet to be meetin' them. So ye rest here, an' I'll beat the sandman back every night an' tell ye what luck I've had on the way."

And the child laughed up at him as if he understood the meaning of it all.

"First," said Peter to himself when he was out on the street—"first I'll be learnin' the names o' the weeklies and the monthlies that the people are readin' here, an' then I'll find the men that are makin' them."

So Peter's trail started at the news-stand and led him from there to a directory and thence to the buildings where magazines are edited and made. But in spite of his courage he found the trail harder and more wearisome than he had dreamed.

"It would surprise ye," he said to the child that night as he rocked him by a grimy window that overlooked a grimier back yard. "Ye would never believe how fierce them wee dthragons are. I was meetin' with a number to-day—all dthressed up to look like wee lads so as to fool ye into thinkin' 'twas an easy matther to reach the castle an' get your threasure." Peter sighed wearily. "But ye never get there. As soon as it's off your tongue what ye are afther, ye might as well fight a band o' the Fenians as to thry and get by one o' them."

The child curled himself up on Peter's lap and went to sleep, and Peter sat, rocking on, until a kindly night had hidden the grime from his eyes. "'Tis a great land for threasures—this," he said at last, putting

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PETER HELD OUT HIS ARMS AND DREW HER DOWN BESIDE HIM ON THE HEARTH.

his cheek to the child's, "but I would we were back on the hills o' Ireland wi' herself —safe."

And as the first day was, so was the second and the third and many more, until Peter lost all count of them. He tramped miles over the pavements and traveled more up and down in the lifts, for, as he told the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

child, the castles were most generally in the air. But the look of a conqueror never went out of his eyes nor the laugh out of his voice; and wherever he went—through streets, in buildings or cars, by stores or parks—he was ever alert and watchful for Kathleen. His heart said she was there in the great city, and that in God's good time he would find her.

At last, one day, his patience gave out. He was looking down for the hundredth time at the small office-dragon that blocked his path, and righteous anger got the better of him.

"Ye can save that all for the next poor man," he stormed, "but this time 'tis lost wind." And he picked up the guardian of the castle and put him over the table, beyond reach. With marvelous strides he covered the distance between himself and the editor's office, and with the hand of one who has slain dragons he thumped on the door.

The noise brought the chief himself to the door, and there Peter faced him.

"Are ye in?" asked Peter.

The chief smiled, in spite of tradition.

"Well," Peter went on more boldly, "I'm mortial glad to see ye. I've traveled a long way, but the length o' the journey hasn't shortened the pleasure. May I come in?"

Again the chief smiled, and stood aside for Peter to enter. He could measure a man; furthermore he knew the value of honest, untrammeled human nature in his world of pretense and convention.

Inside, Peter faced him again, over his bundle of verses on the desk. "Ye need not think ye must buy them, just, because ye read them," he explained, and then hesitated for a moment. "They're not anything great, mind ye; they were meant for the tired, lost people who are needin' a bit of green hills an' clear sky an' bird song an' glimpses of a place God-made—not man-made like this," and Peter's hand pointed through the window to the towering buildings and the traffic-crowded streets about them. "'Tis the lost ones I've been writin' for, an' if there be any virtue in what I've written 'tis because o' them."

The chief took a dozen verses, and sent Peter to other editors who took more; and the money they paid him sent him back to the child well-nigh speechless. "'Twill help us on the road to her," he whispered joyfully. "Ye'd never think I was the same man, laddie, that was made proud by a half-crown from the Derry *Journal* a year past."

Peter's fortunes grew rapidly. He sold all the verses and old tales he could write; some of his songs were put to music by a great composer and sung by a great soprano; and the child's cradle-song was on every tongue. Then came the managers, eager for lectures, readings, and story-telling.

At the lectures and readings Peter shook his head. "Ye might as well ask me to say mass; an' as for the verses—I would only spoil them for the ones that already like them."

But at the story-telling he hesitated—"I might thry. The childher at home would listen to the tales from cock-crow to candle-time. Aye, if ye'll promise to sell the tickets to childher, just, an' let me tell them in my own way—the way of an Irish cabin an' a turf fire—I'll thry."

So it came about on an afternoon that Peter told his tales in a large theatre, with an Irish cabin built about him and a creepy-stool under him and a thousand eager, laughing little faces before him asking for more—and still more. Then it was that the strangest thing happened: from some one of the small clapping hands dropped a scrap of paper which floated down to Peter—settling at his feet. He left it there until the stories were over and the curtain had shut him into his cabin—quite alone—and then he picked it up and looked curiously over it. It was a page torn from a child's nursery-book. Printed in the largest, blackest type ran the legend:

Peter, Peter, Pumpkin-Eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her.
He put her in a pumpkin-shell
And there he kept her very well.

If Peter had read it on the front page of a morning paper it could not have startled him more. He drew the creepy-stool close to the hearth, whereon the turf embers still glowed with the light of the electric bulbs behind them, and there he sat down. The manager had left as soon as he had seen the house filled and knew his latest managerial venture was secure. The stage-hands had left. Only the doorkeeper remained, and he wisely left Peter alone.

With the paper before him, bit by bit Peter's consciousness drifted away from the present and back to his home-land. Again he was by his own hearth, and the weight of a long-familiar sorrow was upon him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"'Tis thrue," he muttered at last, his eyes on the first two lines. "Aye, 'tis mortial thrue. But how did they come to know it an' write it down; an' does a man's throuble always follow him so?"

His eyes read on down the page. "A pumpkin-shell—" He repeated it twice—three times. "'Tis cramped quarthers for a wife, I'm thinkin'. Now, would she stay in them?"

He considered this for a long time. And then, a smile broke Peter's thinking, and it grew into a chuckle and the chuckle into a laugh, which lifted the trouble from him.

"An' why not?" he asked himself when the laugh was spent. "There be's great virtue in small places. A body can't lose herself there, for one thing; an' for another, there'd not be room enough to stumble about an' bruise herself—an' others."

He read the paper carefully over again. "That was the throuble—I opened the doors and let her go free wi' never a thought or a care to tether her. Some, ye could let go that way an' they would bind themselves to their men an' their childher—but not women like Kathleen. They need the doors barred against themselves, an' the cabin built small an' close about them, till they learn there is more joy in the rearin' o' childher an' the keepin' of a home than in a million county-fairs."

The doorkeeper touched Peter on the arm. "Beg pardon, sir, for breakin' into your lines, but there's a lady askin' for you."

Peter eyed him curiously. "If it's a wisp of a girl wi' gold hair an' blue eyes, ye can bring her in; but if it's any one else—ye tell her I'm gone this long while."

When the doorkeeper had gone he crumpled up the paper and threw it into the fire. "A man generally gets advice afore he needs it or afther it's too late," he said soberly, "but this time, I'm thinkin', it's come just right."

His chin was deep in his hands, his eyes hard on the turf, when the door opened. Peter sat motionless—waiting. Then there came to him from across the space a faint cry—almost like the chirp of a frightened bird in the night who has lost her mate. Still Peter did not stir. But at last a hand pulled timidly at his sleeve and he heard his name twice: "Pether—Pether."

Peter turned and looked into wistful, pleading eyes that were still neither child's nor woman's, and he knew then that the molding of her lay in his hands.

"Ye are late from the fair," he said, laughing. "The child has been cryin' for ye this half-hour. The supper is waitin' for ye to get." And Peter held out his arms and drew her down beside him on the hearth.

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN

by

BLISS CARMAN

HEAVEN is no larger than Connecticut;
No larger than Fairfield County; no, no larger
Than the little Valley of the Silvermine
The white sun visits and the wandering showers.
For there is room enough for spring's return,
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,
And time enough for autumn's idle days,
When soul is ripe for immortality.
And then when winter comes with smouldering dusk
To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth,
And hang his starry belt upon the night,
One firelit room is large enough for heaven—
For all we know of wisdom and of love,
And the eternal welfare of the heart.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LESS WELL-KNOWN FACES *behind* WELL-KNOWN TRADE-MARKS

YOU know what a trade-mark is. It may be a name. It may be a design. Most of us buy by trade-marks. It is the mark on the article which shows the article was made by some particular manufacturer. The mark identifies the manufacturer. Thus Bon Ami, Ivory, Spearmint, Gold Medal—a thousand names and marks identify the articles you buy for daily use with the men who make those articles and stand back of them. You know the trade-marks well. The faces of some of the men back of the trade-marks are less familiar. You will be interested in looking at their faces and learning a little of their dramatic history. Every year they make and market hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of goods.

The trade-mark has an authentic record of past performances running back more than four thousand years. To-day it is the maker's guarantee of the quality of the article he manufactures. It simplifies shopping. Without it you would have to be an expert judge of everything you buy. The trade-mark made familiar in every household in the land by advertising becomes an extremely valuable and helpful servant.

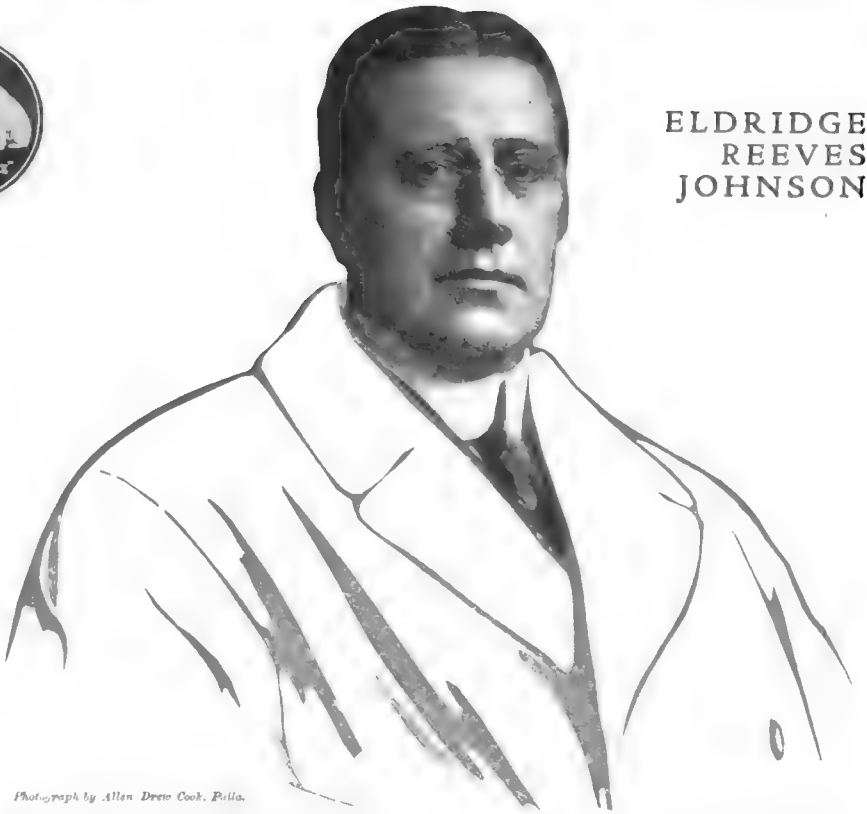
Chinese pottery manufactured when Hoang-To was Emperor, about 2698 B. C., was stamped with his name and that of the maker. That was trade-marking it. Many an antique auction-room has paid expenses selling imitation Chinese trade-marks ever since.

Following the trade-mark down through the next two thousand years, you will find that the Greeks used it extensively; and the Romans, who were the Japanese of their day, took over the entire Greek system of trade-marks, and—gave it legal standing. For example, if the baker whose name was stamped on the loaves of bread found in Pompeii some two thousand years after they left the oven, had detected another baker stamping bread with his name, he might have collected damages under the Roman civil law.

The Free Cities of the Middle Ages, with their big guilds, were as jealous of trade-marks as is the manufacturer of to-day. They stamped their municipal coat of arms on goods that were up to their standards. And the courts recognized this mark as a property right. Albrecht Dürer, the artist, brought suit in Venice in 1500 to restrain a nimble-fingered competitor from copying his monograms and engravings. The judge enjoined the fellow from using the monogram, but allowed him to reproduce the engraving. We can say, without fear of contempt of court, that our judges do better by the artist in these days. And we are realizing the importance of protecting the manufacturer of trade-marked goods by new laws defining unfair competition.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ELDRIDGE REEVES JOHNSON



Photograph by Allen Dreis Cook, Phila.

WHEN Mr. Johnson bought out his partner in a little machine-shop in Camden, in 1894, and hung out a shingle announcing that it was all his, he began the business that is now the Victor Talking Machine Company. He had been an expert machinist, earning $2.50 a day, and he wanted to be his own boss. He came of Colonial stock, and had a passion for perfecting things. Still has it. Invented a book-binding machine that helped pay the shop losses. Part of his work was making experimental models for other inventors. One day an early type of talking-machine was brought to him for alterations. It interested him. This particular opportunity didn't have to bruise its knuckles knocking at Mr. Johnson's door. He saw at once that the machine was badly designed. He loved music. He imagined a talking-machine that would reproduce sounds accurately, and he got busy making it come true. Spent $50,000 and nearly three years on this job. In 1898 he perfected a disk that sang—well, it happened to be "Telegraph My Baby"—like a human voice. Victory at last, and Victor became the name of the company organized in 1901 to manufacture it.

Mr. Johnson is not yet fifty, a quiet man of modest, convincing speech, and easy to look at. Perhaps, officially, the greatest impresario in the world. All the big artists come to Camden to sing or play for records. Executive duties have compelled him to give up laboratory research, but he probably could work out to-day, with his hands and his wits, every detail of the Victor business better than any one of the 7500 men in his Camden factory. It is his shop. Wrote a book on tarpon fishing, for his own amusement. Good book, too. Says there is nothing spectacular in his success. Just doggedly and everlastingly keeping at it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GEORGE ED. SMITH

Photograph by Underhill, N. Y.

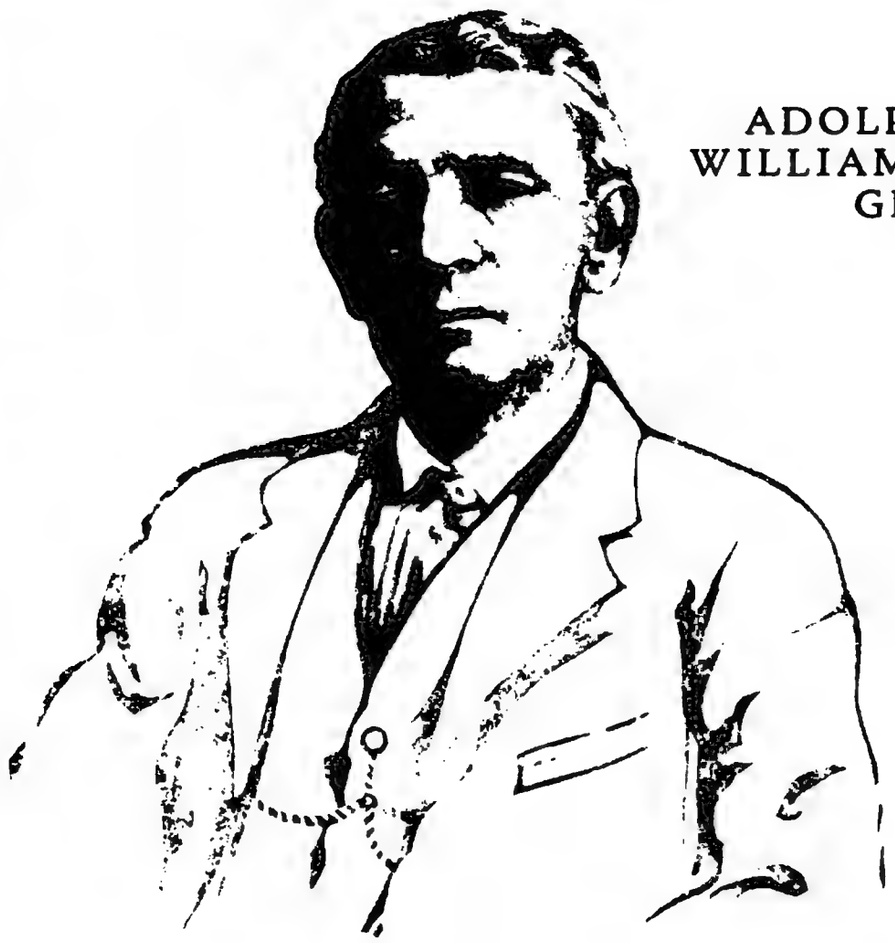
IF YOU were born Smith, baptized George E., and after wrestling with the law decided you'd rather sell things than argue about them, you might do what this particular Mr. Smith did—if you had sales instinct. George E. Smith, on a card, lacked individuality, so our Mr. Smith became George Ed. No, it isn't Edwin—guess again. Having trade-marked Smith, he began selling typewriters twenty years ago. He wouldn't be "our Mr. Smith" for this page, if he hadn't worked hard and studied the machine he was selling and the problems of salesmanship.

Mr. Smith went to Chicago because it contained the largest number of potential buyers within easy reach. Started out with a machine under his arm and worked both sides of the street systematically. Thereafter the clicking of typewriter-keys on these streets made the roar of the traffic sound like "The Maiden's Prayer" played on mute keys.

When he became general manager of the Royal Typewriter Company, word was sent to the factory in Hartford to speed up production because George Ed. was on the job. He could say "Yes" and "No" quicker and with more knowledge than any one in the office, and two years ago he became president of the company. His business hobby is organization. We hate to do it, because the information came from a friend, but President Smith is the greatest plagiarizer of Confucius in the business world. He has translated him into modern business ethics for his house organ.

Mr. Smith has a thousand-acre ranch in North Dakota. If he knows the scores of the men present, he will admit that he plays a fair game of golf.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



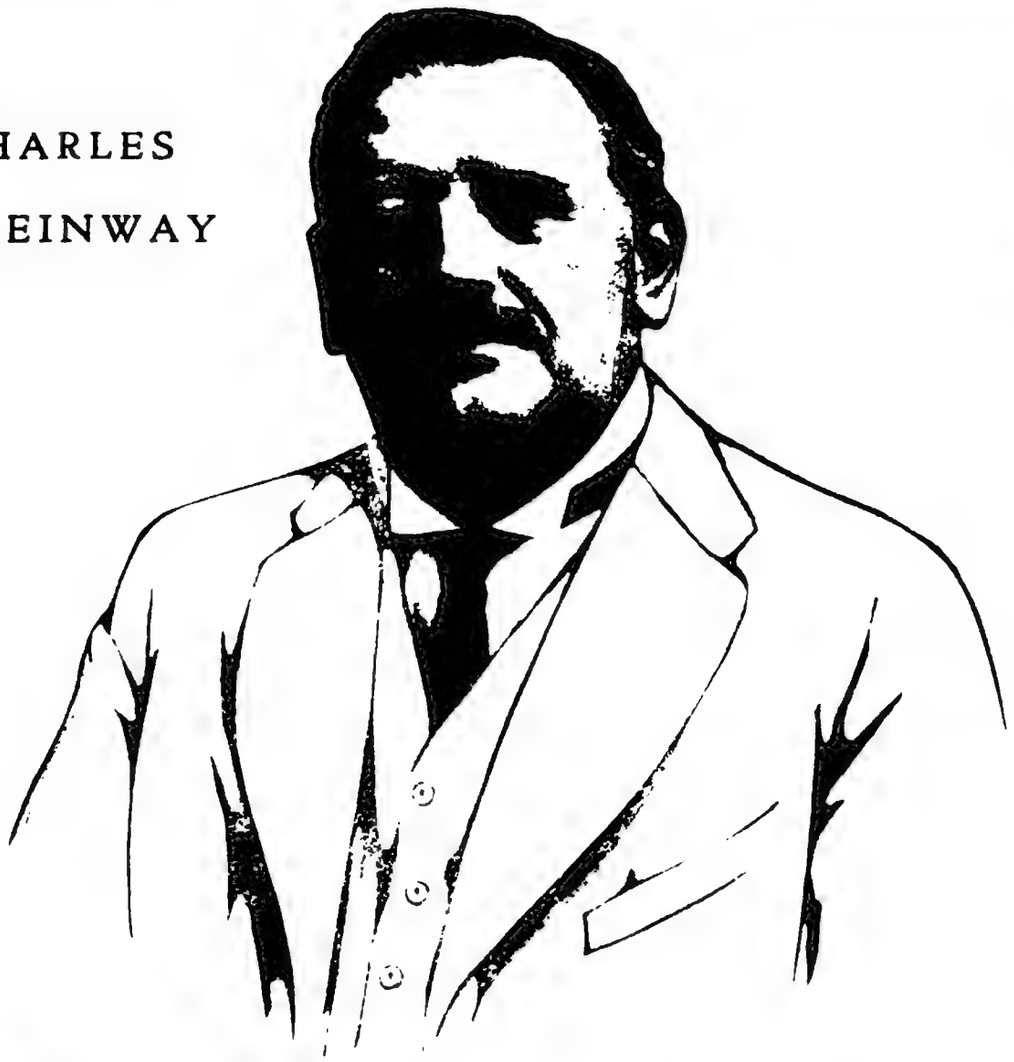
ADOLPHUS
WILLIAMSON
GREEN

USED to call 'em "crackers," and when the English novel referred to "biscuit and sherry" we imagined a plate filled with the raised kind that mother made. Mr. Green has put "biscuit" so correctly into the United States language that we understand English writers quite easily now. Our model is the flat size, too. Until a few years ago Mr. Green thought of biscuits only as food. Born in Boston, he went to Harvard from the Boston Latin School and graduated with the class of 1863. For a year he was principal of the Groton High School, and for five years he was a librarian in the Mercantile Library of New York. In 1869 he entered the law office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate in New York, and four years later he began to practise law in Chicago. Two of his clients happened to be biscuit companies. Mr. Green saw undeveloped possibilities in this business, and in 1898 he helped organize the National Biscuit Company. Nearly all biscuits were sold in bulk at that time. This not only wasted the product, but allowed it to deteriorate. To Mr. Green belongs the credit for the idea that made the National Biscuit Company the big successful organization that it is to-day. He suggested that biscuits be sold in air-tight packages so that their quality might be guaranteed to the consumer. Then he told the public all about it. That was the origin of the Uneeda Biscuit. On "in-er-seal" packages he builtsuccess.

Mr. Green has a handsome home in Greenwich, Connecticut. He finds his recreation in his books and in directing the affairs of his company, of which he has been president since 1905. His success came from taking one of the small things of every-day life and developing it to meet the world's needs and command the world's market. Simple, wasn't it?

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHARLES H. STEINWAY



Photograph by Pach Bros., N. Y.

"YES, it's a Steinway!" Not necessarily, however, for success in this dynasty depends on ability that must be shown from the bench up. Mr. Steinway's son, Charles, Jr., is now serving an apprenticeship in a small factory in Massachusetts to escape favoritism, and to prove that he is "as good as a Steinway" before he is taken into the business. Competition for leadership in this piano company begins in the workshop. Charles H. is the third in the line of Steinways. He was born over the first warerooms of the company in Walker Street, New York, in 1857. Lying in his cradle, he heard the best musicians of those days playing on the pianos built by his father and his grandfather. His playroom when he could walk was the workshop. Of course he learned how to play these wonderful instruments. He went to Germany for his education, and in 1874 he became an apprentice in the workshop of Steinway & Sons. In four years he graduated into the counting-room, where his ability to solve financial problems indicated that he was the right man to head the company when the time came.

In 1891, while representing his firm in London, he "discovered" Paderewski, and cabled to New York advising his engagement for an American tour. His enthusiasm for the new wonder was somewhat discounted at home, but he was finally authorized to arrange for the tour. The rest is musical history. When William Steinway died, in 1896, Charles H. was elected president of the company. He has increased the output of Steinway pianos 100 per cent. Found time, also, to write more than forty musical compositions. His favorite pastimes are billiards and music, and he wouldn't be a real Steinway if he didn't love horses. And, oh yes, he has a glittering collection of decorations from foreign governments.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HARRY
HART

Photograph by Moffett, Chicago.

"WHEN he laughs, every one laughs with him," said one of his partners. You can see traces of the last laugh or forecasts of a coming one if you will peer through Mr. Hart's glasses. Many a big organization has been built on a less stable foundation than a good, contagious, sympathetic laugh.

Mr. Hart started to become the head of a big manufacturing concern as—errand-boy in a clothing store. Born in Germany sixty-five years ago, he came to this country with his parents when he was eight years old. As an errand-boy Harry learned stock and salesmanship by watching the other fellows, and he became a clerk in a clothing store. His brother, Max, went into the clothing business in Wilmington, Illinois. They wanted their own store, and they got it in 1872. Harry was twenty-one and Max eighteen. Wasn't so busy running his own store that he didn't have time for private theatricals. When the character demanded, Harry Hart could spiel a brogue like an Irishman. Can to-day. His success as *Bob Brierly* in "Ticket-of-Leave Man" before admiring audiences almost persuaded Harry Hart to become a real actor. He had visions then, however, of the great development of clothing manufacturing in this country, and he had some ideas of things he could do if—— He has done them, and he shares the credit with his partners. His specialty, in the firm of Hart, Schaffner & Marx, is the textile department, and here no one questions his judgment.

The small-mouth bass in a certain lake in Wisconsin, where Mr. Hart has his summer home, get their mouths wide open for the hook when they see the shadow of his boat on the water.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HENRY BOURNE JOY

Photograph by Frank Scott Clark, 1915.

IF YOU want to distract Mr. Joy's attention from the making of mighty good cars—for a few minutes—casually mention the Lincoln Highway; then question the ethics of Price Maintenance, and wind up by asking if he believes in National Defense. Unless Mr. Joy were on his guard, those three questions would probably stop the wheels of progress in his office for some time. He is more than quite interested in them. Mr. Joy was born to the possibilities of Detroit in 1864, and he has lived them through to success in the town of his birth. Of course he had to waste some time getting an education at Andover and at Yale, but he spent his vacations in Detroit, so that the town couldn't grow away from him. After several years with car companies and sugar companies and mining companies, Mr. Joy caught the real Detroit habit and became manager of the Packard Motor Company. Thereafter he had no fear of the town growing away from him, because he was one of the men stimulating its growth. He succeeded J. W. Packard as president of the company in 1908.

One wonders how he can find the time to trustee so many hospitals and things and be on so many boards of directors, and never seem hurried. But he does. And his list of clubs reads like an index to a club directory. Invents a bit, too. The Packard carburetor was worked out, when the company needed one in a hurry, by Mr. Joy and his superintendent, Eddie Roberts. He has had military training, and he served as chief boatswain's mate on the U. S. S. *Yosemite* during the Spanish War. Makes it worth while for his employees to serve in the militia, too. Mr. Joy is an outdoor man, and looks it. Moreover, he has a never-failing brand of well-directed enthusiasm that makes him felt in any gathering of men.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ARROW
TRADE MARK

F. F.
PEABODY

Photograph by the Garo Studio, Boston.

JUST because a look at Mr. Peabody wouldn't naturally turn your mind to statistics, let's begin with some figures about his business. Helps to a perspective of the man's success. Cluett, Peabody & Co. have nine factories in this country, and one in Canada. Nine thousand men and women make collars and shirts in them. Thirty million yards of white goods are bleached annually for them, and—now let's get to Mr. Peabody. He is president of the company. Like all the other big men behind the successful trade-marks, he worked for his present job. He was born in Northfield, Vt., in 1859, and his parents took him to Minnesota to expand. Went to school winters and worked as a Western Union messenger-boy vacations. Helped out a bit by teaching school when he was sixteen. Two years later he secured a job in Chicago in the business that has busied him ever since. He supplemented his small salary, to help his mother and sister, by teaching in the night schools of Chicago. One might have wagered money wisely on his ultimate success even then. Probably success would be much more general if there weren't such a lot of hard work mixed up with it. He clerked so well that in three years he became a partner in Coon, Reynolds & Co., and directed the sales. A consolidation with the George B. Cluett Company made him one of seven partners in the new firm. And always he studied new ways to market collars and shirts. Cluett, Peabody & Co. was incorporated in 1901, with Mr. Peabody as vice-president. He became president in 1907 and has been very much occupied with it ever since. No secret about his success. He worked for it, and when he got it he kept working. You can probably name the style of collar Mr. Peabody is wearing. So much for advertising.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHARLES H.
INGERSOLL

Photograph by Marceau, N. Y.

"YOU will find my name in my watch," said the countryman whose pockets had been picked in the play. "What's your name?" asked the policeman. "Ingersoll," was the reply; and every one in the audience laughed. They knew what had made the dollar famous. No space here to tell how the Ingersoll brothers, two of a family of nine born on a mortgaged Michigan farm, came on to New York and made watches to collect dollars under the firm name, Robert H. Ingersoll & Bro. Charles H. Ingersoll, the present head of the company, appears as "& Bro." on the sign. He is many other things. Like all the Ingersolls, he is a non-conformist. Custom isn't a bit sacred to him. He likes to take it apart and see what it's made of, and then reassemble the parts to suit himself. Inherited this trait from a radical-thinking Connecticut Yankee father. "C. H.," as he is known in the office, eats only when he is hungry, regardless of hours. Three days a week he puts in at his office. The others he spends on his farm in Bernardsville, N. J., and at his summer home in the Catskills.

You'd never guess his hobby, unless it was also yours. Single Tax! Yes, and he works at it. An applicant to "C. H." for a job who is a Single Taxer has almost collected his first week's pay. He is very much "& Single Tax." He is interested in Mrs. Johnson's School of Organic Education in the Single Tax Colony at Fairhope, Alabama. Two of his children are there. He has a colony of his own at Union, N. J., known as Self Masters Colony. Takes in drug-fiends and drunks and broken-down business men without questions and rehabilitates them. Very irregular, of course, but it works. There are a lot of things after the "&" beside "Bro." that might distinguish Mr. Ingersoll.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1847 ROGERS BROS
"Silver Plate that Wears"

GEORGE HORACE WILCOX

DID Mr. Wilcox drop from the honors of his Yale commencement in 1875, with a parchment diploma, into the presidency of the Meriden Britannia Company, which his father had established? Certainly not! He rose immediately to the job of office-boy. And thereafter, of course, he—but wait a minute! The fact that you think of Meriden instead of Hartford when you see the trade-mark, "1847 Rogers Bros.," is one of several very good reasons why Mr. Wilcox is now president of a big silver company. Let's untangle that.

The Rogers Brothers, three of them, developed electroplating in Hartford in 1847. They kept the process secret and tried to sell their forks and spoons. Of course, these weren't solid silver, and how could a body tell that the bright stuff wouldn't wear off in the washing? Lots of new Yankee tricks in those days. Two of the brothers got tired of answering this question and dropped out. William stuck to the shop and hoisted his sign, "1847 Rogers Bros." Mr. Wilcox had a wise father who was making something of a stir in Meriden, manufacturing Britannia ware. He feared the rivalry of silver-plating, and in the sixties he persuaded William Rogers to come over to him and bring his process and his sign with him. And so when George H. Wilcox started in at the bottom, every one thought that the Rogers Brothers and Meriden were almost synonymous. He had learned enough at Yale to ask intelligent questions in the factory, and he moved along up till he became president of the Meriden Britannia Company in 1893. When the International Silver Company took it over, Mr. Wilcox became vice-president of the new combination, and he is now president. Mr. Wilcox lives in Meriden, and when he isn't "everlastingly at it," he golfs and fishes with equal veracity.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The REAL ADVENTURE

by
HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

PICTURES BY EDWARD L. CHASE

FOR Rose Stanton and Rodney Aldrich the "real adventure" is marriage. They had fallen in love on their first encounter, and become engaged in two weeks. But after their marriage, Rose gradually came to realize that she had no real share in the work-and-thought life of her husband. She tried various plans for making herself his companion, and one night she attempted to talk it all out with him, pleading for a responsibility of her own; but Rodney, his pride in arms, utterly failed to understand her.

Temporarily defeated, Rose waited patiently for motherhood, believing it would bring her a real job. But when the time came, and there were two babies instead of one, Rose was refused even the smallest responsibility for their care. She made one final appeal to Rodney, and when that failed, she told him that she was going away to work until she could make herself really his partner.

After a terrible struggle, she left, ostensibly to visit her mother and sister in California. Really, she went to a rooming-house in a part of Chicago not far from her husband's home; and the same afternoon she got a job as chorus-girl. She worked with a passionate intensity that at once won the favor of Galbraith, the director, and was soon promoted to the sextette, a sort of super-chorus. She scored another triumph by teaching the other members of the sextette to say their lines with proper inflections. And through Galbraith's cooperation she designed and executed the costumes for the sextette, and sold them to the producers at a profit. This was, she felt, the first real step back toward Rodney. After the first-night performance Galbraith took her to supper and proposed that, later, she become his assistant in New York. Rose agreed, rapturous over her progress, and not realizing a personal interest in her on Galbraith's part.

Some nights later Rodney, on the suggestion of a client, decided to see the show—a kind of show that he did not usually attend. His stenographer and clerk tried to keep him from going, and he read consciousness in the faces of his friends at the club when the play was mentioned. So that he was in a state of keen suspense and almost terror when the sextette came on the stage.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HE NEVER stirred from his seat during either of the intermissions. But along in the third act he got up and went out.

I doubt if ever a troglodytic ancestor of his had been as angry as Rodney was at that moment. Because, long before the pressure of the troglodyte's anger had mounted to the pressure of Rodney's, it would have relieved itself in action. He'd have descended upon the scene, beating down any of the onlookers who might be fools enough to try to oppose his purpose, seized his woman, and carried her off to his cave. Which is precisely and literally what Rodney, with every aching filament of nerve-tissue in his body, most passionately wanted to do.

The knout that flogged his soul had a score of lashes, each with the sting of its own peculiar venom. Everybody who knew him, his closer friends and his casual acquaintances as well, must have known, for weeks, of this disgrace. His friends had been sorry for him, with just a grain of contempt; his acquaintances had grinned over it with just a pleasurable salt of pity. "Do you know Aldrich? Well, his wife's in the chorus at the Globe Theatre. And he doesn't know it, poor devil." That group at the round table at the club to-night! He could fancy their faces after he'd turned away.

Oh, but what did they matter, after all? What did any of them matter? What did anything matter in the world, except that the woman he'd so wholeheartedly and utterly lived for—the woman who'd left him with those protestations of the need of his friendship and respect—was there on that stage, disporting herself for hire—and cheap hire at that—before this fatuous mass of humanity packed in all about him! They were staring at her, as the money they'd paid for admission entitled them to stare, licking their lips over her.

The northwest wind which had been blowing icily since sundown, had increased in violence to a gale. But he strode out of the lobby and into the street unaware of it.

He found the stage-door and pulled it open. An intermittent roar of hand-clapping, increasing and diminishing with the rapid rise and fall of the curtain, told him that the performance was just over.

A doorman stopped him and asked him what he wanted.

"I want to see Mrs. Aldrich," he said. "Mrs. Rodney Aldrich."

"No such person here," said the man, and Rodney, in his rage, simply assumed that he was lying. It didn't occur to him that Rose would have taken another name.

He stood there a moment, debating whether to attempt to force an entrance against the doorman's unmistakable intention to stop him, and decided to wait instead.

The decision wasn't due to common sense, but to a wish not to dissipate his rage on people that didn't matter. He wanted it intact for Rose.

He went back into the alley, braced himself in the angle of a brick pier, and waited. He neither stamped his feet nor flailed his arms about to drive off the cold. He just stood still with the patience of his immemorial ancestor, waiting, unconscious of the lapse of time, unconscious of the figures that presently began straggling out of the narrow door that were not she.

Presently she came. A buffet of wind struck her as she closed the door behind her, and whipped her unbuttoned ulster about; but she did not cower under it, nor turn away—stood there, finely erect, confronting it. There was something alert about her pose—he couldn't see her face distinctly—that suggested she was expecting somebody. And then, not loud, but very distinctly:

"Roddy," she said.

He tried to speak her name, but his dry throat denied it utterance. He began suddenly to tremble. He came forward out of the shadow and she saw him and came to meet him, and spoke his name again.

"I saw you when you went out," she said. "I was afraid you mightn't wait. I hurried as fast as I could. I've—w-waited so long. Longer than you."

He managed at last to speak, and, as he did so, reached out and took her by the shoulders. "Come home," he said. "You must come home."

At that she stepped back and shook her head. But he had discovered, while his hands held her, that she was trembling too.

The stage-door opened again to emit a group of three of the "ponies."

"My Gawd," one of them shrilled, "what a hell of a night!"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

They stared curiously at Dane and the big man who stood there with her, then scurried away down the alley.

"We can't talk here," he said. "We must go somewhere."

She nodded assent, and they moved off side by side after the three little girls, but slower. In an accumulation of shadows, half way down the alley, he reached out for her arm. It might have begun as an automatic act—just an unconscious instinct to prevent her stumbling, there in the dark. But the moment he touched her the quality of it changed. He gripped her arm tight and they both stood still. The next moment, and without a word, they moved on again.

Finally—"Are you all right, Roddy? And the babies?" she managed to say. "It's a good many days since I've heard from Portia." And then, suddenly: "Was it because anything had gone wrong that you came?"

"I didn't know you were here until I saw you on the stage," he said.

This was all, in words, that passed until they reached the bridge. But there needed no words to draw up, tighter and tighter between them, a singing wire of memories and associations; there was no need, even, of a prolonged contact between their bodies. He had let go her arm when they came out of the alley, and they walked the half-mile to the bridge side by side and in step, and, except for an occasional brush of her shoulder against his arm, without touching.

But the Clark Street bridge, with a February gale blowing from the west down the straight reach of the river, is not to be negotiated lightly. Strong as they were, the force of the wind actually stopped them at the edge of the draw, caught Rose a little off her balance, turned her half around, and pressed her up against him.

She made an odd noise in her throat, a gasp which had something of a sob in it and something of a laugh.

He steadied her with a hand upon her shoulder, slipped round to the windward side, and linked his arm within hers. But it was a moment before they started on again. Their hands touched and, electrically, clasped. Like his, hers were ungloved. She'd had them in her ulster pockets. They crossed the bridge, but the handclasp did not slacken when they reached the other side.

Rodney had no destination consciously in mind nor any avowed plan or hope for what should happen when they reached it. Yet he walked purposefully, and, little by little, faster. He looked about him in a sort of dazed bewilderment when she disengaged her hand and stopped, at last, at the stoop before her door.

"Here's where I live," she said.

"Where *you live!*" he echoed blankly.

"Ever since I went away—to California. I've been right here—where I could almost see the smoke of your chimneys. I've a queer little room—I only pay three dollars a week for it—but—it's big enough to be alone in."

"Rose . . ." he said, hoarsely.

A drunken man came lurching pitiably down the street. She shrank into the angle of the steps, and Rodney followed her, found her with his hands, and heard her voice speaking breathlessly, in gasps. He hardly knew what she was saying.

"It's been wonderful . . . I know we haven't talked; we'll do that some other time, somewhere where we can . . . But to-night, walking along like that, just as . . . To-morrow, I shall think it was all a dream."

"Rose . . ."

"Wh-what is it?" she prompted at last.

"Let me in," he said. "Don't turn me away to-night! I—I can't . . ."

The only sound that came in answer was a long, tremulously indrawn breath. But presently her hand took the one of his that had been clutching her shoulder and led him up the steps. She opened the door with a latch-key, and then, behind her, he made his way up two flights of narrow stairs, whose faint creak made all the sound there was. In the black little corridor at the top she unlocked another door.

"Wait till I light the gas," she breathed.

There was nothing furtive about their silence; it was the wonder, the magic of being together again, that made them steal forward like awed children.

Into an ugly, dingy, cramped, cold little room, with a rickety dresser and a lumpy bed, and a grimy window rattling fiercely in the gusts of wind that went whipping down the street . . . Into a palace of enchantment.

She left the gas turned low, took off her hat and ulster, pulled down the blind over the window and shut the door, hung up a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SHE TURNED AND LOOKED INTO HIS FACE, HER EYES SEARCHING IT AS HIS WERE SEARCHING HERS.

garment that had been left flung over her trunk, and dumped a bundle of laundry that had not been put away into a bureau drawer. All the time he'd been watching her hungrily, without a word.

She turned and looked into his face, her eyes searching it as his were searching hers, luminously and with a swiftly kindling fire. Her lips parted a little, trembling. There was a sort of bloom on her skin that became more visible as the blood, wave on wave, came flushing in behind it. His vision of her swam suddenly away in a blur as his own eyes filled up with tears.

And then, with a little sob in her throat, she came to him. "Oh, Roddy . . . Roddy!" was all she said. With her own arms she strained his embrace tighter.

So far as the superstructures of their two lives were concerned, the whole fabric of thoughts and theories and ideals, the part of them that floated above the level of consciousness, that made them to their friends and to each other, and very largely to themselves, Rose and Rodney—they were as far apart as on the day she had left his house. The great *impasse* was still unforced. He hadn't, as yet, shown that he could give her the friendship she demanded. She'd had no chance to tell him of any of the small triumphs and disciplines of her new life that she hoped would win it from him.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

As for Rodney—he was the same man who, an hour ago, in the theatre, had raged and writhed under what he felt to be an invasion of his proprietary rights in her.

He wouldn't have defined it that way, to be sure, in a talk with Barry Lake. Would have denied, with the best of them, that a husband had any proprietary rights in his wife. But the intolerable sense of having become an object of derision or contemptuous pity, of being disgraced and of her being degraded, couldn't derive from anything else but just that.

But, somehow, when he had heard her speak his name, he'd begun to tremble. And when he had felt her trembling, too, the bitter phrases had died on his tongue and the thoughts that propelled them were smothered like fire under sand. And as he'd stood confronting her in her mean little room, his eyes searching her face, all he had been looking for was a sign of the hunger—the ages-old hunger—that was devouring him. And when he'd found it, that was enough for him. The great issue that was to be fought out between them remained intact, but the hunger had to be satisfied first.

It was hours later, in the very dead of the night, as he sat on the edge of the bed, with his back to her, that the old sense of outrage and degradation, almost as suddenly as it had left him, came back. And came back in a way that made it more intolerable than ever. For the clear flame of it had lost its clarity; the confidence that had fanned it was gone—the sense of his own rightness. The irresistible surge of passion that had carried him off had destroyed that. The flame smoked and smoldered.

"Have you anything here," he asked her dully, "besides what will go in that trunk?"

It was the surliness of his tone, rather than the words themselves, that startled her.

"No," she said, puzzled. "Of course not."

"Then throw them into it quickly," he said, "and we'll lock the thing up. Do you owe any rent?"

"Roddy!" she said. He heard her moving behind him. She struck a match and lighted the gas; then came around in front of him and stared at him in a frowning incredulity. "What do you mean?"

"I mean we're going to get out of this beastly place now—to-night. We're going home. We can leave an address for the trunk. If it never comes, so much the better."

Again all she could do was to ask him, with a bewildered stammer, what he meant.

"Because," she added, "I can't go home yet. I've—only started."

"Started!" he echoed. "Do you think I'm going to let this beastly farce go any further?"

And with that the smoldering fire licked up into flame again. He told her what had happened in his office that afternoon, told her of the attitude of his friends, how they'd all known about it—undoubtedly had come to see for themselves, and, out of pity or contempt, hadn't told him. He told her how he'd felt, sitting there in the theatre. He accused her, as his wrath burned brighter, of having selected the thing to do that would hurt him worst, of having borne a grudge against him and avenged it.

It was the ignoblest moment of his life, and he knew it. The accusations he was making against her were nothing to those that were storing up in his mind against himself. The sense of rightness that would have made him gentle, had been carried away by the passion he'd shared with her, and he couldn't get it back.

He didn't look at her as he talked, and she didn't interrupt; said no word of denial or defense. The big outburst spent itself. He lapsed into an uneasy silence, got himself together again, and went on trying to restate his grievance—this time more reasonably, retracting a little. But under her continued silence he grew weakly irritated again.

When at last she spoke, he turned his eyes toward her and saw a sort of frozen look in her dull white face that he had never seen in it before. Her intonation was monotonous, her voice scarcely audible.

"I guess I understand," she said. "I don't know whether I wish I was dead or not. If I'd died when the babies were born. . . . But I'm glad I came away when I did. And I'm glad," she gave a faint shudder there at the alternative, "I'm glad I've got a job and that I can pay back that hundred dollars I owe you. I've had it quite a while. But I've kept it, hoping you might find out where I was and come to me, as you did, and that we might have a chance to talk. I thought I'd tell you how I'd earned it, and that you'd be a little—proud

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

with me about it, proud that I could pay it back so soon."

She smiled a little over that, a smile he had to turn away from. "If I couldn't pay it back to-night—after this, I'd feel like killing myself, or like—going out and earning it in the streets. Because that's what you've made me to-night!"

He cried out her name at that, but she went on as if she hadn't heard.

"I went away, you see, because I couldn't bear to have the love part of your life without a sort of friendly partnership in the rest of it. But I didn't know then that you could love me while you hated me, while you felt that I'd unspeakably degraded myself and disgraced you, so that while you loved me and had me in your arms, you felt degraded for doing it. I didn't know that till now. I suppose I'll be glad, some day, that it all happened; that I met you and loved you and had the babies, even though it's all had to end," she shuddered again, "like this."

It wasn't till he tried to speak that her apparent calm was broken. Then, with a sudden frantic terror in her eyes, she begged him not to—begged him to go away, if he had any mercy for her at all, quickly and without a word. In a sort of daze he obeyed her.

The tardy winter morning, looking through her grimy window, found her sitting there, huddled in a big bath-robe, just as she'd been when he closed the door.

The Aldriches Hold a Council

TWO days later Rodney walked in on Frederica at breakfast, alone.

"Hello!" Frederica said, holding out a hand to him, but not rising. "Just in time for breakfast."

"Don't ring," he said quickly. "I've had all I want. My train got in an hour ago and I had a try at the station restaurant."

"Well, sit down, anyway," said Frederica. She reached out a cool, soft hand and laid it on one of Rodney's which rested limply on the table. There was rather a long silence—ten seconds, perhaps. Then:

"How did you find out about it?" Rodney asked.

They were both too well accustomed to these telepathic short-cuts to take any note of this one. She'd seen that he knew, just with her first glance at him there in the doorway; and something a little tenderer and gentler than most of her caresses about this one, told him that she did.

"Harriet's back," she said. "She got in day before yesterday. Constance said something to her about it, thinking she knew. They've thought all along that you and I knew, too. Harriet was quick enough and clever enough to pretend she did and yet find out about it, all at the same time. So that's so much to the good. That's better than having them find out we didn't know. Of course Harriet came straight to me. I'm glad it was Harriet that Constance spoke to about it and not me. I'd probably have given it away. But Harriet never batted an eye."

"No," said Rodney. "Harriet wouldn't."

It was a certain dryness in his intonation rather than the words themselves that Frederica answered. "She'd do anything in the world for you, Roddy," she said, with a vaguely troubled intensity. And then: "How did you find out about it, Roddy? Who told you?"

"No one," he said, in a voice unnaturally level and dry. "I went to see the show on the recommendation of a country client, and there she was on the stage."

"Oh!" cried Frederica—a muffled, barely audible cry of passionate sympathy. Then: "Roddy," she demanded, "are you sure it's true? Are you absolutely sure that it's really Rose? Or if it is, that she's in her right mind—that she hasn't just wandered off as people do sometimes, without knowing who they are?"

"There's nothing in that notion," he said. "It's Rose all right, and she knows what she's doing."

"You mean you've seen her off the stage—talked with her?"

He nodded.

She pulled in a long sigh of anticipatory relief.

"Well, then," she demanded, "what did she say? How did she explain how she *could* have done such a thing as that?"

"I didn't ask her to explain," said Rodney. "I asked her to come home and she wouldn't."

"Oh, it's wicked!" she cried. "It's the most abominably selfish thing I ever heard of!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Pull up, Freddy!" he said. Rather gently, though, for him. "There's no good going on like that. And besides . . . You were saying Harriet would do anything in the world for me. Well, there's something *you* can do. You're the only person I know who can."

Her answer was to come around behind his chair, put her cheek down beside his, and reach for his hands. "Let's get away from this miserable breakfast-table," she said. "Come up to where I live, where we can be safely by ourselves; then tell me about it."

In front of her boudoir fire, looking down on her as she sat in her flowered wing-chair, an enormously distended rug-covered pillow beside her knees waiting for him to drop down on when he felt like it, he began rather cautiously to tell her what he wanted.

"I'll tell you the reason why I've come to you," he began, "and then you'll see. Do you remember nearly two years ago, the night I got wet coming here to dinner—the night you were going to marry me off to Hermione Woodruff? We had a long talk afterward, and you said, speaking of the chances people took getting married, that it wasn't me you worried about, but the girl, whoever she might be, who married me."

The little gesture she made admitted the recollection, but denied its relevancy. She'd have said something to that effect, but he prevented her.

"No," he insisted, "it wasn't just talk. There was something to it. Afterward, when we were engaged, two or three times, you gave me tips about things. And since we've been married . . . Well, somehow, I've had the feeling that you were on her side; that you saw things her way—things that I didn't see."

"Little things," she protested; "little tiny things that couldn't possibly matter—things that any woman would be on another woman's side, as you say, about."

But she contradicted this statement at once. "Oh, I *did* love her!" she said fiercely. "Not just because she loved you, but because I thought she was altogether adorable. I couldn't help it. And of course that's what makes me so perfectly furious now—that she should have done a thing like this to you."

"All right," he said. "Never mind about that. This is what I want you to do. I want you to go to see her, and I want you to ask her, in the first place, to try to forgive me."

"What for?" Frederica demanded.

He ignored the question. "I want you to tell her," he went on, "that it's impossible that she should be more horrified at the thing I did, than I am myself. I want you to ask her, whatever she thinks my deserts are, to do just one thing for me, and that is to let me take her out of that perfectly hideous place. I don't ask anything else but that. She can make any terms she likes. She can live where or how she likes. Only—not like that. Maybe it's a deserved punishment, but I can't stand it!"

There was the crystallization of what little thinking he had managed to do in the two purgatorial days since he'd seen Rose—in the intervals of fighting off the memory of the dull, frozen agony he'd seen in Rose's face as he left her. He had spent those days locked up in his room, in a little down-state hotel where he had gone to think—a hotel in a town where he knew no one. At first there had been nothing in his mind at all—his whole being was a dull ache, a hollow, gnawing, physical ache. But he had felt that if he could once get the engine of his mind to going, he would be all right. He would find what was the right thing to do. Or if not that, at least something that was better to do than anything else. Here was the result. No great result, truly.

But reflect a moment what Rodney's life had been; how gently, for all his buoyant theories about the acceptance of discipline, the world, in its material aspect at any rate, had dealt with him. He'd always been rich, in the sense that his means had always been sufficient to his wants. He'd never in his life had an experience that even resembled Portia's with that old unpaid grocery bill. He'd enjoyed wearing shabby clothes, but he'd never worn them because he could afford no better. He'd always made a point of despising luxuries, to be sure. But it hadn't been brought to his attention at how high a level he drew the line between luxuries and mere decent necessities.

He wasn't, then, near so much of a Spartan as he thought. His long association with the Lakes and their friends might, you'd think, have brought him the consolatory reflection that a woman who earned even a successful chorus-girl's wages, needn't

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THERE WAS SOMETHING ALERT ABOUT HER POSE THAT SUGGESTED SHE WAS EXPECTING SOMEBODY. AND THEN, NOT LOUD, BUT VERY DISTINCTLY: "RODDY," SHE SAID.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be pitied too lamentably on the score of poverty.

Rodney did know well enough, of course. He'd read the Sage Foundation reports on housing; he was familiar with the results of the Pittsburgh Survey. But the person in question now wasn't the Working Girl. It was his Rose!

Frederica, naturally, was mystified. "That's absurd, of course, Roddy," she said gently. "You haven't done anything to Rose to be forgiven for."

"You'll just have to take my word for it," he said shortly. "I'm not exaggerating."

"But, Roddy!" she persisted. "Oh, it's no wonder! You're all worn out. You look as if you hadn't slept for nights. But you *must* be sensible. What if you were angry and lost your temper and hurt her feelings? Heavens! Weren't you entitled to, after what she'd done? And when she'd left you to find it out like that?"

"I tell you, you don't know the first thing about it."

"I don't suppose you — beat her, did you?"

It was too infuriating, having him meek like this!

His reply was barely audible: "I might better have done it."

Frederica sprang to her feet. "Well, then, I'll tell you!" she said. "I won't go to her. I'll go if you'll give me a free hand. If you'll let me tell her what I think of what she's done and the way she's done it—not letting you know—not giving you a chance. But go and beg her to forgive *you*, I won't."

"All right," he said dully. "You're within your rights, of course."

The miserable scene dragged on a little longer. Frederica cried and pleaded and stormed without moving him at all. He seemed distressed at her grief, urged her to treat his request as if he hadn't made it; but he explained nothing, answered none of her questions.

It was an enormous relief to her, and, she fancied, to him, for that matter, when, after a premonitory knock at the door, Harriet walked in upon them.

The situation didn't need much explaining, but Frederica summed it up while the others exchanged their coolly friendly greetings, with the statement:

"Rod's been trying to get me to go to Rose and say that it was all his fault, and I won't."

"Why not?" said Harriet. "What earthly thing does it matter whose fault it is? He can have it his fault if he likes."

"You know it isn't," Frederica muttered rebelliously.

Harriet seated herself delicately and deliberately in one of the curving ends of a little Victorian sofa, and stretched her slim legs out in front of her.

"Certainly I don't care whose fault it is," she said. "You never get anywhere by trying to decide a question like that. What I'm interested in is what can be done about it. It's not a very nice situation. Nobody likes it—at least I should *think* Rose would be pretty sick of it by now. She may have been crazy for a stage career, but she's probably seen that the chorus of a third-rate musical comedy won't take her anywhere. The thing's simply a mess, and the only thing to do is to clear it up as quickly and as decently as we can—and it can be cleared up if we go at it right. Of course the thing to do is to get her out of that horrible place as soon as we can. And I suppose the best way of doing it will be to get her into something else—take her down to New York and work her into a small part in some good company. Almost anything, if it came to that, so long as it wasn't music. Oh, and have her use her own name, and let us make as much of it as we can. Face it out. Pretend we like it. I don't say it's ideal, but it's better than this."

"Her own name!" he echoed blankly. "Do you mean she made one up?"

Harriet nodded. "Constance mentioned it," she said, "but that was before I knew what she was talking about. And of course I couldn't go back and ask. Daphne something, I think. It sounded exactly like a chorus name, anyhow." And then: "Well, how about it? Will you play the game?"

"Oh, yes," he said, with a docility that surprised Frederica. "I'll play it. It comes to exactly the same thing, what we both want done, and our reasons for doing it are important to nobody but ourselves."

She turned to Frederica. "You, too, Freddy?" she asked. "Will you give your moral principles a vacation and take Rod's message to Rose, even though you may think it's Quixotic nonsense?"

"I'll see Rose myself," said Rodney quietly.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Rodney Finds an Address

RODNEY'S docility went to the length of a Turkish bath, a good sleep, fresh clothes, and the first decently cooked meal he had had since he'd dined at the club three days before. When he turned into his office, about five o'clock, he was his own man again, perfectly capable of a greeting to Craig and Miss Beach which consigned the last scene between them here in the office to oblivion.

His fortitude was put to the test, too, during the first five minutes. In the stack of correspondence on his desk to which Miss Beach directed his attention, was an unopened envelope addressed to him in Rose's handwriting. He couldn't restrain, of course, a momentary wild hope that she had written to tell him he was forgiven. But he paused to steel himself against this hope before looking to see what the thing contained.

It was well he did so, because there was nothing in it but a postal money-order for a hundred dollars; not an explanatory line of any sort. Of course the message it carried didn't need writing. It smarted like a slap across the face. Yet, down underneath the smart, he felt something that glowed more deeply, a feeling he couldn't have named or recognized, of pride in her courage.

He was badly in need of something to be proud of, too, for the next two days were full of humiliations.

When he told Harriet and Frederica that he would see Rose himself, he hadn't any program for carrying out this intention. He didn't want to wait for her again at the stage-door. There mustn't be anything about their next talk together to remind her of their last one, and it would be better if she could be assured in advance that she had nothing to fear from him. So the first thing to do was to write her a letter that would show her how he felt and how little he meant to ask. But before he could write the letter he must learn her name.

He thought of Jimmy Wallace as a person who'd be able to help him out here, but in the circumstances Jimmy was the last person he wanted to go to. There was no telling how much Jimmy might know about the situation already. The intolerable thought occurred to him that Rose might even have talked with Jimmy about going on the stage before she left his house. No, the person to see was the manager of the theatre. He'd describe Rose to him and ask him who she was.

His attempt to carry out this part of his plan was disastrously unsuccessful. Theatrical managers no doubt cherish an ideal of courteous behavior. But since ninety-nine out of a hundred of the strangers who ask for them at the box-office window are actuated by a desire to get into their theatres without paying for their seats, they develop, protectively, a manner of undisguised suspicion toward all people who don't know them, and toward about three-quarters of those who pretend they do. It wasn't a manner Rodney was accustomed to, and it irritated him. Then, until he had got his request half stated, it didn't occur to him in what light the manager would be amply justified in regarding it. That notion, which he interpreted from a look in the manager's face, confused and angered him, and he stumbled and stammered.

"We don't do that sort of thing in this theatre," the manager said loudly (the conversation had taken place in the lobby of the theatre, too), and turned away.

The grotesque improbability of the true explanation that the woman whose name he was inquiring about was his wife, silenced Rodney and turned him away.

He spent the rest of that evening, and a good part of the next day, trying to think of some alternative to waiting again at the stage-door. But, except for the still inadmissible one of going to Jimmy Wallace, he couldn't think of one.

So, at a quarter past seven that night, he stationed himself once more in the miserable alley, to wait for Rose. Seeing her before the show would, he thought, be an improvement on waiting till after it. The mere fact that they wouldn't have very long to talk, ought to reassure her that he didn't mean to take any advantages. He could show her how contrite he was, how little he meant to ask, and then leave it to her to select a place and time to talk over the terms of their treaty.

He waited from a quarter after seven to half-past eight, but Rose didn't come. The thought that perhaps he hadn't taken his station early enough, sent him back to another vigil at half-past ten. At a quarter

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to twelve, his patience exhausted, he opened the stage-door and told the doorman he was waiting for one of the girls in the sextette. The doorman informed him they had all gone home.

There was, unfortunately, no matinée the next day, and it was only by the exercise of all the will-power he had that he stayed in his office and did his work and waited for the hour of the evening performance. Then he went to the theatre and bought a ticket. When the sextette made its first appearance on the stage, he saw that another girl than Rose was taking her part. He went out into the lobby, and once more sought the manager. But this time with a different air.

"Haven't you an office somewhere where we can talk?" he demanded. "This is important."

Evidently the manager saw it was, because he conducted him to a small room with a desk in it, half-way up the balcony stairs, and nodded him to a chair.

"There was a young woman in your company," Rodney said, "in the sextette. She isn't playing to-night. I want to know what her stage name is and where she can be found. I assure you that it's of the first importance to her that I should find her."

The manager looked perplexed and rather unhappy. But he didn't tell Rodney what he wanted to know. "She's left the company," he said, "permanently. That's all I can tell you."

"Is she ill?" Rodney demanded.

The manager said not that he knew of, but this was all that was to be got out of him.

The thing that finally silenced Rodney and sent him away, was the reflection that the man might be withholding information about her, upon Rose's own request.

He went away, sore, angry, discouraged. Jimmy Wallace seemed about the only hope there was. But he'd be damned if he'd go to Jimmy. Not yet, anyway. And then he thought of Portia!

She'd tell him. She'd have to tell him. Why hadn't he thought of her before? He'd write to her the message to Rose he'd tried to get Frederica to carry. Only, that would take so long! And he didn't dare telegraph lest in some way Mrs. Stanton might be frightened. Well then, he *would* go to Jimmy Wallace!

He telephoned to Jimmy at his newspaper office the next morning. But it was about half-past four in the afternoon before he got him. Jimmy couldn't leave for another hour, it seemed. It was his afternoon at home to press-agents, and he always gave them till five-thirty to drop in. But he didn't think there would be any more to-day, and if Rodney would come over . . .

Rodney got into a taxi and came, and found the critic at his shabby old desk under a green-shaded electric light, in the midst of a vast solitude.

"I've come," said Rodney, finding a sort of fierce satisfaction in grasping the nettle as tightly as possible, "to see if you can tell me anything about my wife."

Jimmy may have felt a bit flushed and flustered, but his face didn't show it, and an imaginative insight he was in the habit of denying the possession of, led him to draw most of the sting out of the situation, with the first words he said.

"I'll tell you all I know, of course, but it isn't much. Because I haven't had a word with her since the last time I dined at your house, 'way back last September, I think it was. I saw her on the stage at the Globe, the opening night of 'The Girl Up-stairs,' and I saw that she recognized me. That's how I knew it was really she. And—well, I want you to know this! I haven't told anybody that she was there."

"You needn't tell me that," said Rodney. "I'm sure of it. But I'm glad you did tell me the other thing. But here's the situation: she's left that company; left it, I believe, as a result of a talk I had with her after I found her there, and I don't know where she is. The one thing I have got to do, just now, is to find her. I've asked at the theatre, and they won't tell me. I imagine they're acting on her instructions. And as I don't even know the name she goes by, I've found it pretty hard to get anywhere. I want you to help me."

"Her name there at the Globe was Doris Dane," said Jimmy, "and I imagine that unless she's left the show business altogether, she'll have kept it; because it would be, in a small way, an asset. And as she'll be easier to find if she has stayed in the business than if she hasn't, why, that's the presumption to begin on."

He lighted his pipe and lapsed into a thoughtful silence. "How long ago was it you talked to her?" he asked presently.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"It's just about a week," said Rodney.

"Well," said Jimmy, "they sent out a Number Two company of 'The Girl Upstairs' last Sunday night. If she had any reason for wanting to leave Chicago, she might, I should think, have gone to them and asked them to let her go out on the road with that. They wouldn't have done it, of course, unless she'd convinced them that she was going to quit the Chicago company anyway. But if she had convinced them of that, they'd have done it right enough. On the whole, that seems to be the likeliest place to look."

"Yes," said Rodney, "I think it is. Well, have you any way of finding out where the Number Two company is playing?"

Jimmy was rummaging in the litter of magazines on top of his desk. He pulled one out and searched among the back pages of it for a moment.

"Here we are!" he said. "'The Girl Upstairs,'" and he began reading off the route. "They're playing to-night," he said, "at Cedar Rapids; to-morrow night in Dubuque." He glanced at his watch. "And the quickest and surest way to find out if she's with the company is to ask Alec McEwen. He's the press-agent of the company here, and he'd be sure to know."

"He'd know," Rodney demurred; "but would he tell?"

"He'd tell me," said Jimmy. "And we can find him easily enough at this time of the day. I'll guarantee to locate him within three bars. There'll be no one in to see me after this," he went on, slamming down the roll top of his desk, "so we may as well go straight at it."

Jimmy hadn't overestimated his knowledge of little Alec McEwen's orbit. They walked together to the corner of Clark and Randolph streets and, working radially from there, in the third bar they found him.

It was a cramped, cluttered room, thick with highly varnished carved woodwork and upholstered leather. Its principal ornament was a nude Bouguereau in a red-draped alcove, heavily overlighted and fearfully framed. The sort of picture any one would have yawned at in a gallery, it acquired here, from the hard working indecency of its intent, a weak salaciousness.

Rodney found himself being led up to a group in the far corner of the bar, and guessed rightly that the young man with the high voice and the seemingly permanent smile, who greeted Jimmy with a determined facetiousness, "Hello, old top! Drunk again?"—was the man they sought.

"Not yet," said Jimmy, "but I'm willing to help you along. What'll it be?" Then to Rodney: "This is Mr. Alexander McEwen, the leading liar among our local press-agents." He added quickly: "You didn't come around this afternoon, so I suppose there's nothing stirring. How's business over at the Globe?"

"Immense," said Alec. "Sold out three times last week."

"Do you hear anything," Jimmy asked, "about the road company?—what they're doing?"

"Rotten," said Alec. "But that don't worry Goldsmith and Block. They sold out their road rights to Block's brother-in-law."

"By the way," said Jimmy, "who's the girl in the sextette that's quit?"

"Doris Dane?" said little Alec. "Say no more. So you were on that lay, too, you old fox!" His smile widened as he looked around at Rodney, and his voice turned to a crow. "Trust this solemn old bird not to miss a bet. She was some lady, all right! Why," he went on to Jimmy, "she had some sort of row with her lover; big brute that used to lie in wait for her in the alley. You ought to hear the ponies go on about it. So she gets scared and goes to Goldsmith and gets herself sent out with the Number Two. And Goldsmith—believe me—crazy! He had his eye on it, too."

Jimmy finished his drink with a jerk. "Come along," he said to Rodney. "I don't like this place. Let's get out."

Rodney managed a nod that seemed unconcerned enough, in response to Jimmy's suggestion, and followed him out to the sidewalk. The sort of florid rococo chivalry that would have "vindicated his wife's honor" by knocking little Alec down, was an inconceivable thing to him. But the thing cut deep. He felt bemired. He wouldn't have minded that, of course, except that the miry way he'd trodden since he'd first gone to the stage-door for Rose, was the way she'd taken ahead of him.

He must overtake her and bring her back!

"I'm a thousand times obliged," he said in an even enough tone to Jimmy. "I'll find her at Dubuque, then, to-morrow."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"She'll be there, right enough," said Jimmy.

Then, to make the separation they both wanted come a little easier, he invented an errand over on State Street and nodded Rodney farewell.

For the next half-hour he cursed himself with vicious, heartfelt fluency, for a fool. Mightn't he have known what little Alec McEwen would say?

Rodney Makes Rose a New Proposition

IT WAS a beastly day in Dubuque. A gusty rain, whipping up from the south, by way of answer to the challenge of a heavy snowfall the day before, inflicted a combination of the rigors of winter with a debilitating, disquieting hint of spring. The train, for which the company had been routed out that morning at seven o'clock, had been blistering hot, and the necessarily open windows had let in choking clouds of smoke.

The hotel was hot, too. Rose, as soon as she had registered, went up to her room and washed off the stains of travel as well as she could in water that was the color of weak coffee. Then, in a kimono, she stretched out on the bed to make up some of the rest their early departure from Cedar Rapids had deprived her of. She did this methodically whenever opportunity offered, but without any great conviction.

Presently a knock on the door aroused her. A grinning bell-boy was there with a folded bit of paper in his hand.

"It's a mistake, I think," she said, but he recited the number of her room correctly, so she held out her hand for it, but detained the boy. When she saw Rodney's name signed to it she went back into the room and carried the note to the window.

"I want to see you very much," it said, "and shall wait in the lobby unless you say impossible. I'll submit to any conditions you wish to make. No bad news."

Rose stood there a long time. Then, with great swiftness, she began to dress.

The thing that moved her to an extent that terrified her, was that last phrase. The desire it showed to play fair with her; the unwillingness to take advantage of a fear his coming like that might have inspired her with. And then the way he had made it possible for her, with a single word, to send him away! And the restraint of that "I want to see you very much!" It wasn't like any Rodney she knew, to be humble like that. His humility stripped her of her armor. If he'd been imperious, she could have gone down to meet him with her head up. Suppose she found him broken, aged, with a dumb need for her crying out in his eyes, what would she do? What could she trust herself not to do? But just in human mercy to him she mustn't let him see she was wavering.

Their meeting was a shock to both of them; an incredible, mocking sort of anti-climax.

He was standing near the foot of the stairs when she came down, with a raincoat on and a newspaper twisted up in his hand, and at sight of her, he took off his soft wet hat, and crushed it up along with the newspaper. He moved over toward her, but stopped two or three feet away. "It's very good of you to come," he said, his voice lacking a little of the ridiculous stiffness of his words, not much. "Is there some place where we can talk a little more—privately than here? I sha'n't keep you long."

"There's a room here somewhere," she said. "I noticed it this morning when we came in. Oh, yes! It's over there."

The room she led him to was an appropriately preposterous setting for the altogether preposterous talk that ensued between them. It had a mosaic floor with a red plush carpet on it, two stained-glass windows in yellow and green, flanking an oak mantel which framed an enormous expanse of mottled purple tile, with a diminutive gas-log in the middle. A glassy-looking oak table occupied most of the room, and the chairs that were crowded in around it were upholstered in highly polished coffee-colored horse-hide, with very ornate nails.

"It's dreadfully hot in here," Rose said. "You'd better take off your coat." She squeezed in between the table and one of the chairs, and seated herself.

Rodney threw down his wet hat, his newspaper, and then his raincoat, on the table, and slid into a chair opposite her.

"I want to tell you first," Rodney said—and his manner was that of a schoolboy reciting to his teacher an apology which has been rehearsed at home under the sanction of paternal authority—"I want to tell you how deeply sorry I am for . . . I want to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

say that you can't be any more horrified over what I did—that night than I am."

He had his newspaper in his hands again and was twisting it up. His eyes didn't once seek her face. But they might have done so in perfect safety, because her own were fixed on his hands and the newspaper they crumpled.

He didn't presume to ask her forgiveness, he told her. He couldn't expect that; at least not at present. He went on lamely, in broken sentences, repeating what he'd said already in still more inadequate words. He was unable to stop talking until she should say something, it hardly mattered what. And she was unable to say anything. There was a reason for this:

The thing that had amazed her by crowding up into her mind, demanding to be said, was that she forgave him utterly—if indeed she had anything more to forgive than he. She'd never thought of it before. Now she realized that it was true. He was as guiltless of premeditation on that night as she. If he had yielded to a rush of passion, even while his other instincts felt outraged by the things she had done, hadn't she yielded too, without ever having tried to tell him certain material facts that might change his feeling? They'd both been victims, if one cared to put it like that, of an accident; had ventured, incautiously, into the rim of a whirlpool whose irresistible force they both knew.

She fought the realization down with a frantic repression. It wasn't—it couldn't be true! Why hadn't she seen it was true before? Why must the reflection have come at a moment like this, while he sat there, across the table from her in a public room, laboriously apologizing?

WHEN SHE SAW RODNEY'S NAME SIGNED TO IT, SHE WENT BACK INTO THE ROOM AND CARRIED THE NOTE TO THE WINDOW.

The formality of his phrases got stiffer and finally congealed into a blank silence.

Finally she said, with a gasp: "I have something to ask you to—forgive me for. That's for leaving you to find out—where I was, the way you did. You see, I thought at first that no one would know me, made up and all. And when I found out I would be recognizable, it was too late to stop—or at least it seemed so. Besides, I thought you knew. I saw Jimmy Wallace out there the opening night, and saw he recognized me, and—I thought he'd tell you. And then I kept seeing other people out in front after that, people we knew, who'd come to see for themselves, and I thought, of course, you knew. And—I suppose I was a

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

coward—I waited for you to come. I wasn't, as you thought, trying [to hurt you. But I can see how it must have looked like that."

He said quickly: "You're not to blame at all. I remember how you offered to tell me what you intended to do before you went away, and that I wouldn't let you."

Silence froze down upon them again.

"I can't forgive myself," he said at last, "for having driven you out—as I'm sure I did — from your position in the Chicago company. I went back to the theatre to try and find you, three days after—after that night, but you were gone. I've been trying to find you ever since. I've wanted to take back the things I said that night—about being disgraced and all. I was angry over not having known when the other people did. It wasn't your being on the stage. We're not as bigoted as that.

"I've come to ask a favor of you, though, and that is that you'll let me—let us all—help you. I can't—bear having you live like this, knocking about like this, where all sorts of things can happen to you. And going under an assumed name. I've no right to ask a favor, I know, but I do. I ask you to take your own name again—Rose Aldrich. And I want you to let us help you to get a better position than this, that is, if you haven't changed your mind about being on the stage; a position that will have more hope and promise in it. I want you to feel that we're—with you."

"Who are 'we'?" She accompanied that question with a straight look into his eyes.

"Why," he said, "the only two people I've talked with about it—Frederica and Harriet. I thought you'd be glad to know that they felt as I did."

The first flash of real feeling she had shown, was the one that broke through on her repetition of the name "Harriet!"

"Yes," he said, and he had, for about ten seconds, the misguided sense of dialectical triumph. "I know a little how you feel toward her, and maybe she's justified it. But not in this case. Because it was Harriet who made me see that there wasn't anything—disgraceful about your going on the stage. It was her own idea that you ought to use your own name and give us a chance to help you. She'll be only too glad to help."

During the short while she let elapse before she spoke, his confidence in the conviction-carrying power of this statement ebbed somewhat, though he hadn't seen yet what was wrong with it.

"Yes," she said at last, "I think I can see Harriet's view of it. 'As long as Rose had run away and joined a fifth-rate musical comedy in order to be on the stage, and as long as everybody knew it, the only thing to do was to get her into something respectable so that you could all pretend you liked it. It was all pretty shabby, of course, for the Aldriches, and, in a way, what you deserved for marrying a person like that. Still, that was no reason for not putting the best face on it you could.' And that's why you came to find me!"

"No, it isn't," he said furiously. His elaborately assumed manner had broken down, anyway. "I came because I couldn't help coming. I've been—sick ever since that night over the way you were living, over the sort of life I'd—driven you to. I've felt I couldn't stand it. I wanted you to know that I'd assent to *anything*, any sort of terms you wanted to make that didn't involve—this. If it's the stage, all right. Or if you'd come home—to the babies. I wouldn't ask anything for myself. You could be as independent of me as you are here . . ."

He'd have gone on elaborating this program further but that the look of blank incredulity in her face stopped him.

"I say things wrong," he concluded with a sudden humility that quenched the spark of anger in her eyes. "I was a fool to quote Harriet, and I haven't done much better in speaking for myself. I can't make you see . . ."

"Oh, I can see plainly enough, Roddy," she said, with a tired little grimace that was a sorry reminder of her old smile. "I guess I see too well. I'm sorry to have hurt you and made you miserable. I knew I was going to do that, of course, when I went away, but I hoped that, after a while, you'd come to see my side of it. You can't at all. You couldn't believe that I was happy in that little room up on Clark Street, that I thought I was doing something worth doing; something that was making me more nearly a person you could respect and be friends with. And, from what you've said just now, it seems as if you couldn't believe even that I was a person with any decent *self*-respect. The notion that I could blackmail your family into lending me their name and social position to get me a better job on the stage

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

than I could earn! Or the notion that I could come back to your house and pretend to be your wife without even . . . !"

The old possibility of frank talk between them was gone. She couldn't complete the sentence.

"So I guess," she concluded after a silence, "that the only thing for you to do is to go home and forget about me as well as you can and be as little miserable about me as possible. I'll tell you this, that may make it a little easier; you're not to think of me as starving or miserable, or even uncomfortable for want of money. I'm earning plenty to live on, and I've got over two hundred dollars in the bank. So, on that score at least, you needn't worry."

There was a long silence while he sat there twisting the newspaper in his hands, his eyes downcast, his face dull with the look of defeat that had settled over it.

In the security of his averted gaze, she took a long look at him. Then, with a wrench, she looked away.

"You will let me go now, won't you?" she asked. "This is—hard for us both, and it isn't getting us anywhere. And—and I've got to ask you not to come back. Because it's impossible, I guess, for you to see the thing my way. You've done your best to, I can see that."

He got up out of his chair, heavily, tiredly; put on his raincoat, and stood, for a moment, crumpling his soft hat in his hands, looking down at her. She hadn't risen. She'd gone limp all at once, and was leaning over the table.

"Good-by," he said at last.

She said "Good-by, Roddy," and watched him walking across the lobby and out into the rain. He'd left his newspaper. She took it, gripped it in both hands, just as he'd done; then, with an effort, got up and mounted the stairs to her room.

The violent struggle she had had to make during the last few moments in her effort to retain her self-control, had pretty well exhausted her. Only, had it been self-control after all? That question shook her. Had she meant to be merciless to him like that; to send him away utterly discouraged in his sad humility, when the touch of an outreached hand would have changed the whole face of the world for him? Had she really been as noble as she felt while she was defending the impregnable righteousness of her position and so completely demolishing his?

Despite the suffering she had caused him, he had crucified his pride again and come to find her; not with reproaches—with utter contrition and humility. The measures he'd suggested for easing their strained situation were, to be sure, maddeningly beside the mark. The fact that he'd offered them betrayed his complete failure to understand the situation. But it had cost him, evidently, as much pain to work them out and bring them to her as if they had been the real solvents he took them for. And she had contemptuously torn them to shreds, and sent him away feeling like an unpardoned criminal.

Yet now, she protested, she was being as unfair to herself as she had been to him. What sort of situation would they have found themselves in, had she confessed her true new feelings about the love-storm that had swept over them, that night of the February gale? What good would protestations of love and sympathy for him do, if she had to go on denying him the tangible evidence and guarantee of these feelings? She must deny them. Could she go home to him now, a repentant prodigal? Or even if, after hearing her story, he denied she was a prodigal—professed to see in it a reason for taking her fully into his life as his friend and partner? They might have a wonderful week together, living up to their new standard, professing all sorts of new understandings. But the thing wasn't to be for a week. It was for the rest of their lives. She'd never be able to feel that, in the bottom of his heart, he wasn't ashamed of her, as his world would say he ought to be. What satisfying guarantee could he ever give her that he wasn't ashamed? She couldn't think of any.

Oh, it was all hopeless! What were they but chips floating down the current; thrown together by one casual eddy, and parted by another! Half an hour ago, longing for each other unspeakably, they had been within hand's reach. Now, thanks to a few meaningless words, arguments, ideas, they were parted and she was clutching, as a sole tangible memento of him, a rolled-up newspaper which she loved because she'd seen his strong, lean hands gripping it.

She unrolled it and pressed it against her face, then laid it on her knee and smoothed out its rumpled folds and stroked it. Mechanically she read the headlines: Mortimore Banks Crash! She knew who

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Mortimore was. Once a powerful boss, now a discredited politician. He'd owned a whole string of banks, it appeared, whose solvency seemed to have evaporated along with the decay of his prestige.

She read without interest, but just because it was printed in black-faced type, a list of the banks in Chicago that the examiner had closed. But presently she turned back with a look a little more thoughtful, and read it again. The names of banks were so absurdly alike, one never could tell. Presently she went over to her suit-case, rummaged in it, and produced a little bank-book. Then she dropped the book and the newspaper together into her bag and shut it.

She smiled a little cynically. Would she have refused Rodney's offer of help, she wondered, if she had known an hour ago that the two hundred dollars she'd relied on so confidently to pull her out of this rut and give her a fresh start whenever she was ready to attempt it, had gone into the pockets of that fat-faced politician?

Stranded

FROM Dubuque the company made a circuit northward into Wisconsin and Minnesota, swung around a loop, and worked their way south again. Disaster stalked behind them all the way, casting its lengthening shadow before for them to walk in. On the very first salary day after Rodney's newspaper had informed Rose of her true financial situation, the manager doled out a little money on account to the more exigent members of the company, and remunerated the others with thanks, a nervous smile, and the rock-ribbed assurance that they'd get it all next week. The long jump they'd just taken, and a couple of bad houses (they were all bad, but the two he spoke of couldn't be called audiences at all, except by courtesy) had caused a temporary stringency.

Rose saw what the more experienced members of the company were doing and knew that she ought to follow their example: keep after the manager for her money, hound him, appeal to him, invent fictitious needs, and then not spend a cent except what was absolutely wrung out of her by necessity, so that when the crash came she wouldn't be left penniless. But she lacked the energy to do it.

Somehow the days dragged along until the pursuing and long-visible disaster finally overtook the company in Centropolis, Illinois (this is not the real name of the city, but it is no more flagrant a misnomer than the one it boasts). They played a matinée here and an evening performance to two almost empty houses that gave them the *coup de grace*.

There was no call posted on the bulletin-board that night, and the next day, after a brisk exchange of telegrams with Chicago, the manager called the company together in one of the sample-rooms of the hotel and announced that the tour was off. He also announced, with a magnanimity which put far into the background the fact that he owed them all at least two weeks' salary, that everybody in the company would be provided with a first-class ticket for Chicago.

Rose didn't go to the railway station to sign her receipt and get her ticket to Chicago. What was there in Chicago for her? She meant to stay, for the present, at any rate, in Centropolis. She checked her suit-case in the coat-room, and, with a sensation of relief, watched the mournful company file away.

She had three dollars and some small change, and the day before her.

Rose Again Hunts a Job

CENTROPOLIS wasn't a very big town, but it had a wide, well-paved street lined with stores, and a pleasant variety of gravel roads winding round hills which had neat and fairly prosperous-looking houses scattered over them. A rather dignified old court-house among the big trees of the Square proclaimed the place a county-seat. It was a warm April day; the grass was green and the little leaves already were bursting out on the shrubbery.

Rose's idea was to stroll about a little and get her bearings first, and then go into one store after another on Main Street until she should find a job. She had no serious misgiving that she wouldn't get one eventually; before night, this was to say.

But her confidence was short-lived. She cut short her ramble about the streets because of the stares she attracted, and the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

remarks about herself that she couldn't ignore. Young men shouted at each other, directing attention to her with a brutality of epithet that brought the blood to her cheeks.

People got together in groups and nodded at her, pointed at her. A few of them leered, but more of them scowled. There seemed to be a sense of outrage that she hadn't left the town when the rest did.

There was a dry-goods store on the principal corner of the street, which she'd selected as she walked along as the place to begin her quest. She made a detour around two or three blocks in order to avoid retracing her steps down Main Street and slipped into the door of this establishment as unostentatiously as she could.

She was saved inquiring for the proprietor by the conviction that the rather dapper-looking, gray-haired man who came blinking toward her in a near-sighted way as she paused in the main aisle, was he.

"My name's Rose Stanton," she said as he came up. "I've come to see if I can get employment in your store."

His manner changed instantly. He came a step closer and stared at her with a surprise he didn't try to conceal.

"I haven't had any experience as a saleswoman," she went on, "and I know there's a lot to learn. But I'd work hard and learn as fast as——"

"Excuse me," he said, "but aren't you a member of that theatrical company that was here last night?"

The intensity with which he was staring at her made her look away, and her eyes rested on a young man whose strong family likeness to the proprietor identified him for her as his son. At this question he stared at her, too.

The older man whipped around upon his son. "Clear out, Jim," he said sharply. And then to Rose: "You haven't answered my question."

"I was a member of that company," she said. "But. . . ."

"We have no vacancy at present," he said sharply. "Good day."

She flinched a little, but stood her ground. "I said I wasn't experienced as a saleswoman," she said; "but there are some things I know a good deal about — clothes and hats——"

He hadn't stayed to listen; had walked straight to the door and opened it. Reluctantly she followed him.

"There's no place," he said, "in this store, or I trust in the town either, for young women of your sort. Good day!"

Rose made four more applications for work on Main Street, all with the same result. Some of those who refused her were panicky about it; one threatened to have her put in jail. One looked knowing, and after he had expressed, in jocular though emphatic terms, his sense of her impossibility as a publicly acknowledged employee, intimated a desire to prosecute a personal acquaintance with her further.

It was fortunate for Rose that her first applications were met by anger, rude discourtesy, and openly avowed suspicion, because this treatment roused in her, for the first time in months, a strong surge of indignation. Her blood came up after each of these encounters, nearer and nearer the boiling-point. The man who finally smiled at her like a satyr, was shriveled by the blaze of her blue eyes, and was left, red-faced, blustering weakly after her.

When she walked back to the hotel along Main Street, the lassitude which had so long held her half-paralyzed was gone. She was the old Rose again; the Rose whom Galbraith would have recognized—fearless, and, in a quite unreasoning way, confident. A sense of the unreality of the past weeks grew stronger in her. She felt like a person just waking out of a long, troubled dream.

She made her way among the loungers in the lobby of the hotel, not unmindful of their stares, but magnificently impervious to them; came up to the desk and told the clerk she wanted to see the proprietor.

"Nothing doing," said the clerk.

Then, as he got the straight look of her eyes, he amended his speech a little. "It won't do you any good to see him," he said sulkily.

"I'll see him, if you please," said Rose. "Will you have him called?"

The clerk hesitated. Stranded "actresses" weren't in the habit of talking like that. Then his difficulty was solved for him. "There he goes now," he said. "You can talk to him if you like."

The proprietor was sixty years old, perhaps; gray, stooped, stringy of neck. He had a good shrewd pair of eyes, not altogether unkindly. Rose had seen him before, but hadn't known who he was.

He was making, just now, for a little office he had, that opened into the railed-off space

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

behind the desk, and, by another door, into the corridor. He had another man with him, but it was evident that their business wasn't going to take long. The door into the corridor was left open behind them, and there Rose waited. When the other man came out, she stepped inside.

There was nothing kindly about the look the proprietor's eyes directed at her when he saw who she was. He looked up at her with a frown of resignation.

"So you didn't go to Chicago with the rest of the troupe?" he said. "That's where you made a mistake, I guess."

"I didn't want to go to Chicago," she said.

"I suppose," he drawled ironically, "you've written or telegraphed to some friends for money, and that it's surely coming, and that you want to stay here in my hotel on credit till it does. Well, there's not a chance in the world. The clerk could have told you that. I suppose he did."

"I haven't sent for money," said Rose. "There's no one I could send to. I've got to earn it for myself, and I thought there was as good a chance to earn it here as in Chicago."

"Well!" said the proprietor. "You've got your nerve with you, at any rate. But I'll tell you, young woman, the town of Centropolis don't take kindly to the efforts of young women of your sort to make a living, nor to the way they make it."

"You're wrong," said Rose, dangerously quiet, "if you think I mean to make a living in any other than a decent, honest way. I have already asked for work in five places on Main Street, and I have been refused as if I were the—sort of person you've just called me. I'm going to keep on until I find somebody in this town who's clean enough minded to recognize decency when he sees it. There are people like that, of course, even in Centropolis. I didn't come in here to borrow money of you, nor to ask for credit. I came to ask for a job as a waitress. Won't you give it to me?"

"Well, I should say not," said John Culver. "Look here! What's the use? Suppose you are what you say. . . ."

"You know I am," interrupted Rose.

"Well, I say, suppose it's true. What's the use? Do you think any decent storekeeper on Main Street would risk his reputation by giving a job to a stranded actress that had come here with a rotten show like the one you was with, or that I could have you in my dining-room? This is a respectable hotel, I tell you."

He broke off, a sudden twinkle in his eye. Then he smiled. "You might try Miss Gibbons," he said.

"Who is she?" Rose asked.

By now Culver was smiling broadly. Apparently there was something exquisitely humorous in the notion of an encounter between Rose and this lady he'd mentioned.

"She's lived," he said, "and practised gossip and millinery, for the last thirty years, up over the drug-store on the next corner. There's certainly nobody in this tier of counties whose opinion she's afraid of. But I don't recommend her seriously. You will get small comfort out of her."

"All right," said Rose, "we'll see."

She walked straight from the hotel to the stairs beside the drug-store on the next corner, which led up to Miss Gibbons's atelier. She walked fast, conserving, as a precious thing that might ebb away from her, the warm feeling of indignant contempt her talk with Culver had inspired her with. So it wasn't at all in the manner of a disheartened applicant for work that she pushed open the glass door with "*Gibbons. Modes,*" painted on it, and stepped inside.

A bell had rung somewhere in the distance as she opened the door, and there was no one in the room as she entered it. But she hadn't much time to look around; only long enough to get the impression that the place was somehow overflowing with hats, when another door opened, and a thin, gray-haired, tight little woman confronted her.

She was unmistakably Miss Gibbons, and in that first glance Rose liked her. Her features were rather too big for her small face—a big nose not finely made, a wide, thin-lipped mouth, and a long chin—and her eyes, looking very straight out through gold-rimmed spectacles, had a penetrating brightness about them that was a little formidable. It was not what one would call a good-natured face. But good-natured sentimentality was the last thing Rose was looking for.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. Her voice was as tight and brisk as the rest of her.

"I'm looking for a job," said Rose.

Miss Gibbons came a step closer, and her bright look pierced a little more deeply.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"DORIS DANE?" SAID LITTLE ALEC. "SAY NO MORE. SO YOU WERE ON THAT LAY, TOO, YOU OLD FOX!"

"So!" she said. "You're the actress, are you?"

Rose smiled at that. "I'm not a real actress," she said, "but I'm who you mean. I was a chorus-girl with that company that broke down here."

"Why didn't you go away when the rest of them did?" the milliner demanded.

"I decided I didn't want to go on being a chorus-girl," said Rose, "and I thought there was as good a chance of getting other work here as in Chicago."

"That was a sort of fool idea, I guess, wasn't it?" Miss Gibbons suggested.

"It seems so, up to now," said Rose. "I spent the morning on Main Street without having any luck. I went to five places, and I asked Mr. Culver to hire me as a waitress."

"And I reckon," said Miss Gibbons, "that he told you he kept a respectable hotel. He may have put some frills on it, but that's close enough to go on, isn't it?"

Rose nodded. In her relief at finding her situation so well understood she was turning a little limp.

"Why did you come to me?" Miss Gibbons demanded.

"Mr. Culver suggested it—though he warned me it wouldn't do any good," Rose said, smiling a little.

"I suppose that was his fool idea of being funny," the milliner commented. "He thought it was a chance to get me poison mad."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Rose nodded a little wearily. "Yes," she said, "I suppose that was it."

"Well," she said, "you came to me anyway, though you saw Culver meant it for a joke. Why did you do that?"

"I don't know," said Rose. "I thought I would."

"And you haven't told me yet," said Miss Gibbons, "that you're really straight and respectable. What have you got to say about that?"

"Nothing much," said Rose. "I am straight and respectable. But I suppose a woman who wasn't would pretend to be. So you will have to decide about that for yourself."

"Hmph!" grunted Miss Gibbons. "I don't know why I asked a fool question like that, unless it's because, like the rest of them, I live in Centropolis. I know what you are as well as you do yourself."

The words were brusk, and the inflection of them not much gentler, but they fell on Rose's heart like rain. She caught her breath, and, to her consternation, felt her eyes flushing with tears. She hadn't realized the tension she had been under until it was relaxed. She gave a shaky, half-suppressed sob, and then made a desperate effort to pull herself together.

"Now look here!" said Miss Gibbons, in a tone harder and dryer than ever. "I'm not going to take you in and pay you wages just because you're a cat in a strange garret and don't know where to turn. I'm not even going to do it to spite John Culver. But if you've got any sort of gumption about hats, I am going to do it, and the rest of this fool town can say what it likes and do what it pleases. So the thing for you to do is to quiet down sensibly and show me whether you can trim a hat."

It took Rose a few minutes to carry out the first part of this injunction. The rush of relief and gratitude and happiness shook her. Given *carte blanche* to design a special angel from heaven to come down and give her just the comfort and encouragement she wanted, she couldn't have imagined one as good as Miss Gibbons—with those keen, straight-looking eyes that had observed her fellow citizens of Centropolis for the past half century or so, not in vain; with her courageous common sense, and with that dry, cool, astringent manner, which lay with a pleasant healing sting on the lacerations of Rose's soul.

At last, when she thought she could trust her voice not to break absurdly, she smiled and said:

"What sort of hat do you want me to trim? I mean, for what sort of person?"

"What sort of person!" echoed Miss Gibbons, and gave Rose rather a keen look. "Why," she said, after hesitating a moment, "there's a silly old maid in this town. She ain't more than ten years younger than I am, but her hair's stayed sort of fluffy and yellow, and she's kept part of her looks, though not as much of them as she thinks. She was a beautiful girl at twenty, I'll say that for her. But she was a little too sure of herself, and took too long deciding among the young men of this town, until all at once she found that nobody wanted her. She's been trying ever since to show she doesn't care; and she pesters the life out of me twice a year trying to fit her out with a hat. I won't let her go around the streets looking like a giddy young fool, and that's what she's determined to do. So if you can suit her *and* me, you will be doing pretty well."

The description made a picture for Rose. And the picture in her mind's eye was surmounted by a hat; a hat that conceded some of the years that Miss Gibbons had insisted upon and her client was unwilling to acknowledge, and yet retained a jauntiness. She didn't know whether she could execute the thing she saw or not, out of the stock of materials at her disposal. But it hadn't cost her a thought or an effort to see the hat.

"All right," she said, after a bit. "I'll see what I can do. If you will show me where the things are——"

It was a much humbler sort of job, of course, designing a hat for a middle-aged village spinster, than making those dozen gowns for Goldsmith and Block had been. But this consideration never occurred to her. She found, and was not even amazed to find, the same thrill of exhilaration in conquering the small problem, that she had found in the larger one. She worked with the same swift, unconscious economy of labor and materials.

At the end of two hours she presented the result of her labors for the milliner's approval.

Miss Gibbons surveyed it with a smile of ironic appreciation. "It isn't what we'd call a real finished job," she commented after a minute inspection of some of the details of Rose's sewing. "I wouldn't trust

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

it in a high wind not to scatter all the way from here to the Presbyterian Church. But it will certainly suit Agatha Stebbins." She looked at it a while longer. "And I don't know," she concluded a little reluctantly, "as it'll look so almighty foolish on her, either. Will seven dollars a week suit you to begin on?"

"Yes," said Rose, "that will suit me very well indeed."

"All right," said Miss Gibbons. "That's settled. There's one more thing to settle now, and that's where you're going to live."

Rose contemplated this question a little blankly for a moment. "Do you suppose," she said, "there's any place in this town where I *can* live; where they'd take a person like me? Or would it be all right if you asked them?"

"Oh, I guess," said Miss Gibbons, "we could most likely find somebody. I'll think about it."

She gave Rose some work to do, and didn't refer to the matter again till nearly six o'clock. "I've been thinking," she said then, "that I've got room for a boarder myself. There's a little room back here that I don't use; there's a black girl does me out and cooks my dinner and supper, and I get my own breakfast. The girl could cook for two as well as one, and I guess I could feed you for two dollars a week. If that ain't satisfactory, you can just say so."

"Satisfactory!" said Rose, and once more her voice broke over the word.

"All right," said Miss Gibbons hastily, "we'll say no more about it. That's settled. I'll send the girl to the hotel to get your bags."

The Summons to New York

ROSE would probably have taken to Miss Gibbons in any circumstances. But coming into her life just when she did, the little woman was the shadow of a great rock to her. She was in a state, when she settled down in the milliner's spare back room over the drug-store, where all the warmer emotions seemed terrible to her. It was Rodney's love for her and hers for him that had bruised and lacerated her; that had made the winter months a long torment, unmitigated during the last of them by any form of adequate self-expression. To her, in that condition, any expression of friendship that was warm and soft and in the least sentimental, would have been almost unendurable. Miss Gibbons, in that acrid, antiseptic way of hers, washed her soul in cold water and clothed it again in the garments of self-respect.

Her manner to Rose, even as their friendship ripened and grew more confident, never changed. Nor did the manner Rose adopted toward her. Their endless talks resulted in a good deal of self-revelation, but this was never direct. Rose never explained how it happened that she was left at the mercy of the town of Centropolis by the failure of "The Girl Up-stairs" company. But she poured out for her friend a wealth of illustrative reminiscences, drawn from her childhood, her days at the university, her life on the stage; and, though she was a good deal more reticent about it, she even touched upon her married life with Rodney.

Miss Gibbons listened to all this with a hunger she didn't conceal, and this eagerness gave Rose a pretty vivid picture of the inner life the little woman had lived here in Centropolis. She'd made, after a fashion, a career of hats; had risen on them to a position of acknowledged social consequence. There were disquieting echoes in her, rhythms that answered to the pulsation of an ampler life. She never could hope to get out into it, she knew, but she took every opportunity she could get for a glimpse at it.

In a material way, her adoption of Rose was an immense success. Centropolis, when it learned the news, was thunderstruck. For a matter of hours, one might say, the town held its breath. Then it began to talk. The women began asking questions: What did the actress look like? The men offered lame descriptions. Rose had been seen, apparently, that morning on Main Street, by the entire male population, but their descriptions weren't satisfactory. Curiosity must be assuaged! But Rose never went into the stores on Main Street; never patronized the picture-show; and even had these glimpses been afforded, they'd have been pretty unsatisfactory. There was only one real way of discovering what the creature was like—that was to go and buy a hat of Lizzie Gibbons.

The first daring adventurer was Agatha Stebbins. Agatha found, you will remember, the hat Rose had already designed for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

her. And, as Miss Gibbons caustically disclaimed the authorship of it ("I'd never have made you up a thing like that, you can believe!"), and as Miss Stebbins, after a moment's hesitation, decided she adored it, another inducement, though perhaps a superfluous one, was offered for visits to the atelier.

"Of course she isn't what you could call genteel," Miss Stebbins explained, parading her acquisition, "and she's never had any advantages. And as to her moral character, I suppose the less said the better. Lizzie Gibbons can settle that question with her own conscience. But when it comes to hats, she's got more gimp in her little finger than Lizzie's got in both hands. Dear no! She's not what I call pretty. Not with a mouth like that. Of course the men——!"

So Miss Gibbons's spring business was distended to unrecognizable proportions. Rose fitted on hats in the show-room during business hours, and took a mischievous delight in the assumption of the intangible manner of a perfect shop-assistant; in saying "Yes, madam," and "No, madam," and "Will you try this, madam?" with a perfection of politeness which baffled the most determined curiosity. Miss Gibbons got as much fun out of it as she did.

Rose couldn't, of course, have stayed in Centropolis indefinitely. In time, that feeling of mounting energy would have driven her out in search of something that would test it. But when Galbraith's letter reached her, via Portia, during the last week in June, it took her a little aback.

Miss Gibbons had brought it in because Rose, even then, didn't go to the post-office. Miss Gibbons watched her tear open the big envelope addressed to Rose in the handwriting that always went with the California postmark, and saw her take another unopened letter out of it. She saw the girl's face set itself in a sudden gravity, watched her with a hungry misgiving while she read the inclosure, and felt the misgiving mount to an unhappy certainty when Rose put it away without comment.

But Rose wasn't certain, or she felt that night when she went to bed that she was not. Galbraith's letter frightened her a little. It was a dictated letter, very stiff, wholly businesslike. It offered to make her his personal assistant at a salary of fifty dollars a week. He summarized, in rather formidable terms, what her duties would be. He wished her to report to him promptly, July first, and to telegraph him at her earliest convenience, whether she accepted his offer. There was no explanation of his long delay in sending for her.

Rose had no illusions as to what its acceptance would mean. It would mean gripping life again with the full strength of both hands. It would mean many anxious days and sleepless nights. It would mean spurring herself to a high degree of competency. You didn't get fifty dollars a week for anything that was easy to do. She knew that now, by hard experience. And then the transplantation to New York would mean an end of the cool, healing peace of her present life. Things would begin happening to her that she couldn't foresee nor control. Feelings would begin happening to her; feelings of the sort that scorched and terrified you. They wouldn't happen to her here in Centropolis.

She fell asleep that night under the persuasion that the thing wasn't decided; that the safe, quiet, peaceful way was still open to her. But when she awakened in the morning she knew it was not.

"I surmise," said Miss Gibbons that morning at breakfast, "that you're figuring to go away."

Rose smiled and sighed. "I don't know how you guess things like that," she said, "but it's true. I must be in New York on the first of July."

"Well, the sooner the quicker," said Miss Gibbons dryly. "You came all at once, and I guess it's just as well you should go the same way. I guess neither of us is sorry you came, and I hope you'll never be sorry you went."

That was her nearest approach to an affectionate farewell. Rose managed to express her affection and gratitude a little more adequately, but not much. "It isn't the end of us, you know," she concluded. "You're coming to see me in New York."

Miss Gibbons smiled with good-natured skepticism at that.

Rose telegraphed Galbraith that morning, and she took the noon train for St. Louis. She needed a day or two there to make the modest supplements to her wardrobe that her savings permitted.

*The next instalment of "**The Real Adventure**" will appear in the January number.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This HEART-CHOKING LETTER

PERHAPS we should not have printed this letter. A woman in her condition and driven, as she feels herself, to the last fearful extremity, writes in desperation and may later regret having written. We pass the letter on to you for two reasons—one particular, one general. If this letter chokes your heart and you care to help, send us your mite for The Mother in Trouble. Our investigation reveals her worthy, and the facts as she has stated. Second, we believe this letter will help you to realize, possibly as never before, one of our greatest problems—large families and small wages: how not to rob the children, how not to kill the mothers, how not to make deficient citizens.

Not so many years ago, society did not bother itself much about such problems. Mothers would bear a dozen children and die at forty, and society, if it felt at all, pitied the unlucky husband. Thank God that is changed. But you who have leisure and the heart to help, may well work at this problem—work at the fundamental problem: How can good, clean men and women get a large enough reward for their labors to bring up good, clean families, and without the humiliation of having to accept charity? Also set your local town and church organizations to work to make sure that no deserving ones in your community are in torture.

Because EVERYBODY'S has tried always to champion the cause of the unfortunate, we receive a great many appeals. You will forgive us for passing this one on to you. We have sent something and will send more unless you wish to share the opportunity with us.

E. J. R.

October 4, 1915.

MR. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY:

I am desperate, so desperate that I can not think connectedly, so if there are misspelled words and bad construction in this letter you will understand. I am the mother of six children. The oldest is twelve and the baby is but a little more than a year old and I am pregnant again. The reason why this fact upsets my whole world is that we can not provide as fully as we ought for the six little folks already with us, and to allow another child to come is not fair to either the little ones now here, to the coming child, or to the father and mother. At present our income (which is uncertain at best), gives me but .13½ per day per individual with which to feed, clothe, shelter, provide fuel, and other numberless things incident to bringing up a family, to say nothing of doctors', dentists', and other emergency bills that will come up and can not be foreseen and planned for.

The fact is, a common laborer with a common laborer's wage can not support so large a family in decent comfort, to say nothing of educating them. To raise a family of children, or to assist in doing so, is, I believe, a most sacred and wonderful opportunity, and one of the most worthy undertakings one can attempt; but we are doing all we can—it isn't possible for my husband to earn more than his $1.50 or $1.75 per day, and even then steady work can not be relied upon.

As for myself, before there were so many babies I used to do a bit of newspaper work which helped just a bit, but now I do every bit of the work in and about the house, all the cooking, scrubbing, sewing, laundry and housework, whatever papering, painting, and other repair work that must be done, etc., besides helping my husband what I can and mothering my children if a possible moment can be found. To help out I pull all the teeth, attend to all the minor hurts and wounds, etc., and in all ways try to keep down expenses, make a home, and stretch our few dollars to the utmost.

But there is a limit to the elasticity of an income, there is a limit to human strength and endurance, and I am at my rope's end, although I can not see an end to my willingness or ambition—just simply can not do more or accept added responsibilities, especially so grave a one as another child under present circumstances.

You see we are trying to pay for our home

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

in addition to all the expenses of our family—and a family of children are a *growing* expense, of course, for years and years. If one is to have a home at all they must get it during their working years—if they wait until the children are grown, their old age is upon them and it is too late. There is $500 yet due on the mortgage, and we are behind $150—it will be $200 the first day of next April. Besides this, there are taxes of many kinds. At this moment the children need shoes, stockings, underclothes, winter coats, mittens and caps, as well as a lot of bedclothes which they simply can not have. How is a woman under this burden of worry and care and overwork to give to her child an even temper, physical well-being, and other desirable traits that depend so much on pre-natal conditions?

I love babies with all my soul. Were I financially able I would gladly give birth to a houseful—I would have a baby of my own as long as nature would allow—every instinct rebels against race-suicide—it is horrible as well as criminal, but I know that it is not so horrible, in this instance, as to force a child into a home where there is neither strength, time or money to care for it and give it even a fighting chance for those things which make life worth living. If conditions can not be changed, I must—I feel as if I *ought*—to put a stop to this child's coming. It is so terrible a thing to do I can not allow myself to think of it, but the things one ought to do are most always the hardest—such has been my experience.

There must be somewhere in this wonderful, beautiful world, some person or organization which would make things possible for this little child to come. Perhaps for the purpose of studying pre-natal influences, eugenics or something of this kind. Or possibly some one with a big heart and soul who wishes to further the well-being of children.

It is terrible, it's horrible. I am nearly wild to think of another dear, tender baby coming and the ones here are already going without so much all the time. It isn't as if one could make an impossibly heroic effort to meet the expense of the little one's first arrival—the little clothes and the doctor's bill and proper care of the mother which means so much to the baby, but a growing child is a growing expense—and so on and so on until I can neither sleep nor think.

Please write to me by return mail if possible, because if it is to be done it must be done soon. G. C. L.

BUT THIS IS ALSO EVERLASTING LIFE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

WE CALL this Time, and gage it by the clock,
Deep in such insect cares as suit that view:
As, whether dresses fit; what modes are new;
And where to buy, and when to barter, stock.
We think we have, based on some Scripture rock,
Claims on immortal life, to press when due:
Imagining some door between the two,
Our deaths will each, with presto change, unlock.

But this is also everlasting life:
On Monday, in the kitchen, field and store,
We are immortal; we, the man and wife—
Immortal now, or shall be nevermore.

Immortals in immortal values spend
Those lives that can no more begin than end.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped addressed envelope.

Old Mother Berry and her young grandson were on their way to town with a wagon-load of their farm products, when a huge automobile bore down upon them. Their horses became badly frightened, and began to prance about, whereupon Mother Berry leaped down and waved frantically to the chauffeur, screaming at the top of her voice. The chauffeur instantly stopped his car and offered to assist in getting the horses past.

"That's all right," said the lad, who remained composedly at the horses' heads. "I can manage the horses all right. You just lead grandmother past."

Austin was a commercial traveler, and one day, at a small hotel in a Southern town, he ordered for his breakfast two boiled eggs. When the old darky who served him returned, he brought him three.

"Why in the world did you bring me three eggs?" queried Austin. "I only ordered two!"

"Yes, sah," replied the old darky, with a smile and bow, "I know you did order two, sah, but I brought three, becase I jest natcherly felt dat one of dem might fail you, sah."

An auctioneer from Chicago was having a good time in San Francisco, when some one took him into a cheap music-hall just as an aged prima donna was endeavoring to render "an old favorite."

"A thousand leaves are falling," she began; and then her voice broke into a screech, and she had to stop, for she had pitched the song too high.

"Say, old girl," yelled the auctioneer, "you'd better start it at five hundred!"

Mr. Justice Day, of the United States Supreme Court, is not a large man physically. He is perhaps five feet six inches tall, and weighs about a hundred and thirty pounds. Attorney William R. Day, Jr., his son, known at the university as "Big Bill" Day, is impressive in height and width. He looms even among six-footers.

Attorney Day went to Washington to make his appearance before the august body of which his father is a member. He strode into the courtroom to the accompaniment of tinkling chandeliers, and after due preliminaries launched into his argument. The court listened gravely and impassively, meanwhile eyeing the magnificent proportions of the advocate.

Mr. Justice Holmes wrote on a piece of paper, as if noting a point for future consideration. Presently the paper reached Mr. Justice Day, who opened it and read: "My, the boy's a block off the old chip, isn't he, Day?"

"A party of women is a hen party," said the persuasive suffrage speaker. The men nodded. "And a party of men is a stag party." "Sure!" said the heads. "Then," she concluded triumphantly, "a nation of men is stag-nation." And a coarse male person in the front row groaned.

With most of us the grim necessity of purchasing coal is no joke. Yet a Boston man found at a coal-emporium in that city a chap who managed to infuse a degree of facetiousness into the transaction.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"How much is chestnut coal?" timidly inquired the prospective customer.

"That depends," said the salesman. "À la carte, it's eight dollars; cul-de-sac, it will cost you fifty cents extra."

The Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities has been placing tablets on various sites throughout the city of Richmond, commemorating their past associations with greatness.

One of these tablets is on an Italian barroom in Eighteenth Street, and it reads:

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON,
NINTH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
Studied Medicine
HERE.

"Why was it you never married again, Aunt Sallie?" inquired a lady of an old colored woman.

"'Deed, Miss Eilie," replied the old woman earnestly, "dat daid niggah's wuth moah to me dan a live one. I gits a pension."

The two old men, the "Colonel" and the "Major," were exchanging hunting yarns as they sat in the shade of the old sycamore.

"Yes, suh, Majah, may Ah die right heah if Ah didn't hit that theah deah in the nose, the eah, and the hind foot with one bullet!"

"Colonel, that was a mos' remarkable shot, suh!"

"Majah, it was; an' since Ah see you-all ah not fully convinced, Ah shall prove it by my black boy Alex. Alex, yo' black houn'," he called loudly to an old negro working near by, "come heah!"

"Yassah, yassah."

"Ah was jest tellin' the Majah, Alex, about that time Ah shot a deah in the nose, eah, and hind foot with one bullet. Yo' remember that occasion, Ah trust?"

The old man scratched his head, looked covertly at the Colonel, then smiled broadly. "Yassuh, yassuh! Ah 'members pu'feckly, sah."

"Alex, explain how that was done."

"Well, yo' see, Majah, it wuz dis way: de deah, de deah—well, de deah wuz a-layin' on de groun', an' he wuz a-scratchin' de back ob his eah wid his hine foot, an' his nose wuz riz up so's he could scratch his eah bettah, an' de Kun'l done shot, an' de bullet went plum' th'o' de nose, de eah, an' de hine hoof."

"*Thah*, Majah!" exclaimed the Colonel delightedly. "What did Ah tell yo'? Yo' see?"

An hour later old Alex said deprecatingly to the Colonel:

"'Skuze me, Kun'l, but doan' be so hahd on me de nex' time. Dat wuz a mos' tarnal hard one to put togedder."

Near Springfield, Massachusetts, there is a big park-like estate owned by a man who has a strong detestation of trespassers. To prevent the violation of his privacy he has posted all manner of warning signs on his place.

One evening he encountered a strange couple taking a "lover's walk" on his property.

"Can't you read?" growled the owner, as he pointed to a sign.

"We can read all right," said the swain.

"That sign there?" demanded the man, with another growl.

"We have read it," returned the other. "It says 'Private,' and that's just why we came down here."

Mrs. Cox (handing her husband a saucerful of white powder): "John, taste that and tell me what you think it is."

Mr. Cox: "It tastes like soda."

Mrs. Cox: "That's what I told Bridget. She declares it is rat poison. Taste it again to make sure."

A young lady whose stock of baseball knowledge was not as large as she believed, sat watching a game that was proving very disastrous to the home team. Along about the eighth inning of the farce she turned to her escort and exclaimed:

"Isn't our pitcher grand? He hits their bats no matter where they hold them!"

A New York merchant met an old lady who was visiting friends of his in town, and who, it seems, came from the neighborhood in Ohio where he was born. Wishing to show her some attention, the New Yorker thought that theatre tickets would please her, and consulted her as to her choice of plays.

"Well, I saw 'The Merchant of Venice' some thirty-five years ago," she explained, "and I've always had a strong desire to see it again."

He got her the tickets, and the day after the performance he called to see how it compared with that of five-and-thirty years ago.

"Well," she replied, "Venice seems to have spruced up a right smart bit, but that *Shylock* is the same mean, grasping critter that he used to be!"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

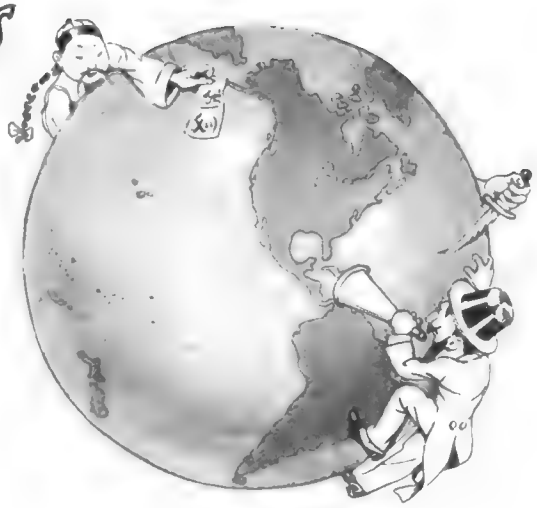
Everybody's MAGAZINE

Published by
The Ridgway
Company

Erman J. Ridgway
President

George B. Mullon
Sec'y & Treasurer

Spring and Macdougal Sts.
New York City



KEEP POSTED

A BRISK SUMMARY OF BIG EVENTS AND ISSUES

HOW MUCH "REACTION" IS THERE IN AMERICA?

THERE is joy in the seats of many of the mighty because the United States seems to have gone reactionary; but there is a pin which will soon be felt by some of the sitters. The United States will never react so far as to tolerate ever again the kind of thing now being disclosed in the trial of the New Haven case.

The New Haven wrote to Charles R. Brayton, political leader of Rhode Island, as to an employee. "Please do not let any more legislation of that kind go through." And "Please nip this project in the bud." And "Please kill this matter in some way."

To Morgan, its banker, the president of the road wrote about a Mr. Higgins, whose security for borrowing purposes was good until he threatened competition with the New Haven:

"I think it proper to say that, in my judgment, the interests of this company would be as well served by your calling the loan and getting your money on April 1st from Mr. Higgins, instead of the interest only, as you directed your Mr. Horne."

And Judge Hall wrote to a director about a legislator:

"Before his election he told me that we need have no fear of him in any of our matters, and that we should find that he would not do anything against the interests of the New Haven. If I supposed he would, another party could have had the nomination easily and he would not have been in the position he is now, but I relied on his honor and his vote."

The New Haven wrote laws surreptitiously for the elected representatives of the people to present openly as patriotic productions of their own. "I enclose herewith a bill for a public act which I wish you would quietly hand to Representative Tucker of your place, with a request that he offer the bill, and see if you can enlist his influence and put the bill through the legislature. Mr. Tucker must assume the responsibility of the bill, and it must be a bill of his own invention. We will make it all right with Mr. Tucker if that is necessary."

They would make it all right with Mr. Tucker.

They made it partly all right with Mr. Brayton when they sent him that check for $10,000.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

People used to tell us that we were going too far in our articles about railway corruption a few years ago. Apparently we never went far enough. We stopped several miles this side of the muckiest muck.

In the 'nineties, when the New Haven was writing those letters, it had many defenders. "Business is business." "You can not change human nature." "You have to fight fire with fire." The business men of the 'nineties approved or condoned the New Haven's methods. How many business men could be found to-day to approve or condone them?

The United States has moved up. Why then does it look "reactionary"? We venture an interpretation.

All politics pivots on economics, on business. The American people found that business was somehow "wrong," "ruthless," "rotten." They started off to "reform" it. Somehow they were going to make it the servant instead of the master of the people. It was a day of dreams. The next morning the people found out that, after all, they had only one really clear idea about business. They did not know how to make it the servant of the people. All they were sure of, in the end, was that they wanted to make it morally cleaner.

They wanted railways to stop bribing legislatures. They wanted industrial combinations to stop bankrupting their rivals by crooked methods. They have won those points. Railway corruption and coercive competition by trusts against independents are to-day condemned by the moral sense of the community from top to bottom.

There the American people pause. They have not solved the economic problem. They have done just one thing. They have raised the economic problem to a higher moral level. At that level they stand still. They will continue to stand still there, negligent of direct primaries and of the initiative and the referendum and the recall, and of all other similar machinery, till the vision comes of the solution for which that machinery can be used. Such, precisely, is the extent of their "reaction."

Any business, any political party, during the next presidential year, or during any succeeding year, which thinks that the American people, because they can not see their way to going forward in economics can be induced to go backward in morals—any such business, any such political party will find the pin in its chair very sharp and straight and strong.

PROSPERITY. Hogs. In the first nine months of last year we sent 16,500,000 hogs to market. In the first nine months of this year we sent 19,000,000. No better sign.

THE RUSSIAN-JEW NEW YORK BOY WHO MAKES AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR SONGS

MR. IRVING K. BERLIN, himself, was playing his own most popular effort—"Alexander's Rag-Time Band." (Two million copies sold.)

He sat in a small piano-room in the offices of his music-publishing firm. Vaudevillians and cabarartists thronged the corridors. From other piano-rooms came the voices of many singers learning the beauties of Mr. Berlin's new ballad—"When I Leave the World Behind."

In this song—in the song—Mr. Berlin has no money. He intends to content himself by leaving "the sunshine to the flowers" and "the springtime to the trees" and "the moon above to those in love." It is an idea which, if it had occurred to any troubadour at the court of the Count of Provence in the Middle Ages, our highbrows would call "How quaint!" A perfectly pretty idea. (Five hundred thousand copies sold in five weeks.)

It is the things we find out for ourselves that really help us, Mr. Berlin had been saying, just before he hurled his slender fingers at the piano.

"For instance. Listen! Alexander's Band. Te-tee! Te-tee! And now. Listen. Te-tee! Te-tee! Catch the change from one key to another? Great! Well, that was the first time I knew it could be done. I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

thought you had to stay in the same key all the way through. Any ten-dollar-a-week musician could have told me. But I found it out for myself, and I was so pleased that I started working it in wherever I could, and I've made thousands of dollars out of it."

"Thousands of dollars" is a modest way of expressing Mr. Berlin's relationship to any of the keys in which songs may be written.

Mr. Berlin's father was a rabbi, who made him sing Hebrew words in services in the synagogue. There his musical education stopped till he began to sing in Nigger Mike's café in Chinatown. Never till he wrote "Dorando" did he really emerge from the New York East Side into America.

That has not prevented him from pining, as a song-writer, like all other song-writers, for that dear old Southern homestead and plantation. Once, indeed, he turned an honest penny by melodiously asserting: "I want to go back to Michigan." His normal feelings, though, are better seen in "I want to be in Dixie" and "When the Midnight Choo-Choo leaves for Alabam." Michigan is one of the few northern states to which any song-writer born in New York ever wishes to return. We defy Mr. Berlin himself to return successfully, financially, in a ballad, to Vermont.

Mr. Berlin, in his methods of work, is like almost any other real artist, high-brow or low-brow.

"Inspiration? Well, you sit at the piano. You haven't an idea. You think you'll never have one. You want to write a novelty. You say to yourself, 'Novelty. Novelty.' After an hour, the best you can think of is a three-hundred-pound woman. Well, that's always funny. Ah! Let her have a very small man making love to her. Getting a bit funnier now. Well—there's a good rhythm, I'll try that. Put that rhythm and that woman together. Pretty good. But that's awful! That line ends on a high note and a close vowel. Change that last word. Change it to a word with an open vowel. And so you dig it out, word by word, and note by note, till four o'clock in the morning, and you come down-town with 'Snookey Ookums' and they say: 'It must be nice to have inspirations!' "

In another respect, too, Mr. Berlin tells a tale familiar among men of his sort of occupation. He is at his mental best when he is at his physical worst. He explains it well.

"You take exercise. You have an appetite. You eat your dinner. You sit at the piano. You are comfortable, happy. Never an idea all night! But you haven't breathed fresh air for a week. You can't eat your dinner. You have pains. You are nervous. You think about yourself. You begin to experience sorrow for yourself. Ah! Your emotions come to the top. You feel! That's the difference. And you begin to get the ideas and the words and the rhythms, almost crying for yourself all the time."

Out of such moods came those songs of hearty joy: "Everybody's Doin' It" and "My Wife's Gone to the Country! Hooray! Hooray!"

Having written "Dorando," Mr. Berlin went on to write a few other songs occasionally till now he has tossed off—ground out—some four or five hundred, and has become Chief Troubadour to the American Populace, and is still a very young man—slender, dark, with eyes that show a curious mingling of the quickness of the street and the dreaminess of the studio.

PROSPERITY. Cotton. In October of last year spot cotton sold in New Orleans around seven cents a pound. In October of this year it sold around twelve. Lucky Woodrow Wilson!

MR. MORRIS OF VIRGINIA FOUNDS A NEW BUSINESS ON THE CHARACTER OF THE POOR

HERE'S one good thing anyway that started in the East. We are aweary of chronicling good things out of the fertile West. Now, from that Nazareth between the Mississippi and the Atlantic, comes a thing good and original.

In 1910 Arthur J. Morris, lawyer, bright-eyed, young, in Norfolk, Virginia, founded the first Morris-Plan bank. This bank loans money

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to people who have no collateral. They do not pledge any stocks or bonds or lands. They do not pledge their watches or their kitchen-stoves. All they put up is character. On character alone, to people of small means and to more people of no means at all, the Morris-Plan bank in Norfolk, Virginia, has now made more than 7,000 loans, totaling almost $1,000,000.

Mr. Morgan told the Pujo Committee at Washington that character is the basis of credit. So it is, for people already fairly well-to-do. How many ordinary banks are there, however, that will lend one hundred dollars to a bricklayer who has to meet a doctor's bill and who owns nothing? The bricklayer jumps off the regular bank into the mouth of a loan-shark and often gets completely digested unless he is Jonahed up out again by some philanthropic Legal Aid Society.

Mr. Morris saw a chance to make that bricklayer's character—just his character—the basis of an enormous extension of legitimate credit in the United States. Mr. Morris discovered a new national resource—the honesty of ordinary people needing money for extraordinary emergencies in their lives.

By May 31 of this year there were Morris-Plan banks in twenty-two American cities and they had made more than 70,000 loans, totaling almost $9,000,000.

The bricklayer comes in and tells his story; the bank makes inquiries about him; he signs a note; two friends of his sign with him as endorsers; their names and his name are the only collateral left on that loan in the bank's vaults.

Nevertheless the bank makes money. It deducts six dollars from the hundred dollars at the start, for interest. That six dollars can be reloaned at once. Further, the borrower repays the rest of the hundred dollars at the rate of two dollars a week. Each two dollars, as it comes in, can also be reloaned at once. The Morris-Plan banks, on the whole, seem to be earning about eight per cent. on their capital.

A man who can make eight per cent. rescuing bricklayers from loan-sharks is our notion of a really successful philanthropist—namely, one that can lay his head down on his pillow at night without being embarrassed by a halo.

To-day Mr. Morris lives in New York as vice-president of the Industrial Finance Corporation, which owns stock in all the Morris-Plan banks and acts as rudder for them. Among the other officers of the corporation are such men as Charles H. Sabin of the Guaranty Trust Company, and Willard Straight of Morgan and Company. Mr. Morris has revealed the possibilities of small loans to high finance.

A Morris-Plan bank was opened in New York City on the first of this year. In nine months it did almost half a million dollars of business. The total number of Morris-Plan banks in the United States is now thirty-one.

And the bricklayer has his note at his bank, just like the manufacturer; and he meets it, just like the manufacturer; and he gazes at his unmortgaged bedstead and winds his unpawned watch, and sleeps.

PROSPERITY. Iron and Steel. It is reasonably expected that the United States Steel Corporation, this quarter, will show net earnings of $50,000,000—the largest in its history by several millions.

WILL THE SCEPTER PASS FROM THE TEMPERATE ZONES TO THE TROPICS?

IT SEEMS that the drug called thymol will be one of the great means through which the tropical parts of the world may again become the nurseries of robust civilizations and of militant empires.

It is by thymol that the hook-worm is driven from its habitations in the human body. The Rockefeller Foundation, which is the world's greatest hook-worm angler, has formed the International Health Commission; and the International Health Commission is carrying into the tropics the thymol method which has dug so many millions of hook-worms out of the citizens of our own Southern states. The International

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Health Commission is cooperating to-day with the governments of certain Central American republics and with the governments of certain British colonial possessions. Thymol is performing its world-mission now in the West Indies, in Ceylon, in the Malay States, in Egypt.

Such work is not to be regarded merely as a work of mercy to suffering individuals. It is a sort of work through which the most fruitful parts of the world may possibly once more become the richest. It is a sort of work through which possibly the balance-of-power on this planet may be upset.

In Egypt at least one-half of the population has been stupefied by hook-worm poison. In the great Egypt of ancient times this poison was infrequent. It grew with the growing pollution of the soil. In company with other poisons and plagues, spreading by caravan and by ship, and thriving in heat, it changed the peoples of the tropics from pioneers to laggards.

Even peoples not strictly tropical were plague-hit and plague-wrecked. Dr. W. H. S. Jones of the English University of Manchester has proved the close connection, in classic Greece, between the rise of malaria and the decline of individual energy and of civic strength. The Greeks had succumbed to the malaria mosquito before they succumbed to the Romans.

In modern times, in Havana, in 1900, malaria was "endemic" and there were 325 deaths from it. In 1913, however, there were no deaths from it. It had ceased to be "endemic." It had become historic.

Malaria, hook-worm, yellow-fever, cholera —all the plagues and poisons of heat—they are conquered or about to be conquered; and on the plains of Mesopotamia the city of Babylon may again gather within its fortifications a people energetic, ambitious, imperial.

Therefore does Surgeon-General Gorgas praise the Panama Canal—not for being a canal but for being the first complete proof that to-day great works of empire may be wrought in the tropics as healthfully as in the temperate zones, and for being accordingly the first mighty step taken by the human race back toward effective tropical civilization. Is it not thinkable that the center of gravity of all civilization may now shift toward the equator? Will not man rise fastest and farthest, after all, in climes which yield him the largest amount of food for the smallest amount of labor, if only with the food there is also health and vigor?

So man's inventions lead him back to his earliest home even as they led him away from it. He learned the uses of clothing and of fire. With clothing and with fire he braved and conquered the cold. With fire, later, he made machines and he made medicines. Armed now with these, he returns to the warmth of the sun, clears it of its pestilences, and fits the valleys of the Amazon and of the Congo to purposes of power.

Beside this process the Great War is small.

PROSPERITY. Money in Motion. The money cleared through the banks of the United States toward the end of October was running seventy-five per cent. bigger than last year.

WHAT COUNTY-AGENT COLLIER HAS DONE FOR COWS IN KANKAKEE

HOW would you like to be sure, dead sure, that every time you earn a dollar you are helping your neighbors to earn several dollars? One of the best ways to have this feeling is to be a "County-Agent."

Kankakee County, in northern Illinois, used to have only fifty acres in alfalfa. For many years the beauties of alfalfa had been explained to all farmers everywhere. Cows like alfalfa; calves cry for it; it contains 4.8 per cent. of protein and 12.3 per cent. of free extract of nitrogen. These splendid facts had been projected toward the agricultural population of the United States for decades from the printed page and from the platform. Still Kankakee County had only fifty acres in alfalfa.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Then came the "County-Agent" movement. Kankakee County fell in. Its citizens established the Kankakee County Soil and Crop Improvement Association. Out of their own pockets they raised $12,000. From Julius Rosenwald of Chicago—patron of agriculture as of almost everything else—they got $1,000. From the United States Department of Agriculture they got an annual appropriation of $1,200. From the public authorities of their own county they got four rooms in the new court-house. From the University of Illinois they got a "County-Agent"—John S. Collier—a scholar—a professor.

That was in 1912. In 1915 the number of acres in alfalfa in Kankakee County had risen from 50 to 9170.

In 1912 in Kankakee County there were only 92 silos for storing green fodder. In 1915 there were 608.

In 1912 few farmers in Kankakee County tested their seed-corn before planting. Now almost all of them test it.

And so on, and so on. And why? Because, instead of the printed page, and instead of the platform, there is a person—a neighbor—walking over your fields with you—analyzing your soil with you—making crop-rotation plans with you—not only telling you how, but showing you how—himself—on the spot where the work is done.

In the United States to-day there are some 1,500 "County-Agents." Their work costs about $2,500,000 a year. The money comes from the Federal Government and from the state governments and from the county governments and from business firms and individuals. Another $2,500,000 a year is being spent on work which is done by men who are not called "County-Agents," but who, though titled differently, teach similarly.

Our yearly total then for such education is $5,000,000—on behalf of business in the country. Why not a few millions on behalf of such education in the city?

The Federal Government knows large numbers of splendid facts about coal, just as about alfalfa. It knows how to burn coal economically and smokelessly—much better than the average factory. This information is in print. It mostly stays there. It mostly will continue to stay there, till there are "City-Agents" carrying our national wisdom from place to place down city streets, even as Mr. Collier carries it from place to place down country roads in Kankakee County.

Mr. Collier's salary is $3,600 a year. Through him the farmers of Kankakee County are going farther and farther into the cooperative buying of seeds and of fertilizers. They club their orders. Their discounts on those orders, for quantity, will alone amount to more than $3,600 a year. The milkiness and sleekness of their cattle, eating that alfalfa and that silo-fodder, is like velvet.

PROSPERITY. Unemployment. The best opinion is that unemployment will be less this winter than last by at least one-third. Yet the jobless will number hundreds of thousands on any one day. Prosperity.

THERE ARE NO FUTURE-EVENT EXPERTS

JAMES PEASE, one of Chicago's greatest political experts, used to say to us: "I can do a great deal to influence elections in my ward. But when I get through doing all that I can, and the polls are about to open, I wouldn't bet one cent, except as a pure gamble, on what is going to happen. I don't know."

When this war began, many of the greatest financial experts of the United States knew precisely what was going to happen. Gold would flow away from this country to Europe in a draining, desolating torrent. American securities, held in Europe, would gather themselves into a foam-crested wave and would sweep across the Atlantic and inundate American finance from New York to San Francisco.

On the contrary, since January 1 of this year we have allowed not more than $15,000,000 of gold to get away from us to Europe, and we have imported more than $325,000,000 of it. Again on the contrary, the American securities from Europe, instead of inundating us, have approached us in wavelets of modest size and have seeped gently and reasonably back into our investment vaults.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

James Pease had a unique hold on the fact that human genius stops short at the line between the present and the future.

PROSPERITY. Railways. Net earnings of 478 railways put together begin to show increases of ten and eleven per cent. over similar periods last year. These increases are the largest since 1912.

ONE REASON WHY THE GERMAN GOVERNMENT CAN HELP BUSINESS QUICKLY

IF OUR American "Cotton Futures" law could have been marked "H. R. 110," it might possibly be a law to-day. It was one of the most important laws passed by the last Congress. Sad to say, it was marked "S. 110." A fatal difference. "S." instead of "H. R." So it is not a law. Unconstitutional. Hopelessly.

The purpose of "S.110" was to put an end to certain sorts of "gambling" in cotton exchanges. To do this, it laid down certain conditions to govern all contracts made on the floor of such exchanges for future deliveries of cotton; and it provided that any person who made a contract in violation of those conditions would have to pay a heavy tax—so heavy as to be prohibitive. In this way, through making "wrong" contracts financially unprofitable, it aimed to make "right" contracts universal.

It was signed by President Wilson in August of last year. For some fourteen months thereafter it seemed to be a law. The cotton-exchange men of the United States, at a great cost in time and in money, labored to adjust their business to it. The Secretary of Agriculture and the Secretary of the Treasury, also at a great cost in time and in money, labored to make "standards" and "rules of procedure" for it. It called for great changes. Those changes were made. The whole routine of making "future deliveries" of a great commodity was reorganized to meet the requirements of "S. 110."

In October of this year Judge Hough of the United States courts in New York City stretched "S. 110" on the examination table and was obliged to declare it constitutionally defective and dead. Its birthmark was on wrong.

The amount of energy devoted annually in this country to finding out whether our laws are constitutional or not — whether they are really laws at all or not—can reasonably be estimated at several billion horse-power. In view of the fact that no other great nation submits to any such waste of its time and money, a better word would be mule-power.

The Federal constitution says: "All bills for raising revenue must originate in the House of Representatives." This "Cotton Futures" bill was legally a revenue bill—legally, not actually. Actually, as Judge Hough remarked, "nothing was further from the intent of the law-makers than the production of revenue." In form, however, in complexion, in clothing, it was a revenue bill, beyond doubt. Therefore it ought to have originated in the House of Representatives with the letters "H. R." on it. Carelessly it was permitted to originate in the Senate with the letter "S" on it. It died at that moment, before it was born.

The whole routine of making "future deliveries" of a great commodity will now be without any sure permanent organization whatsoever.

The bill will return to Congress. Congress will repass it—the House first, the Senate second. Squads of lawyers will then convey it back to the courts. There are at least five more spots in it which are conceivably unconstitutional. One of these was pointed out to Judge Hough. Naturally he paid no attention to it. The birthmark spot was enough. Next time, though, that next spot will be examined carefully. It may be fatal. In that case the bill will return once more to Congress; Congress will amputate spot number two; spot number three will begin to itch; the squads of lawyers will begin to scratch it; the courts will peer and poke; the cotton business will guess.

When the German Reichstag and Bundesrath pass a law about business, it is a law. Instances to the contrary are negligible. The courts must interpret the words

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

used. So they must here. The law, however, exists. The time we spend finding out whether it exists or not, they spend finding out how to operate it. The time we spend on the constitutional aspects of business, they spend on business.

We think that our constitutions are nooses around the neck of radicalism. They are. Also—a fact which surely our business men will one day see—they are nooses around the neck of intelligent commercialism.

When, for instance, as now, we want to make cotton-exchanges serve the genuine commercial interests of the genuine cotton business from farmer to manufacturer, we must begin by taking a constitutional ten years' walk through the writings of James Madison, and govern ourselves by the scenery we there find. If the German government had been obliged to consult the ghost of Frederick the Great every time it was deciding whether to encourage or to crush the Monopoly in Potash—and every time it was deciding whether to herd the senile poor into almshouses or to enact Old Age Pensions for them in their homes—it could never—never—have made German industry the progressive wonder of the world.

The only way out of our constitutional barbed-wire entanglements is to make our constitutions easier to amend. We shiver. New Jersey voted on that project last month. Those in favor of easier, rapider amendments to the constitution of the state: 137,000. Those opposed: 162,000.

PROSPERITY. At Large. Report by R. G. Dun: "The tide of business is rising at an accelerated pace, foreshadowing an era of widespread activity." Never did a tide cast a better shadow.

WRINKLES IN THE WRINKLE-LOTION BUSINESS

WOMAN-SUFFRAGE states—if no others—will surely heed the urgent warning just issued by the United States Public Health Service. Cosmetics are now sold in this country to the value, annually, of $50,000,000. Yet there is little effective legislation to prevent the manufacturers—who are men—from poisoning and defrauding their women customers.

Large numbers of "skin-foods" examined by scientific friends of womankind have been found to contain large quantities of wood alcohol. It is a poison of great dangerousness.

Large numbers of "beauty-washes" and "face-enamels" have been found to be heavily loaded with "flake white." This is really carbonate of lead, a poison so violent that it produces a disease with a name of its own—"plumbism."

Only one ray of hope shines through the gloom. Many "wrinkle lotions" are selling at two to four dollars a pound. They consist of Epsom salts. You can buy a pound of Epsom salts for five cents.

Population in the United States, from 1900 to 1910, increased twenty per cent. The sale of cosmetics—including skin-bleaches and toilet-vinegars and the rest—increased 100 per cent. We have maintained in these pages that social reform and political activity are not de-feminizing our female citizens. The United States Public Health Service proves that we were right.

You will find some past, present, and inside history of EVERYBODY'S in the insert following page 656. The regular Publisher's talk begins on page 6 of the Advertising Section.

What books do you buy? And why? EVERYBODY'S readers know Mr. J. B. Kerfoot's remarkable book-notes. You will find Mr. Kerfoot again on page 16a of the Advertising Section with a new kind of book-department. It expresses Mr. Kerfoot's independent opinions. In this form we hope they will help the book-buyer and the book-seller.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELRY DIAMONDS PEARLS
WATCHES CLOCKS SILVER
CHINA GLASS BRONZES
STATIONERY

A STOCK UNEQUALLED IN

VARIETY
QUALITY
VALUE

THE MAIL SERVICE GIVES PROMPT
ATTENTION TO ALL INQUIRIES

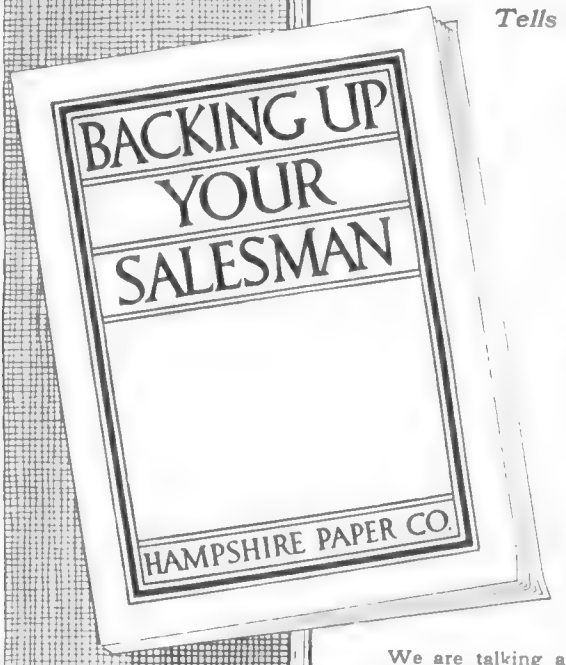
FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Old Hampshire Bond

A FREE BOOKLET
"Backing Up Your Salesman"

Tells How To Do It With Letters



Letters to your customers will make your salesman's calls expected. Letters will introduce your salesman in advance. Letters will make your customers think of your salesmen as *men who are coming*. Letters will keep the salesman remembered after he has called.

Our book, "Backing Up Your Salesman," tells how letters will do it—without taking too long to tell. We will send you this book, free.

But maybe you already send out letters.

What happens to these letters? Do *you* file form letters and post card announcements or treat them in any way as important messages?

We are talking about real letters. Letters written on Old Hampshire Bond are like long distance telephone calls - you know they are from somebody who has something to say and you are alert to find out what they are about.

Such letters are read, routed, filed and remembered.

That you may know more about the strength and appearance of Old Hampshire Bond, we will, if you ask for it, enclose a sample portfolio with the book, "Backing Up Your Salesman."

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

The Only Paper Makers in the World Making Bond Paper Exclusively

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DECEMBER
1915

Everybody's
MAGAZINE

VOL. 33
NO. 6

ARM THE EAGLE RIGHT!
by
HOWARD WHEELER

POP'S PLACE FOR SASSY SALLY
by
LINCOLN STEFFENS

JITNEY PARTNERS FOR THE DANCE
by
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

OUT OF THE SKY
by
HOLWORTHY HALL

CONTENTS

ARM THE EAGLE RIGHT! — HOWARD WHEELER — 641

How shall we *get* preparedness? Here's an answer—in terms of money, ships, schools, men. Especially men. Aren't we ready for national training?

WITH DRAWINGS BY REUTERDAHL, RIESENBERG, LYNCH, RICHARDS

MY FIRST CONCERT — CARL I. HENRIKSON — 657

A story about a little boy—almost any little boy. For grown-ups who like to remember. By a new *Everybody's* writer.

PICTURES BY B. J. ROSENMEYER

OUT OF THE SKY — HOLWORTHY HALL — 662

A love-story in which a young lady learns the awful handicap of being rich—and overcomes it. By one of the most popular short-story writers.

PICTURES BY R. M. CROSBY

JITNEY PARTNERS FOR THE DANCE — SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS — 675

You can rent a dancing man now (quite properly) in many popular dance-halls. That's one of several reasons why the dancing craze persists. There are others.

PICTURES BY WALLACE MORGAN

NAN OF MUSIC MOUNTAIN — FRANK H. SPEARMAN — 682

A Serial Story

In which Nan Morgan gives reluctant first-aid to the enemy, and learns a disquieting secret.

PICTURES BY CHARLES SARKA

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE — HUGH BLACK — 702
Dr. Black gives some very good reasons for not being blue about religion.
PICTURES BY HARRY TOWNSEND

POP'S PLACE FOR SASSY SALLY — LINCOLN STEFFENS — 708
"Pop"—the feminist store-manager—tames a shrew.
PICTURES BY M. LEONE BRACKER

PETER-PETER — RUTH SAWYER — 717
Remember "Faeries, Just"? Here's another Irish story, of the same charm and tenderness, by the same author.
PICTURES BY J. SCOTT WILLIAMS

A MEASURE OF HEAVEN *Verse* — BLISS CARMAN — 725

LESS WELL-KNOWN FACES BEHIND WELL-KNOWN TRADE-MARKS — 726
You know the trade-mark. Perhaps you have thought about the man back of it. What does he look like—how did he get there? Here are some answers.
WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

THE REAL ADVENTURE — HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER — 736
A Serial Story
Wherein Rodney Aldrich makes desperate efforts to understand his wife.
PICTURES BY EDWARD L. CHASE

THIS HEART-CHOKING LETTER — 759
An appeal—one of thousands. Big families, small wages:—What's the answer?

BUT THIS IS ALSO EVERLASTING LIFE — SARAH N. CLEGHORN — 760
Verse

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT-TREE — 761

KEEP POSTED *A Brisk Summary of Big Events and Issues* — 763

WITH "EVERYBODY'S" PUBLISHERS — Page 6, Adv. Sec.

A ROW OF BOOKS — J. B. KERFOOT — Page 16a, Adv. Sec.

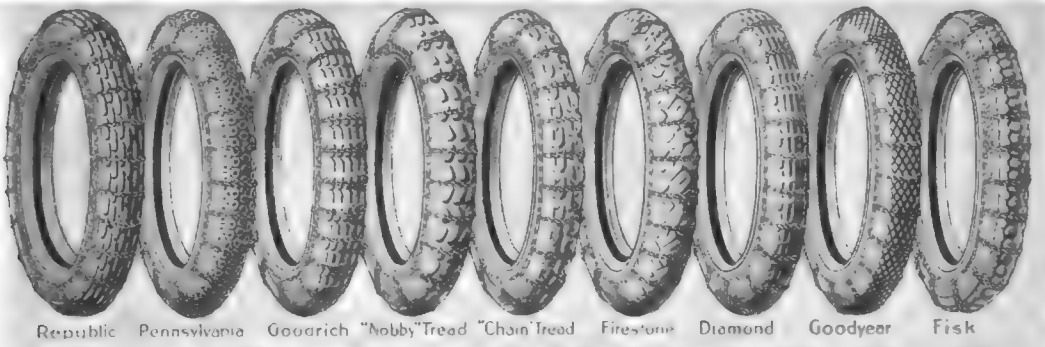
Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the Act of August 24, 1912, of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1915. Editor, ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, HOWARD D. WHEELER, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, JAMES F. BIRMINGHAM, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. Publisher, THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Owners:* (If a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of stock. If not a corporation, give names and addresses of individual owners.) *Owner:* THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City. *Stockholders:* THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. THE BUTTERICK COMPANY, a corporation, 223 Spring Street, New York, N. Y. THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING COMPANY, a corporation, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York, N. Y. J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. WM. H. BLACK, 152 West 91st Street, New York City, N. Y. MRS. THERESA R. CARROLL, 777 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. W. H. GELSHENEN, 100 William Street, New York City, N. Y. CLARA E. KEHOE, 2344 University Avenue, New York City, N. Y. H. F. MORSE, 3 West 46th Street, New York City, N. Y. LAURA J. O'LOUGHLIN, 156 Ridge Street, Glens Falls, N. Y. MRS. ARETHUSA POND, 955 West End Avenue, New York City, N. Y. ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. AUGUSTUS VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. R. A. VAN WYCK, 149 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. G. W. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. MARIE A. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. BEN F. WILDER, Butterick Building, New York City, N. Y. *Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities:* (If there are none, so state.) GEORGE W. WILDER, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y. GERTRUDE C. WILDER, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y. JULIA MARLOWE, Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Pa. THE FEDERAL PUBLISHING COMPANY, 15 Exchange Place, Jersey City, N. J. JOHN ADAMS THAYER, 101 E. 80th Street, New York, N. Y. JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE, 128 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y. (*Signed*) J. F. BIRMINGHAM, Business Manager. *Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September*, 1915. JAMES B. SHEEHAN, Notary Public. (*My commission expires March 30th*, 1916.) (*Seal.*)

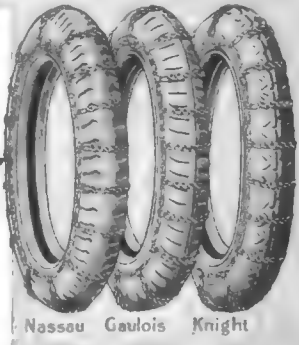
The contents of this Magazine are copyrighted and must not be reprinted without permission.

Issued monthly. Yearly subscription, $1.50 in advance. Single copy, fifteen cents.
Foreign postage, $1.00 additional. No extra postage for Canada.
Copyright, 1915, by The Ridgway Company in the United States and Great Britain
Published by THE RIDGWAY COMPANY, Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City
6, Henrietta St., Covent Garden, London, W. C., England
Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second Class Matter
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





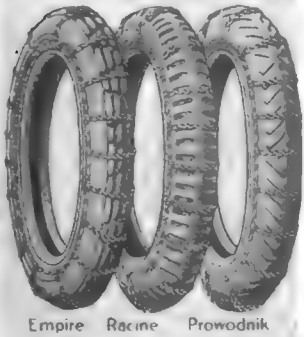
"What's the Proper Size of Weed Chains to Use on These Tires?"

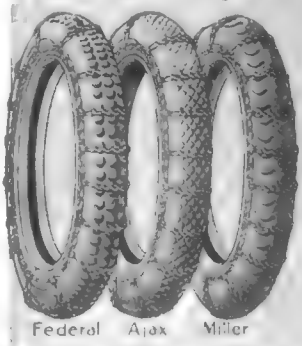
The above is the everyday question being asked thousands of dealers relative to the correct sizes of Weed Chains to use on the numerous styles of "fancy-tread" tires shown on this page and all others that could not be illustrated owing to lack of space.

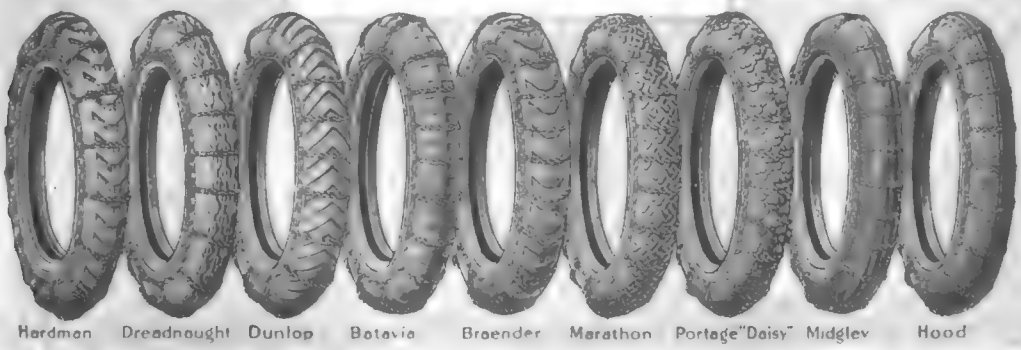
We therefore call your attention to the fact that all styles of "fancy-tread" tires require the same size Anti-Skid Chains as do plain-tread tires. For example, if you equip your car with 34x4 "fancy-tread" tires, you will require 34x4 Weed Chains, the same as you do for 34x4 plain-tread tires.

The proper sizes of Weed Chains to fit all sizes and styles of tires are carried in stock by dealers everywhere.

Weed Chain Tire Grip Company
Bridgeport, Conn.







Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

THE "Publishers" which we wrote for this month was seized by the editors on one side and the advertising men on the other, and catapulted into the body of the book as a Yellow Insert. There you will find it, following Page 656, if interested.

But

Having already written one Publishers, one long Publishers, this month, and having had all we want, and probably more than you will want, of Publishers for one month, we refuse, point-blank, to write another.

But

The presses are waiting, and this usual space for the Publishers has not been provided for, and it is our space—and there you are. Rather, there *we* are.

Well,

Necessity being the Mother of Invention, we put it up to Mother, and Mother says, says she:

"Son, get down your filing-case marked 'Publishers,' and go through the dozens of things you have been saving for future issues. Pick out three or four subjects, print them, and let your readers imagine the profound things you would have said about them if you had had the time."

Good old Mother.

HERE is one we have been saving for a jibe at war stocks, "war babies," and the poor fools who are foster-fathering them:

THE NIGHT AFTER

Five little white-heads crept up through the mold,
When the night was damp and the morning cold.
They crowded their way through the soil with pride,
"Hurrah! We're going to be mushrooms!" they cried.

But the sun came up and the sun came down,
And the little white-heads were seared and brown.
Long were their faces, their pride had a fall;
They were nothing but toadstools after all.

THE second is a clipping we tore out of the *Yale Alumni Weekly* a little while ago. It made a deep impression. Yale has a song, "Mother of Men, Old Yale." The wonderful woman whose death this clipping reports was a "Mother of Yale Men." And mother-in-law. And grandmother. A grand mother.

(*Continued on Page 8*)

Index to Advertisements

Automobiles, Motor-Boats and Accessories PAGE

Edwards Mfg. Co. 38
Vacuum Oil Co. 56-57
Weed Chain Tire Grip Co. . . . 5
Winton Motor Car Co. 58

Banking and Financial

Babson Statistical Organization . . 40
Citizens' Savings & Trust Co. . . . 37

Building and Construction

Ludowici-Celadon Co. 34

Building and Construction—*Continued* PAGE

National Fireproofing Co. 29
New Jersey Zinc Co. 48
Southern Cypress Mfrs. Ass'n . . 53

Cameras and Optical Goods

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co. . . . 35
Eastman Kodak Co. 26
Jackson & Semmelmeyer 32
Rochester Optical Co. 51

Cigars, Pipes and Tobacco PAGE

American Tobacco Co. 24
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. . . 44

Classified Advertising

Classified Advertising 36-37

Educational

American Acad. of Dramatic Arts . 37
American Collection Service . . . 39
Amer. School of Corres. . . . 12-14
Associated Art Studios 14
Chautauqua School of Nursing . . 15

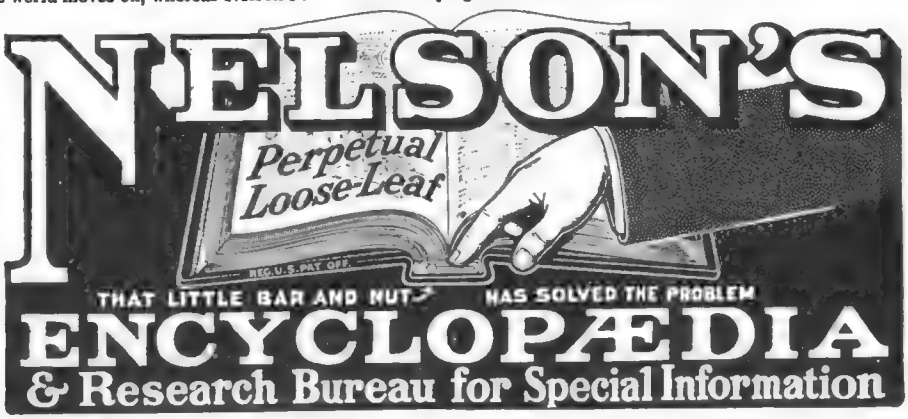
Index to Advertisements Continued on page 3

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD ON THE LOOSE-LEAF PLAN

NELSON'S IS THE ONLY ENCYCLOPAEDIA

or Reference System that is keeping pace, step by step, with the great clash of Nations, and the only Encyclopædia that will be able to give to all subscribers a complete history and a record of its momentous results. Subscribers will also receive for their Encyclopædia all new maps where changes have taken place—an undertaking, in the publishing world, that has never before been accomplished. This is all made possible by the Patented Loose-Leaf Binding Device. Other Encyclopædias when once off the press remain stationary. They become older and older as the world moves on, whereas Nelson's moves with the progress of the world and its activities.



Read President Finley's Letter

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK
THE STATE DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNIVERSITY
AND COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION
ALBANY

Thomas Nelson & Sons,
381 Fourth Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:-

Every year, whether the peoples of this planet are at war or at peace, changes are taking place of interest to the human race. And every year the human mind is making new discoveries in this Old World - a world which has been "ocuntless millions of years" in preparing for what is. No man should be content to be a citizen only of the little patch of earth on which he was born or from which he earns his living. He should be a world citizen for that is his birthright. And wherever he lives he may enjoy that privilege.

I have found NELSON'S PERPETUAL LOOSE-LEAF ENCYCLOPAEDIA, on whose revision I spend some time every half-year, a helpful means of keeping in touch with the changes. And what it gives to me, an unhyphenated citizen, I know it gives to many others to whom the sheets that tell of these changes, go. For this reason, I am glad to have association with this GREAT ENTERPRISE which is helping people to world citizenship.

Sincerely yours,

November 3, 1916.

Bound In Twelve Handsome Volumes

Treating over 1,000,000 Topics with 7,000 illustrations, 500 new maps and plans, models, manikins, and colored plates. The Patented Loose-Leaf Binder makes a volume so practical that by simply turning a nut the pages are loosened, the obsolete pages easily removed, and the new pages substituted. The Publishers issue to subscribers not less than 250 revised pages each six months—in March and October—thereby making Nelson's Encyclopædia always new and abreast of the times.

Nelson's FREE Research Bureau

Nelson's Permanent Research Bureau for Scientific Reports and Special Information and Special Correspondence is the only organization of its kind in existence. It is prepared to answer fully and freely any question, to supply **free** any information that Nelson's subscribers may ask or may want to know. Any time a subscriber wishes a special report on any subject, large or small, old or new, he simply writes to Nelson's Research Bureau with the positive assurance that he will promptly receive the latest obtainable and most dependable information on that subject.

NO MATTER HOW BUSY YOU ARE

you can never afford to ignore a message that points out a short cut to knowledge, a better method or a more efficient system. It will cost you nothing but the mailing of the coupon to investigate "NELSON'S SYSTEM."

Dept. 31 M
Thomas Nelson & Sons
381-385 Fourth Ave.
New York City

Please send me portfolio containing sample pages—beautifully illustrated with Color Maps and Plates, also photographs and plans and full information how, by easy monthly payments, I can own Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia and receive a FREE Membership to Nelson's Research Bureau for Special Information. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

And Your Christmas Problem and His One Best Christmas Gift Will Be Solved. A GIFT OF PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE!

EXCHANGE We are constantly receiving inquiries asking us to make an allowance for old encyclopaedias to apply as part payment on Nelson's. We have therefore prepared a price list, stating the amount allowed, which will be mailed upon request.

When All Other Encyclopaedias Fail
"LOOK IT UP IN NELSON'S"

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

Publishers Since 1798—Bibles, Hymnals, and Prayer Books
Dept. 31 M—381-385 Fourth Avenue New York City

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(*Continued from Page 6*)

A grand woman. We had in mind to talk about the marvelous reach of one life. One beautiful life.

Mrs. Knight Dexter Cheney died at her home in South Manchester, Conn., on September 17th. Her sons were Knight Dexter Cheney, Jr., '92 (deceased); Clifford D. Cheney, '98; Philip Cheney, '01; Thomas L. Cheney, '01, and Russell Cheney, '04. Alexander Lambert, '84 and '85 S; Alfred Cowles, '86; William H. Cowles, '87 and '89 L, and Hugh A. Bayne, '92, are her sons-in-law. Alfred Cowles, Jr., '13; Knight Cheney Cowles, '17; Thomas Hooker Cowles, '17, and John Cowles, '19, are her grandsons.

THE third is a letter which a friend sent to us many months ago. He is executive officer for a company employing thousands of men and doing millions of business.

Department of Justice

UNITED STATES ATTORNEY'S OFFICE
New York
(*Date*) ————

MR. BLANK,
Care of Mr. Blank's Company.

SIR:

In connection with an investigation which I am now conducting, I have been given to understand that you have certain information which may be of value to me. I would like to talk this matter over with you. If it is not inconvenient, I wish you would call at my office, Room —, Post-Office Building, Park Row, Wednesday, the 17th inst., at 2:30 P. M.

Very truly yours,
(*Name of Attorney*)
Special Assistant to the United States Attorney.

This letter illustrates the crude methods sometimes used by Government officers. The writer is a young man earning possibly fifteen hundred a year. In the name of the U. S. A., he summons to his office one of the biggest men in New York. And what do you suppose the young man wanted? He wanted the big man to help him in a case against another man. He wanted a favor, really. And he sits in his office and, *in the name of all the rest of us*, commands men to come to him.

We were going to ask how such methods were likely to affect the friendly relations of Business and Government.

THE fourth and last is a letter from Perceval Gibbon, which makes its own comment. The "Wolff" in the telegram is the German News Agency, like our Associated Press, except that it is controlled by the German Government.

HOTEL NUSS,
VEVEY, SWITZERLAND,
October 5th, 1915.

THE EDITOR,
EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR:

I find in the *Journal de Geneve* of October 4th, the following telegram:

BERLIN, 3 Octobre.

(Officiel) Dans le journal américain *Everybody's Magazine* le journaliste Persival Gibbon avait, au mois d'avril de cette année, écrit de Russie que des officiers allemands avaient volé des objets précieux dans le château de chasse du tsar à Skienevice et avait accusé de ce méfait plusieurs officiers dont il donnait les noms entre autres celui du capitaine de cavalerie Rippkuthner qui n'existe pas du tout dans l'armée allemande. Il est d'autant moins nécess aire de justifier l'armée alle-

(*Continued on Page 10*)

Educational—*Continued*

	PAGE
Chicago Corres. Sch. of Law	14
Columbian Corres. College	14
Cortina Acad. of Languages	14
Dickson Memory School	12
Evans, W. L., Sch. of Cartooning	12
Federal Sch. of Com. Designing	12
Fine Arts Institute	14
Hamilton College of Law	15
Hausam, L. H.	13
Home Correspondence School	14
Illinois College of Photography	37
International Corres. Schools	47
Landon Sch. of Illus. & Cartooning	13
Language Phone Method	14
La Salle Extension University	12
National Press Association	14
National Salesmen's Tr. Ass'n	14

Educational—*Continued*

	PAGE
Northwestern Sch. for Stammerers	37
Reed School	37
Sheldon School	13
Tulloss Sch. of Touch Typewriting	15
Universal Business Institute	14
University of Chicago	37
Washington School of Art	14

Food Products

American Sugar Refining Co.	48
Anheuser-Busch (Malt Nutrine)	38
Atwood Grape Fruit Co.	34
Horlick's Malted Milk	32
Postum	19

Health Promotion

Brown Co., John I.	46

Health Promotion—*Continued*

	PAGE
Dioxogen	47
General Acousticon Co.	40
Philo Burt Mfg. Co.	48
Vapo-Cresolene	43

Heating and Lighting

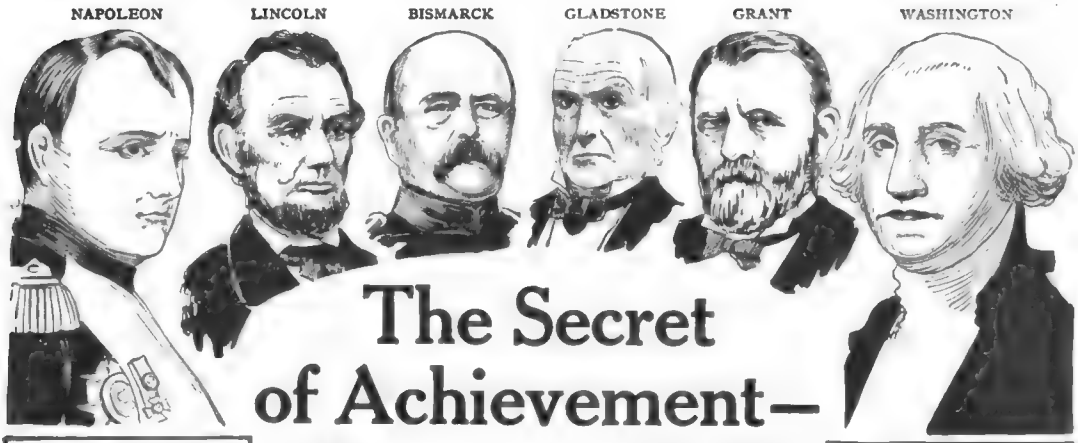
General Electric Co.	42
S. Sternau & Co.	38

Housefurnishings

Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.	45
Gunn Furniture Co.	32
National Sweeper Co.	43

Index to Advertisements Continued on page 10

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



The Secret of Achievement—"Power of Will"

By Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., M.S.

A Scientific Course of Will Training Which Has Helped Over 75,000 People—Sent Free without Deposit

This great work provides a thorough course in Will-Training, consisting of 28 lessons. It reveals the secrets as to how great men train their wills into wonderful power.

All ps chologists will testify that great men are not born with more gifts than others. They simply make something of their gifts, and others do not. They learn how to use their wills. We, on the contrary, allow the great powers we possess TO LIE DORMANT.

Partial List of Contents

The Law of Great Thinking.
The Four Factors on which it depends.
How to develop analytical power.
How to think "all around" any subject.
How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
How to guard against errors in Thought.
How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
How to develop Reasoning Power.
How to handle the mind in Creative Thinking.
The secret of Building Mind Power.
How the Will is made to act.
How to test your Will.
How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
What creates Human Power.
The Six Principles of Will-Training.
Definite Methods for developing Will.
The NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will-Power in the Conduct of Life.
Seven Principles of Drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
How to develop a strong, keen gaze.
How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
The First Principles for Success in contact with others.
How to keep the body well-poised.
How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming power.
The fifty-four Master rules in the control of others.
How to throw off Worry.
How to overcome the tyranny of the Nerves.
How to secure steady nerves.
How to maintain the Central Factors of Health.
The Law of Will-Power in Habits.
The Mental Attitude you must hold to impress people.
Fifteen Methods of Mastering Anger and Irritability.
Etc., Etc., Etc.

A complete list of contents would almost fill this page.

How to Develop Inflexible Will

It has long been known that the Will can be trained into wonderful power—like memory, or like any one of the senses—*by use—great exercise and use.* The trouble with almost every one is that they do not use their wills. They carry out other people's wills, or drift along with circumstances.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens, in most people, to the faculty we call "will-power." Because we never use the Will, we finally become *unable* to use it. We degenerate into beings little more than slaves—unhappy, discontented, envious, hoping blindly that "some day"—without any effort—we will attain what we most want in life.

Helps Everybody

"Power of Will" provides the shake-up that ninety-nine out of every hundred people need. Men like Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Wu Ting Fang, Ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador, Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co., Assistant Postmaster-General Britt, Ernest Knaebel, Asst. Att'y-Gen'l of the U. S., E. St. Elmo Lewis, now Vice-Pres. Art Metal Cons Co., Gov. Ferris of Michigan, are owners of this great work—and literally thousands of other men of action and ambition like them—read, use and praise "Power of Will."

Its readers talk of it as of a Bible. It has made decisive men of action out of the most miserable "down-and-outs." It has cured victims of drink and other vices. It has made big men bigger by showing them how to use their brains better. It is a goad to young and old alike. It has reawakened ambition in men and women who have been turned from their life purposes, and shown its students how to carry forward their ambition into consummation.

Send No Money—Examine Book First

The price of the book—although it is really a complete course in Will-Training—is only $3.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon below, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill out the coupon now, before you forget.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO.
24-L Wilcox Block MERIDEN, CONN.

What Readers Say

"I hand you $3 in payment; from what I have already seen I believe I can get $300 to $30,000 worth of good out of it. Better still, I believe it worth more than money in any amount."—C. D. Van Vechten, General Agent No. West Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

"Will-power is a compilation of mighty force. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900.00—cost $3.00; profit $897.00."—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago.

"In my judgment 'Power of Will' is wonderful."—Owen J. McCaughey, Secy. of Corp. Securities Co., St. Louis, Mo.

"The first thing I happened upon when I opened this book was 'Some Diseases of the Imagination,' and I tell you that chapter alone is worth ten times the price of the book. I wish such a volume had come into my possession 25 years ago."—Thos. O'Connor, 270 Precita Ave., San Francisco, Cal.

"You could not buy it for one hundred times the amount I paid for it, if I knew I could not get another copy."—R. E. Seay, Pascagoula, Miss.

"I am unable to do this book justice with the pen. It is a life-long study, known and prized by those who are fortunate enough to own it out of the many."—Sam'l Rose, Jefferson Loan Society, Inc., Norfolk, Va.

We have hundreds of such testimonials on file.

Pelton Pub. Co.
24-L Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3.00 or return the book in 5 days.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(*Continued from Page 8*)

mande de ces viles calomnies que le château, sur l'ordre du souverain, est demeuré indemne de toute charge. Si donc des objets y ont été volés les voleurs ne sont en tout cas pas des militaires de l'armée allemande.

(Wolff.)

Berlin, 3d October.

(Official) In the American periodical EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, the journalist, Perceval Gibbon, had written from Russia, in the month of April of this year, that German officers had stolen objects of value from the hunting-château of the Tsar at Skierniewice, and had accused of this misdeed several officers whose names he gave—among others the cavalry captain Roppkuthner, who is not a person who exists in the German army. It is the less necessary to justify the German army against these vile calumnies, since the château, by order of the sovereign, has remained immune from all requirements. If, then, objects have been stolen from it, the thieves in any case are not soldiers of the German army. (Wolff.)

In reply to this statement, I would say that I know nothing of the Rittmeister Roppkuthner save that his was one of the names inscribed upon a door of the palace at Skierniewice, and that he had occupied a room there from which objects had been stolen. As to his existence in the German army, he may, for all I know, be a tame Austrian or a trained Turk, or Roppkuthner may even be an alias for the Crown Prince.

In my article, I mentioned also other names and other thefts; the Wolff Agency does not touch upon these.

Finally, I was not the person who first discovered the names upon the doors in the palace, nor the thefts which had taken place, nor was I alone when I learned the facts and noted down the names upon the doors. I was accompanied by a Japanese military attaché, by an officer of General Gurko's staff, and by Prince Peter Volkonsky, who aided me to decipher the names, and to obtain from the palace servant, who had been in charge during the German occupation, a statement as to the nature and quantity of the stolen articles. The Prince is a man whose social and business relations in both England and Russia place him above question as a witness.

The facts are also known to Alexander Ivanovitch Gutchkoff, head of the Red Cross with the Second Russian Army, and leader of the Octobrist party in the Duma. My quarters in the palace were in the suite allotted to him and his assistants; every door had a German officer's name inscribed on it. Is this the meaning of "Immune from all requirements"?

I offer this statement in justice to your readers, not out of any sense that an accusation by Wolff is worthy of a serious reply.

Very truly yours,

PERCEVAL GIBBON.

You will find J. B. Kerfoot's sound advice on new books on Page 16a of the Advertising Section.

Insurance

	PAGE
Aetna Life Insurance Co.	25

Jewelry and Silverware

Burlington Watch Co.	30
DeRoy & Sons, Joseph	34
International Silver Co.	31
Lindemann, Henry	39
Lyon & Co., J. M.	46
Marathon Company	39
Peacock, C. D.	34
South Bend Watch Co.	43
Tiffany & Company	1
Waltham Watch Co.	22
Western Clock Mfg. Co.	55

Miscellaneous

American Thermos Bottle Co.	32
Amer. Telephone & Telegraph Co.	54
Burke Mfg. Co.	38
Curtis & Cameron	12
Geisler, Max, Bird Co.	38
J. M. Hanson-Bennett Mag. Agency	38
Landa & Sons, A.	32
Munn & Company	38
National Cash Register Co.	52
Press Company	39

Miscellaneous—*Continued*

Three-in-One Oil Co.	45
U. S. Playing Card Co.	48

Office Appliances

Hampshire Paper Co.	2
Spencerian Pen Co.	35

Pianos, Musical Instruments and Talking Machines

Edison Co., Thos.	20-21
Victor Talking-Machine Co.	2d cover
Wilcox & White Co.	27

Publishers

Book Supply Co.	15
Century Co.	16d
D. Appleton & Co.	16f
Doubleday, Page & Co.	17
E. P. Dutton & Co.	16b
Harper & Brothers	16e
MacMillan Company	16c
Nelson & Sons, Thos.	7
Pelton Publishing Co.	9
Reilly & Britton Co.	15
University Research	11
Western Newspaper Ass'n	13

Razors, Toilet Articles

Baez, Charles	45
Durham Duplex Razor Co.	40
Ivory Soap	18
Lehn & Fink (Pebeco)	50
Lyon & Sons, Dr. I. W.	40
Pears' Soap	3rd cover
Rubberset Brush Co.	4th cover

Sporting Goods

E. T. Burrowes Co.	47
Iver Johnson Arms & Cycle Wks.	23

Travel

Santa Fe Railway	28
Where-To-Go Bureau	49

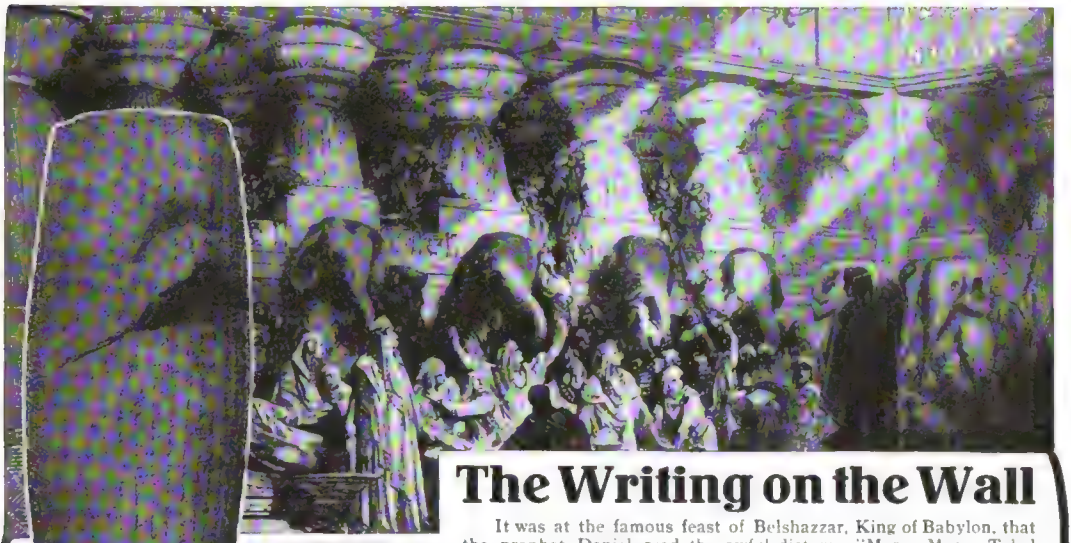
Typewriters

American Writing Machine Co.	39
Royal Typewriter Co.	33
Woodstock Typewriter Co.	39

Wearing Apparel

Florsheim Shoe Co.	30
Krementz & Company	50
Landa Textiles, Inc.	41

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Terra-cotta cylinder containing Cyrus' own story of the "Fall of Babylon"

The Writing on the Wall

It was at the famous feast of Belshazzar, King of Babylon, that the prophet Daniel read the awful dictum—"Mene, Mene, Tekel Upharsin." That night Cyrus and his army captured the city, but not until thousands of years later was unearthed the inscribed cylinder that told the **real** story of the "Fall of Babylon." This curious account, which is very different from the popular version, is but one of many thousand "original documents" contained in

The Library of Original Sources

now for the first time available to the general public. This remarkable Library has previously been sold by subscription, but by purchasing the *entire unsold edition* from the publishers we secured it at an *absolutely unheard-of reduction*. Therefore we are able to offer a few sets to EVERYBODY'S readers at

AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN

FREE BOOK —thousands have written for our interesting FREE book of sample pages and list of curious "original records." Mail the coupon *now* and this book will be sent to *you*.

Send us the attached coupon AT ONCE, and we will tell you how to get the Library on EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS, and mail you FREE a book of rare documents. Remember there are only a limited number of sets, so act quickly. Mail the coupon NOW. You assume no obligation. No salesman will call. The book is FREE.

THIS MARVELOUS WORK is revolutionizing modern thought. It's turning upside down old notions and ideas. It gives the authoritative, rock-bottom sources of our knowledge on ALL SUBJECTS OF HUMAN INTEREST from the earliest civilization down to today—the inside facts which the average person has never even heard of.

OVER 100 RESEARCH SPECIALISTS spent ten years gathering the contents of this great work. Ancient and remote and forgotten civilizations in all parts of the globe were uncovered, and age-buried hieroglyphics on monuments, tablets, sun-baked bricks and palimpsests yielded their secrets; untiring workers ransacked the hidden literature of every age, ancient, mediaeval and modern, to find the "original documents" that shaped the civilizations and influenced the thought and life of the world. Nothing like it has ever been attempted or thought of before. You'll be amazed at the wealth of information this unique library contains.

DO YOU KNOW that the old Egyptians 5000 B. C. had a Bible? Do you know that the Assyrian literature gives the story of the Creation? Do you know that books and newspapers were printed in Asia thousands of years before printing was invented by Gutenberg? Do YOU ever read Columbus' *personal* log of his great voyage? Did you know that there occurred in Mediaeval England the first great Socialistic protest? Do you know by what unique process Harvey demonstrated the circulation of the blood? Do you know who Machiavelli was or what world-famous treatise he wrote?

YOU'LL FIND THEM ALL—and thousands of others equally as curious and important—in The Library of Original Sources. Every document is in the exact words of the original, translated; every contribution is from the actual eye-witness or person who took part; every idea is in the words of the thinker, investigator, discoverer or inventor.

JACK LONDON SAYS: "It is a whole library in itself. I certainly never could spare these books from my shelves."

10 sumptuous, massive volumes, bound in rich, black, imported sheepskin; full-page illustrations on India Vellum, pure silk headbands, printed in large, clear type on hand-made paper.

MAIL THIS COUPON FOR FREE BOOK

12-15 Ev.

University Research Dept. I Milwaukee, Wis.

Send me the FREE book of rare, original documents, showing curious inscriptions of the Ancients, and tell me of your easy payment offer. I assume no obligation, the book and all you send me is to be free, and no salesman is to call.

Name.....

Address.....

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Copley Prints

For Twenty Years a Hall-Mark of Good Taste in Pictures
Also Two New Series of the Highest Distinction

The Copley Color Prints
The Copley Etchings

"ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS—By E. I. Couse

For gifts and for framing for your own walls, these pictures are unsurpassed. "Fine in quality."—Augustus Saint-Gaudens. "I could not wish better."—Edwin A. Abbey.

At art stores, or sent on approval. $1.00 to $100.00.

New and Complete Illustrated Catalogue (practically a handbook of American Art) **sent for 25 cents** (stamps); this cost deducted from a subsequent purchase of the Prints.

Your old Family Portraits reproduced privately in the Copley Prints: daguerreotypes, old faded photographs, tintypes, etc. Particulars on request. *Copyright by

CURTIS & CAMERON: Offices, 126 Harcourt St., BOSTON
SALESROOM: Pierce Building, opposite Public Library

Sent FREE

LAW
Course On Approval

Not one penny down. Get this greatest home-study course in law—including this magnificent fourteen-volume library, the most complete library of its kind in existence, and the first lectures, individual lessons, assignments, etc.—clear, comprehensive discussions of the law—in your hands free of charge—without any obligation whatever. We want you to see this course, before you even decide. Write a postal—right now—to get the details of this startling offer—to find out how you can, without risking a penny, get started right on your legal education.

Get Your Degree By MAIL!

We are authorized by the State of Illinois to confer on our graduates the degree of Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.). Our course prepares you to pass the bar examination in any state. Should you fail we guarantee to coach you without charge until you are successful. We have not on record a single instance of a LaSalle graduate who took a bar examination and failed.

FREE Complete Course in Public Speaking

Prepared by Dr. Frederick B. Robinson, Professor of Public Speaking, College of City of N. Y., etc. No other course like it—write today for Special Limited Free Offer.

SEND NO MONEY Just send your name and address on a postal, and we will forward by return mail full particulars of our remarkable free on approval offer and our wonderful free book "Guide to the Law" showing how to study law at home. If you act promptly we will save you more than half your tuition. This offer is subject to withdrawal in a short time, without notice. So act now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. G-987 Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW?
Cartoonists are well paid.

We will not give you any prize if you answer this ad. Nor will we claim to make you a genius overnight, but if you have any talent, and are anxious to learn to become a successful cartoonist, we will gladly send a sample lesson plate, and let you see what you can do. Enclose stamps for postage. Send sample lesson plate, and let us explain.

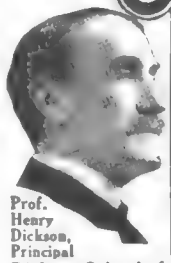
THE W. L. EVANS SCHOOL OF CARTOONING
833 Leader Bldg. Cleveland, O.

Electrical BOOK FREE

Learn how you can become an Electrical Engineer and earn $150 to $250 monthly. No experience necessary. We easily train you in your spare time to enter this fascinating work. Demand for electrical experts exceeds the supply—decide to fit yourself for one of these well-paid jobs. 56-page book, which tells you how to do it, sent FREE.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 5771 Drexel Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

The Key to Success
Stop Forgetting



Prof. Henry Dickson, Principal

Increase Your Efficiency

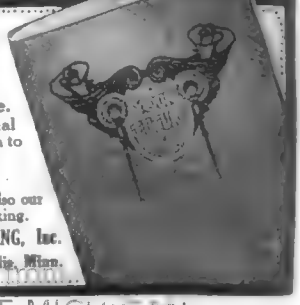
The secret of business and social success is the ability to remember. I can make your mind an infallible classified index from which you can ***instantly*** select thoughts, facts, figures, names, faces. Enables you to ***concentrate, develop self-control, overcome bashfulness, address an audience.*** Easy. Simple. The result of 20 years experience in developing memories of thousands. Write today for copy of my book "How to Remember" and *Copyrighted Intensely Interesting Memory Test Free,* also how to obtain FREE copy of my book "How to Speak in Public."

Dickson School of Memory, 758 Hearst Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$100.00 EARNED BY YOUNG ARTIST IN 2 DAYS

Commercial Artists, practically trained by members of our faculty, have earned $100.00 in two days—often more.

High Authorities Endorse This Great Course.
Earn from $25.00 to $75.00 per week. Become a Commercial Designer—uncrowded field—dignified profession. Learn to draw during your spare time by our home study method.



Easy to Learn, Easy to Apply
Send today for our beautiful catalog in colors. Also our folio of commercial illustrations. Free for the asking.

FEDERAL SCHOOL OF COMMERCIAL DESIGNING, Inc.
104 Warner Building Minneapolis, Minn.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Science of Business Building

A training in business and life success-principles which must be acquired before any person can gain the full health, wealth or happiness of which he is capable.

Some gain these through bitter experience, many never gain them, but more than 75,000 from all classes, have found them in the quickest, surest way by sending for the Sheldon Book and following its suggestions.

Write for free copy to

The Sheldon School
524 Gunther Bldg. CHICAGO

GOOD PENMANSHIP PAYS
I CAN TEACH YOU BY MAIL

All fine pen-written copies. Individual criticisms. Student's writing improves from first lesson. **Diploma Course** includes **Business Writing, Ornate Writing, Card Writing, Roundhand, Flourishing, Lettering and Drawing.** May be taken singly or together. Full graduates receive degree *Master of Penmanship*. Fine Art Certificate upon completing one or more subjects. Interesting Booklet on **Character in Handwriting**, 10c. Character sketch from page of writing and booklet, 50c. Finest written cards, 25c doz. Beautiful catalog free.
L. H. HAUSAM **Box 744E** **Blackwell, Oklahoma**

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. Illustrators and Cartoonists earn from $20 to $125 a week or more. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent. Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you.

Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

THE LANDON SCHOOL of Illustrating and Cartooning
1430 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.

PENNSYLVANIA, Jenkintown, Box 402
Beechwood School (Inc.) For Young Women. A Cultural and Practical School. Fits for any vocation. Preparatory; College Departments; Conservatory of Music; Art, Oratory, Domestic Arts and Sciences, Secretaryship, Gymnastics, Normal Kindergarten. Swimming pool. M. H. REASER, Ph. D., President. D. R. KLER, D. D., Associate.

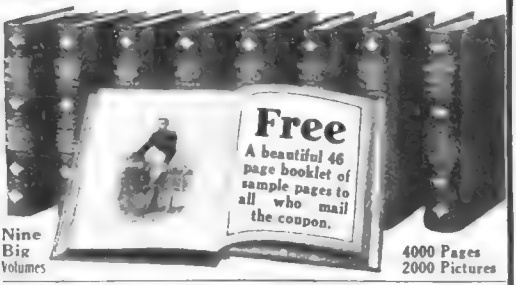
ESTAB. 1892
BODEE TRADE SCHOOL
15-17 W. 44th ST. NEW YORK CITY
LEARN IN 3 MONTHS TO EARN $1300 TO $4000 A YEAR
Our valuable Book "K" tells how. It's Free—write for it. Anyone from 16 to 60 years old can easily learn Mechanical Dentistry. The Demand is like a gold mine Unexplored. We are constantly called upon to fill good salaried positions. Why not qualify for one? No book study. All practical work. We guarantee that you can earn before completion of the Course. Tuition payable in installments.

THE STRANGEST WOMAN IN ALL HISTORY

Have you read about CATHERINE THE GREAT of Russia—the auburn-haired queen—the queen of romance? Was she the great queen—ardent lover—faithless wife—rumor has told? Was she twenty women in one—more beautiful than Helen of Troy—more brilliant than Cleopatra—more ruthless than Catherine de Medici—greater than Queen Elizabeth of England—this woman who came from a modest German duchy to rule over a wild Russian court and a wilder Russian land? What is the truth? The story of her life, and every great personage is to be found in the world-famous publication

Ridpath's History of the World

More than a quarter million sets of this great History have been sold, and every purchaser is more than satisfied. Never before has any set of books had so great a sale. It is endorsed by the scholarship of the world as the greatest History ever written. It is complete and graphic, absorbing and authoritative, and holds you spellbound with the rapt interest of a stirring tale. **Sample pages free.**



A Wonderful Bargain

We will **name our special low price** and **easy terms** only in **direct letters** to those sending us the coupon below. Tear off the coupon, write name and address plainly, **and mail to us now before you forget it.** Our plan of sale enables us to ship direct from factory to customer and **guarantee satisfaction.** We employ no agents, nor do we sell through book stores. There is no agent's commission or book dealer's profit to pay. You can now purchase this great work at the **lowest price** ever offered, and pay for it in small sums monthly if you prefer.

Six Thousand Years of History

Ridpath takes you back to the dawn of history, long before the pyramids of Egypt were built; down through the romantic, troubled times of Chaldea's grandeur and Assyria's magnificence, of Babylon's wealth and luxury, of Greece and Rome's splendor, of Mohammed's power and retirement, of French elegance and refinement; of American patriotism and religious freedom, to the dawn of yesterday, including all the underlying causes of the present European War. He covers **every race, every nation, every time,** and holds you spellbound by his wonderful eloquence. Nothing more interesting, absorbing and inspiring was ever written.

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION 12-15
140 So. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
I want to see your 46-page free sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon, Socrates, Cæsar and other great characters in history, and I write the full particulars of your special offer to Everybody's readers.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

TRAVELING MEN

EARN $2,000 TO $10,000 A YEAR

We will teach you to be a high grade salesmen, in eight weeks at home and assure you definite proposition from a large number of reliable firms who offer our students opportunities to earn Big Pay while they are learning. No former experience required. Write today for particulars, list of hundreds of good openings and testimonials from hundreds of our students now earning $100 to $500 a month. Address nearest Office.

Dept. 515 **NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSN.**
Chicago New York San Francisco

WE TEACH YOU TO DRAW A GOOD SALARY

Most Art Schools merely teach you how to draw pictures—we teach you how to draw a good salary as well. **Practical and personal instruction.** Study during your spare time and learn **how to make pictures that will sell.** Artists earn from $25 to $100 a week. Send copy of picture on left for free criticism, and 6 cts. in stamps for illustrated catalog. Correspondence and Local School.

Washington School of Art, 933 F Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

SPEAK A FOREIGN LANGUAGE!!!

The War has created unlimited opportunities for those who know **Spanish, French, German** or **Italian.** Better your position or increase your business. You can learn quickly and easily, at home, during spare moments, by the

LANGUAGE-PHONE METHOD
And Rosenthal's Practical Linguistry
(Highest Award Panama-Pacific Exposition, 1915)

You listen to the living voice of a native professor pronounce the foreign language, over and over, until you know it. Our records fit all talking machines. Write for Booklet, particulars of Free Trial.

IDEAL XMAS GIFT | The Language-Phone Method, 914 Putnam Bldg., 2 W. 45th St., N.Y.

Be an Artist AND DRAW FOR MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

EARN BIG MONEY

All Branches of Art Taught BY MAIL or Local Classes. Write for illustrated booklet, terms and list of successful pupils.

ASSOCIATED ART STUDIOS 2133 Flatiron Building, NEW YORK

Dr. Esenwein

Short-Story Writing

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure, and writing of the **Short Story,** taught by **Dr. J. Berg Esenwein,** for years Editor of Lippincott's. *Over one hundred Home Study Courses under Professors in Harvard, Brown, Cornell and leading colleges.*

250-page catalog free. Write today

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 348, Springfield, Mass.

CIVIL SERVICE

positions are in all parts of the country. Good pay, steady work, life positions, congenial surroundings, promotions on merit, short hours, annual vacation and sick leave with pay. Many thousands appointed yearly. Both sexes. No political pull. Nearly 300,000 classified positions. Common school education sufficient. Full information and questions used by the Civil Service Commission free.

COLUMBIAN CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ACCOUNTING Taught By Mail

We Equip You to Earn from $2,500 to $10,000 a Year

Courses embrace THEORY OF ACCOUNTS, PRACTICAL ACCOUNTING, COST ACCOUNTING, AUDITING, BOOKKEEPING, LAW. Practical, individual instruction. Your success assured. Write for book B

Dept. B. Universal Business Institute, 17 Madison Ave., N. Y.

Become an EXPERT ACCOUNTANT!

Thousands now needed by railroads, big corporations and other firms at **$3,000 To $10,000 Yearly** with excellent prospects of advancement and a future of independence and prosperity. Unlimited opportunities await you if you prepare now.

Jump Into This Big Job!

We Train You By MAIL at home, in your spare time, no matter what you work at now. It is not necessary that you already understand bookkeeping. We have a course in Higher Accountancy that prepares you from the ground up. Prepared by noted experts—under direct supervision of Wm. Arthur Chase, ex-Pres., Am. Assn. C. P. A. Examiners and ex-Sec'y, Ill. Board of Examiners. Prepares you to pass C. P. A. examinations in any state.

Special Reduced Rate Write now for facts about how to secure for a limited time, special reduced rate scholarship. **We Make Terms to Suit You.**

Money-Back Guarantee If after completion of Course you are not satisfied we agree to refund entire amount paid.

WRITE now for wonderful free book explaining salaries, positions to be had, etc., and proof that we can help you to success as we are helping thousands of LaSalle students. Prepare for these big positions now.

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. H-130, Chicago, Ill.

LANGUAGES

Quickly Learned AT HOME by the Original Phonographic Method

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish or any other language learned quickly and easily by the Cortina Method **at home** with **Disk Cortina-Records.** Write for free booklet today; easy payment plan.

Cortina Academy of Languages
1532 Mecca Bldg., 1600 Broadway, Corner 48th Street, New York

CORTINA-PHONE

STORY-WRITERS WANTED

NOTHING PAYS LIKE SUCCESS IN WRITING FICTION—2 cents to 10 cents A WORD. We sell stories, scenarios, and book MSS. on commission; we revise them and tell you where to sell them. **STORY-WRITING** taught by mail. Send for our free booklet, **"WRITING FOR PROFIT,"** tells how; gives proof. **THORNTON WEST,** Editor-in-Chief.

THE NATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION
Dept. 87, Indianapolis, Ind.

DRAWING

Learn by mail in your own home. Cartooning, Newspaper, Magazine and Commercial Illustrating, also **Water-Color and Oil Painting**

Learn Drawing or Painting for profit and pleasure. We can develop your talent. This school has taught thousands. Free Scholarship Award—special limited offer. Your name and address brings you full explanation and our handsome illustrated Art Annual by return mail. Don't delay. Write today

FINE ARTS INSTITUTE, Studio 299, Omaha, Neb.

STUDY LAW

The Oldest and Best School—Only school of its kind in the United States. **Prepares for the Bar at Your Home.** Four Courses: College, Post-Graduate, Business, Law and Bar Ex. Review. University Methods; Standard Text-books; Cases; Lectures; Moot Court; Brief-Writing. Graduates Successful in Practice. Write today for *free* Catalog and rules for admission to Bar.

Chicago Correspondence School of Law
531 Reaper Block, Chicago, Ill.

LAW BOOK FREE

Read our 80-page book before enrolling for any law course. Tells how to judge claims of correspondence schools, and explains the **American School's** simple method of law instruction. Prepared by 56 legal authorities, including members of the Faculty of Harvard Law School and 30 more authors than any other correspondence school. 13-volume Law Library, 60 Text Books, and 36 Case Books furnished every student. Send for your free book today.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. 1039, Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Lovable Meddler is good

For a Christmas gift. Everyone is *sure* to like this successful new novel

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

The Lovable Meddler

is a breezy romance about lively young men and women and a whimsical, matchmaking old doctor—the "Lovable Meddler" himself. A cheerful, buoyant, diverting book—packed with fun, drollery and charming sentiment.

At All Bookstores, $1.35 Net

Publishers Reilly & Britton Chicago

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn **$10** to **$25** a week as nurses. **Send for "How I Became a Nurse"**—248 pages with actual experiences.

48 Illustrated Lesson Pages Free

The Chautauqua School of Nursing

281 Main Street *Fourteenth Year* Jamestown, N. Y.

TYPEWRITE THE NEW WAY

80 to 100 Words a Minute GUARANTEED

Totally new system. Based on **Gymnastic** Finger Training! Brings amazing speed—perfect accuracy—BIG SALARIES. Easy for anyone. First day shows results. Learn while working. **48-Page Book Free** illustrates and explains all. Gives letters from hundreds with salaries **doubled** and **trebled**. A revelation as to **speed** and **salary** possible to typists. Postal will do, but write today—NOW.

Tulloss School of Typewriting, 1492 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio

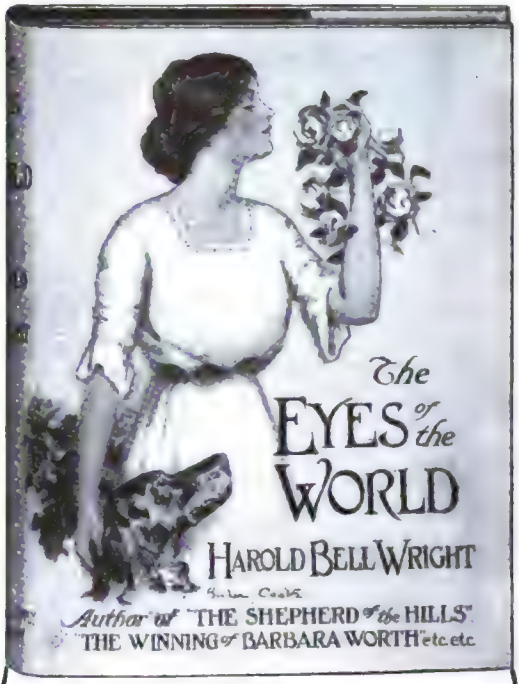
STUDY LAW AT HOME

Become an LL.B.

Only Law School of Its Kind in America

ONLY recognized resident law school in the United States conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL.B.—by correspondence. ONLY law school in U. S. conducting **standard resident school** and giving **same instruction, by mail.** ONLY law school giving **over 450 class-room lectures** to its **extension students.** ONLY law school giving a full **3-year, University Law Course, by mail,** having an **actual faculty** of over **30 prominent lawyers** (3 of whom are Asst. United States' Attorneys) in **active practice.** ONLY law school in existence giving **Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking,** in conjunction with its law course. **We guarantee to prepare our students to pass bar examinations.** School highly endorsed and recommended by **Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students.** Send today for **Large Illustrated Prospectus.** Special courses for Business Men and Bankers.

HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 501 Advertising Bldg., Chicago, Ill.



America's Biggest Author

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT

Has Written Successively Six Best Sellers

St. Louis Post-Dispatch—It is something to write one of the six best sellers. It is six times something to write six best sellers. Harold Bell Wright has done it.

His Latest Novel

The Eyes of the World

A Real Love Story with plot, action, mystery, sentiment and passions, unfolding heart histories and soul tragedies.

12 mo. Cloth $1.35, Leather $1.85

Other Books by Mr. Wright Uniform with the above. Cloth, each $1.35. Leather, each $1.85.

That Printer of Udell's
The Shepherd of the Hills
The Calling of Dan Matthews
The Winning of Barbara Worth
Their Yesterdays

Sold at all Bookstores

Or by the publishers direct

Over Five Million Copies of Harold Bell Wright's Books have been sold

Our Catalogue of Other Publishers' Books

will be sent to you free upon request. It is 8½x5½ inches in size and advertises 25,000 of the best books of all the publishers. We carry every book advertised in stock. A letter or post card will bring it to you.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY

Publishers and Booksellers

ESTABLISHED 1895 E. W. REYNOLDS, President

231-233 W. Monroe Street CHICAGO

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What Britishers Think of Our Neutrality

H. G. Wells
G. K. Chesterton
Sir Arthur Conan Doyle
The Duke of Newcastle
Admiral Sir Edward Seymour
Sir E. Ray Lankester
Jerome K. Jerome
The Countess of Warwick
Major-Genl. Sir Alfred E. Turner
William De Morgan
W. J. Locke
Sir Hiram Maxim
Mrs. Humphry Ward
G. Bernard Shaw
Viscount (Ambassador) Bryce
Archbishop of Armagh
Lord Aberconway
Maurice Hewlett
Genl. Sir George Wolseley
William Archer
Israel Zangwill

Each of these leaders of thought and action has written a frank and characteristic opinion of American neutrality for JANUARY EVERYBODY'S.

PERRITON MAXWELL

This most important "peace or war" article prepared for EVERYBODY'S readers represents three months' work in England by Perriton Maxwell, writer and editor.

JANUARY NUMBER

All News-stands, Dec. 23d, or

Everybody's Magazine

NEW YORK

15 Cents the Copy ***$1.50 the Year***

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
All advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

BOOK REVIEWS

by J. B. KERFOOT

BOOK-REVIEWING is Mr. Kerfoot's life-work. He has conducted the Book Review Department in LIFE and EVERYBODY'S and other magazines for many years. He knows the readers of EVERYBODY'S. Their reading tastes. And he has personally selected the books reviewed in the following pages as likely especially to please EVERYBODY'S readers. Mr. Kerfoot is absolutely unconstrained. The selections and reviews are his alone.

The Publishers of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE request that when you buy a book because you saw it reviewed in this Department, you say as much to your Book-Store Man, or to the Book Publishers if you buy direct. The Book Publishers are sharing with us the expense of conducting this Department, and we want them and the Book-Store Men to know that you like this Department and use it.

So please say when you buy, "I buy on the recommendation of Mr. Kerfoot in EVERYBODY'S," or something like that.

Thank you!

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

What

H

"EVE DORRE"

by EMILY VIELE STROTHER

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

DID you ever notice that a wet sponge dries up from the outside in? That some time after the surface of it feels quite scratchy and unyielding, you can still squeeze drops of water out of the middle of it?

We humans are like that, too. We get cynical and sophisticated slowly, from the surface inward. And of course, after a while, the drying-up goes clean plumb through us and meets in the middle. But for years it is possible for something—perhaps a hundred thousand people singing the national hymn in unison, or possibly just a short story about a girl or a stray pup—to prove to us, by squeezing sudden tears into our eyes, that we are still moist inside. Funny, isn't it, how shamefaced we are about it? And how eager to expose ourselves to the risk. I am sure, for example, that there are thousands of *Everybody's* readers who will be glad of this introduction to "Eve Dorre"—Emily Viele Strother's story of the growing up, in Germany and France, of a little American girl. For it has this blessed ability, suddenly, in the midst of our laughing enjoyment of its naturalness and naïveté, to threaten us with tears.

12mo, Cloth, $1.35 net.

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"THE RESEARCH MAGNIFICENT"

by H. G. WELLS

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

WE ARE all egoists when we read. And there are two things that all we egoists ask of fiction. One is to help us to see ourselves as we'd like to be. The other is to help us to understand ourselves as we are. The first job is easy enough—for both parties. Every old best-seller does it. The second job is the devil. It hasn't had more than the surface of it scratched yet. And it calls for team-work. Did it ever occur to you that it is exactly because H. G. Wells is plugging away with such fine, fallible honesty and with such groping, growing skill at this job, and because there are so many of us doing our blundering best at the other end, and glad of the chance, that Wells is—Wells, the most scorned and listened-to leader of his generation's self-questionings? If it hasn't, think it over. If it has, or does, read his new novel, "The Research Magnificent," the story of a big idea that tried to get a man to live up to it; of the mess the man made of the attempt; and of what he and the world got out of the failure.

Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1.50

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"DEAR ENEMY"

by JEAN WEBSTER

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

THERE are two ways of having stage fright—on one's own account and on some one else's. You can have it because you are down for an after-dinner speech. And you can have it just as badly because Susie is valedictorian. I had it the other day because I saw that Jean Webster had published a new story about the "Daddy Long-Legs" girl. "She'll never get away with it. Never!" I said to myself. "She can't. 'Daddy Long-Legs' was one of those once-in-a-blue-moon crosses between a fluke and a miracle that don't give encores. She never ought——" *You* know how one talks to oneself when one has stage fright. And I actually, in the end, sat down to read "Dear Enemy" with one of the best-developed predispositions to melancholia imaginable. And now—some of the great household remedies are said to have been discovered by accident this way—I am recommending the story to you as a sure cure for the blues. It is told in a series of letters by Sallie McBride, written from an orphan asylum where she is superintendent.

Illustrated by the author. $1.30 net.

THE CENTURY CO.
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"AROUND OLD CHESTER"

by MARGARET DELAND

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

HOLDING fast to that which is good has become a complicated business, these days. It is hard to hold fast to anything at sixty miles an hour. The people who used to turn the trick, in a literary way, by re-reading the whole of Dickens one year, and the whole of Thackeray the next, are all dead. We, who remain, can't read the whole of anyone any more—much less re-read anything. But there are thousands of us who, if we get a chance to re-savor past joys and at the same time keep abreast of the day, are conscious of making two enjoyments fit into the same hour. And just this conjuring trick—just this quiet, quasi-miracle—is performed for us in reading Margaret Deland's "Around Old Chester." Here is the familiar countryside that we first made acquaintance with so many years ago. Here is still our old friend *Dr. Lavender*, quietly influencing many lives from many angles. Yet in the touch of universality that gives life to their localness, these last stories are as fresh as the first. Mrs. Deland merely gains in technical ease and mental mellowness as the years pass.

Post 8vo, Clotn, $1.35 net.

HARPER & BROTHERS
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR"

by ANTHONY HOPE

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

ANTHONY HOPE has two gifts that are rare enough to make us value them wherever we find them. One of these he was born with—or had, at any rate, developed before he wrote "The Prisoner of Zenda." It is that of telling a good story. The other he has acquired since *Zenda* days. It is that of knowing, and of making us know, that the actual lives our fellow beings are living all about us are more interesting, if we can but be made to look at them with the seeing eye, than the pipe-dream doings of all the red-haired princesses that never were. And his new novel, called "A Young Man's Year," is this kind of story, told with this rare cooperation between the seeing eye and the trick of entertaining narrative. You can go a long way farther and fare a long sight worse than by reading it.

Illustrated by C. H. Taffs. $1.35.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"JERUSALEM"

by SELMA LAGERLOF

Reviewed below and recommended to Everybody's readers by J. B. KERFOOT

DO not miss reading Selma Lagerlof's "Jerusalem." Unless, of course, you are irretrievably committed by your inclinations to the bare-back style of fiction. Some people are. They like stories in pink tights and tinsel. They like them ushered into the sawdust ring to the blaring of the band. They like to have them bow boastfully to a breathless audience and then proceed—to jump through paper hoops. And, if cracking the long-lashed whip is the criterion, Selma Lagerlof is no ring-mistress. She is only a great artist—very simple and very deep-seeing; only a child and a woman and an artist—these three—blended in a sort of triune genius. And "Jerusalem" is, on the surface, only one of the simplest stories in the world—the story of some Swedish farmer folk; of *Ingmar Ingmarsson* and his son and grandson, and of what happened in their parish in their day. Yet in some strange way it is the story of us all—of our finenesses and failings, our faiths and fears and foolishness. And because its author is a child and a woman and a seer—these three—in one, a child may read "Jerusalem," or a sage, and be equally enthralled.

Price, $1.35

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WITH youngsters growing bigger every minute and flannels shrinking smaller every washday, woolen under-garments soon feel anything but comfortable to the tender skins and active bodies. These garments, however, can be kept to their original size and shape if washed according to the following suggestions:

1st—Use warm water of the same temperature throughout the washing and rinsing.
2nd—Cleanse by drawing the garment through the hands and by working it up and down in the suds.
3rd—Make the suds with Ivory Soap paste. (See directions inside wrapper.)

This method avoids rubbing and extremes of temperature, both of which make woolens shrink. And, most important, the use of the mild, pure, neutral Ivory Soap keeps the suds free from alkali which not only shrinks woolens but makes them rough, stiff and uncomfortable.

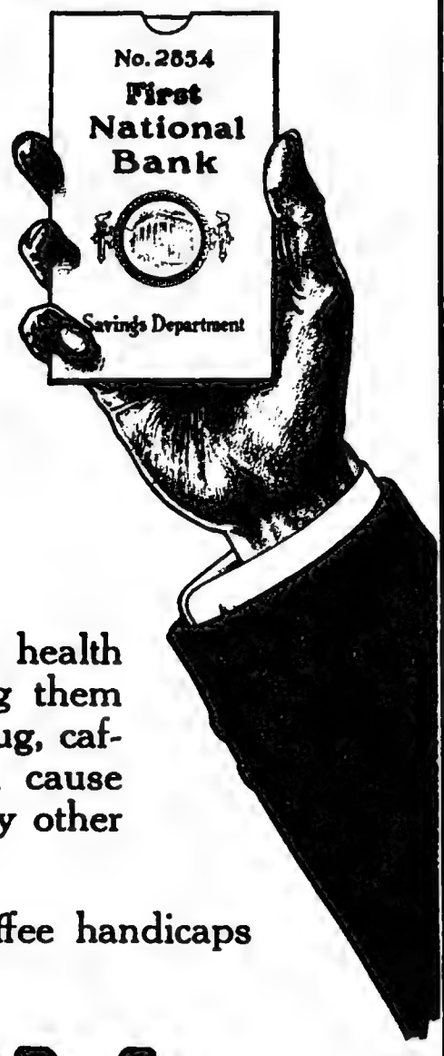
IVORY SOAP. . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

IT FLOATS

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

The Bank Book Proposition



isn't alone one of saving, but of earning power—making more to save. In this a most vital factor is keeping brain and body fit—increasing one's efficiency.

Many on the way to prosperity, bankrupt health and ability by wrong habits of living—among them coffee drinking. For the subtle, cumulative drug, caffeine, in coffee is frequently the unsuspected cause of headache, nervousness, biliousness and many other ailments.

The way to protect one's self against coffee handicaps to health is to quit coffee entirely and use

POSTUM

—the pure food-drink

Made of wheat and a bit of wholesome molasses, Postum has a delicious flavour much like mild Java coffee, yet is free from drugs and other harmful elements.

There are two forms of Postum: The original **Postum Cereal,** must be boiled; **Instant Postum,** the soluble form—made in the cup by adding hot water. The cost of each is about the same per cup.

You can bank on **POSTUM**

"There's a Reason"

—sold by Grocers everywhere.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Test

Musical history was made a short time ago at Orange, New Jersey.

At the laboratories of the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph, 300 phonograph experts were witnesses to an epoch-making experiment.

When the test was done, the entire gathering agreed as one — a modern miracle had been performed before their eyes!

Three factors predominated.

Alice Verlet, the famous Belgian prima donna, whom European musical critics have hailed as the "New Queen of Song."

The New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph.

And Thomas A. Edison. He alone knew of the revelation to come; of the human voice with all its range, its sweetness, its mellowness, its sympathy and pathos coming from the instrument he had created.

Miss Verlet stood beside the New Edison Diamond Disc Phonograph. Mr. Edison sat with his head bowed upon his hand.

There came the clear notes of the beautiful song, "Caro Nome," from Rigoletto.

Which was singing, phonograph or lady? The ear could not distinguish. Only the eye could discern that Miss Verlet's lips were not moving. The Edison Diamond Disc was singing alone. Then—a greater volume—but *only* a greater volume—Miss Verlet joined her voice with the singing of the Edison Diamond Disc.

Two voices—exactly the same two—were singing together. No one among the 300 could tell which was the more clear or distinct, or more full of feeling.

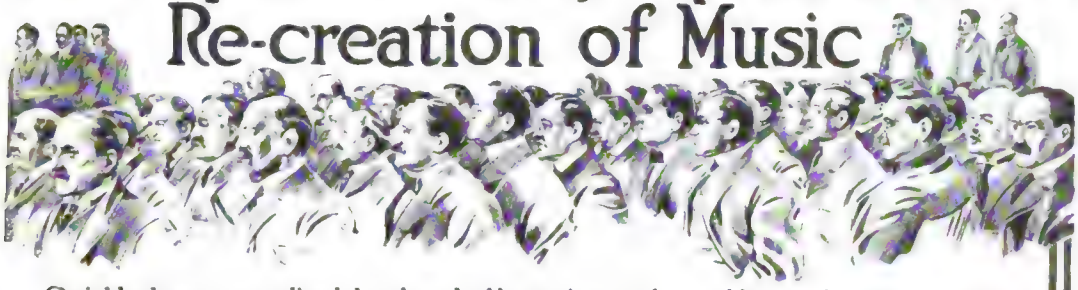
The song volume decreased. The ear heard but one voice. The eye must tell again. *Miss Verlet's lips were moving.* It was she who was singing.

Faces were lit up with surprise—even with amazement—a modern miracle was happening just before them.

The phonograph and the lady continued their duet to the end. Enthusiasm, almost unbounded, ran through the audience.

Digitized by Google
The artist whose work in Everybody's Magazine was indorsed.
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Nearly 300 Phonograph Experts Held Spellbound By Unprecedented Re-creation of Music



Quickly these men realized that there had been given to the world a new instrument which years of endeavor had made so complete that even "perfect" failed as a descriptive word.

They could not describe the tone of the New Edison. It was not enough to call it "human, life-like, natural." No more could they describe a beautiful rose as "true to nature." This New Edison was *nature itself.* It *was* the artist in all but form.

The Edison has no tone of its own. It is a perfect vehicle for the re-creation of the artist's voice—or instrument.

New Edison
Diamond Disc Phonograph

No Needles to Change

The reasons for the absolute perfection of the Diamond Disc Phonograph are manifold. The music passes through a real diamond, traversing a record so hard that human hands cannot break it. Edison records have been played 6,000 times, with the same sweetness and fidelity from the last rendition as from the first. Edison records are thicker than any ever made before.

By Mr. Edison's vertical system of recording, used only by him (as against the lateral system), there can be no wear on the record. The recorder makes a polished path which the smooth surface of the diamond stylus merely *floats over.*

Unbreakable Records

The smooth diamond point in passing over the record is as an automobile running over a hill and then into a valley. There is no more wear on the top of the hill than at the bottom of the valley. This is in contra-distinction to the lateral system of recording, which is as a twisting river always wearing away its banks.

Edison dealers everywhere are ready to give you a demonstration of the new Diamond Disc. Ask to see the $250 Diamond Disc Phonograph, which is the official laboratory model.

Special Edison Christmas Concerts are being given everywhere by Edison Dealers. You will be under no obligation if you ask to have your favorite records played for you. Make up your mind to hear a Christmas Concert early. If you would prefer, arrangements can be made to have a demonstration in your own home.

Or, write us for a catalog of records and Diamond Disc Phonographs

THOMAS A. EDISON, Inc. Dept. 1039, Orange, New Jersey

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

That Waltham Watches

surpass all others is definitely established by the following tests:

At the World Expositions, wherever exhibited, Waltham Watches have received highest awards. At the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Waltham took the Grand Prize over all competitors.

At the great Kew Observatory more Waltham Watches receive the "A" rating than any other make. Only one other American manufacturer has ever received the "A" rating and then only on a single watch.

There are more Waltham Railroad Watches in use the world over than any other make.

Scientists recognize the superiority of Waltham Watches. All the American polar expeditions (where accuracy is essential) have taken Waltham timepieces.

These facts are more eloquent than any mere words.

Of all watches the Waltham Riverside Series

are the most famous. There are various sizes and styles of Riverside Watches but they all have the Riverside character of fine accuracy, surplus strength and long life. Most of the improvements in watch making for a generation have first been incorporated in Riverside Watches.

The man who has one of these Riversides in his pocket is to that extent an aristocrat; and the woman who wears one on her wrist will find herself becoming punctual.

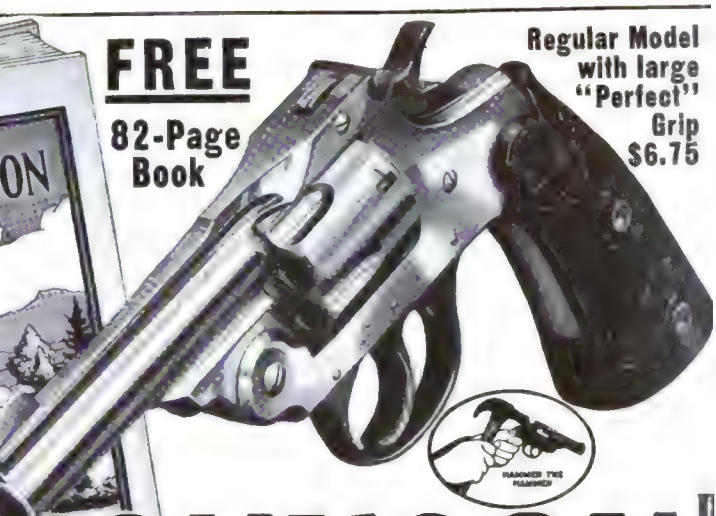
The accuracy of the Riverside Watches is vouched for by the watch company which is the oldest in America and the largest in the world.

The beauty of these watches you can see for yourself. Let your jeweler help you select one for Christmas.

Waltham Watch Company
Waltham, Mass.

Digitized by Google
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

FREE
82-Page Book



Regular Model with large "Perfect" Grip $6.75

IVER JOHNSON

Be Prepared

Any burglar can get into your house in three minutes. What bothers him is the risk that he may not *get out*. The fact that two million owners of Iver Johnson Revolvers are *prepared* to meet him is the only influence that checks a burglar. How often do you see a policeman within a mile of your house?

The Iver Johnson is a perfect weapon for home defense. It shoots straight and hard. It gets off the first shot because there is nothing to do but pull the trigger—no complicated safety buttons or levers to adjust—or forget.

It is absolutely safe. It cannot be fired save with deliberate intent. You can "Hammer the Hammer." Regular model $6.

Send for 82-page Book

It tells how to get the most satisfaction for your money in Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles. It explains why nearly all racing men ride Iver Johnson Bicycles; why the Iver Johnson Motorcycle has been called a mechanical masterpiece; why Iver Johnson single- and double-barrel Shot Guns give as good results and look as good as guns costing twice as much.

This big, valuable book is free—you will be glad to own it.

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS
126 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York 717 Market St., San Francisco

$50

Racer

A faster, more dependable machine cannot be made. Most of the professionals prefer it to specially made bicycles. **$50.**

$40

Roadster

Most popular high-grade bicycle in the world. Note new truss frame, motorcycle pedals and mud guards. Very best equipment, including tires, etc. **$40.**

$30

Special Roadster

Biggest value ever offered in a bicycle. High-grade throughout. Same bearings and frame as $40 model. **$30.**

Also Juveniles from $20 to $25.

Hammerless $7

Regular Hammer Model $6

"Western" Walnut Grip $8

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

For 90c You Can Get the Ideal Gift for Every Man

A crystal glass humidor jar containing one pound of Tuxedo, the mildest, most fragrant tobacco.

The spirit of Christmas is the spirit of Cheerfulness and Good Will to Men—and *that* is the Tuxedo spirit.

Tuxedo is the mildest, pleasantest pipe tobacco in the world—made absolutely non-biting and delightfully mellow by the original "Tuxedo Process" that has never been successfully imitated.

Tuxedo is sold everywhere—but if by any chance you cannot obtain the Christmas Jar of Tuxedo at your store, send us your dealer's name and 90c, and we will send a jar to you or to any address in the United States you desire, all charges paid.

This **Tuxedo Christmas Humidor Jar** *is beautifully decorated with holly, ribbon and Christmas card, and packed in a handsome carton, for sending by mail or messenger; price complete,* **90c**

Last Christmas the demand for Tuxedo humidor jars was so great that thousands of people were disappointed. The safe plan is to place your order with your dealer *now*.

SOLD IN MANY CONVENIENT SIZES

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c
In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c
In Curved Pocket Tin, - 10c
In Moisture-Proof Cloth Pouch, - - - - - 5c

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO.
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

Illustration About One-Quarter Actual Size

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Checks That Helped to Make Him Well

BEFORE the accident, when he was earning money regularly each week, he had the foresight to pay a small sum to the Ætna. Calm, every-day life—and then a fall down the cellar steps. Now he gets a check for $100 from Ætna each four weeks—and the avoidance of money worry is helping him to get well.

Follow his example—protect yourself against accident—and sickness, too—

ÆTNA-IZE

In the hurried life of this day, accidents and sickness are inevitable, and they give no warning of their coming. You can't avoid them. But you can be sure you have money when they do come.

Ætna-ize! Draw a weekly income from us and cancel the danger. If you are engaged in a "Preferred" occupation, and are under 51 years of age, $60 a year is all it will cost you. For that small sum—

We will pay you $50 a week as long as you live if you are disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident, or $25 a week for life if you are disabled by an ordinary accident. And we will pay you $25 a week, up to 52 weeks, if you are sick. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

If you are killed in an accident, we will pay your wife from $5,000 to $15,000, depending on the number of years you have carried the insurance, and whether the accident was an ordinary one or happened while you were traveling or in a burning building.

If you lose two limbs or both eyes by accident we will pay you the same amounts. One-half of these amounts will be paid you for loss of one hand, one foot or one eye by accident. We also pay the weekly indemnity between date of accident and date of death or other loss described.

The coupon cost you nothing and it puts you on the road to safety. Send it today.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.

The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance

Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines

An Ætna agent has a national advertising campaign working for *him* all the time.

Name .....
Occupation .....
Bus. Address .....
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐ Health ☐ Disability ☐ $50 Life Certificate ☐
My age is ..... Years.
I am in good health.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The always welcome gift—

A KODAK

The gift that keeps the picture story of every youthful interest—School days and sports, the winter and summer outings, the city boy's trip to the country and the country boy's trip to the city. In all these there is fun in the picture taking and afterwards both fun and satisfaction in possession.

Catalog of Kodaks and Brownies, free at your dealer's or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y., *The Kodak City.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed

No Xmas Gift is Comparable in Pleasure giving to the-

ANGELUS
PLAYER PIANO

THE ANGELUS is the one gift that makes instant appeal to every member of the household. From the oldest to the youngest, each can find a special joy in its coming, because it can be personally used and enjoyed by all alike.

The ANGELUS is the universal means for musical enjoyment, requiring no finger skill or knowledge of musical technique.

THE ANGELUS IS THE ONLY PLAYER PIANO WITH WHICH YOU CAN PLAY LIKE AN ACCOMPLISHED PIANIST.

The reason is fundamental; it is because of the three exclusive and patented features which have made the ANGELUS world famous. The Phrasing Lever—the most valuable and important expression device on any player piano, giving a control of tempo only equalled by the human fingers. The Melodant—that emphasizes the theme or melody, and the Diaphragm Pneumatics—through which the perfect human touch is obtained.

"The ANGELUS Player Piano offers the possibility of producing any desired shading in expression, dynamics and color of tone."

FRITZ KREISLER.

KNABE ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights. CHICKERING ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights.
EMERSON ANGELUS—Grands and Uprights. LINDEMAN & SONS ANGELUS—Uprights.
ANGELUS PIANO—An upright made expressly for the Angelus
In Canada—The GOURLAY ANGELUS and ANGELUS PIANO.

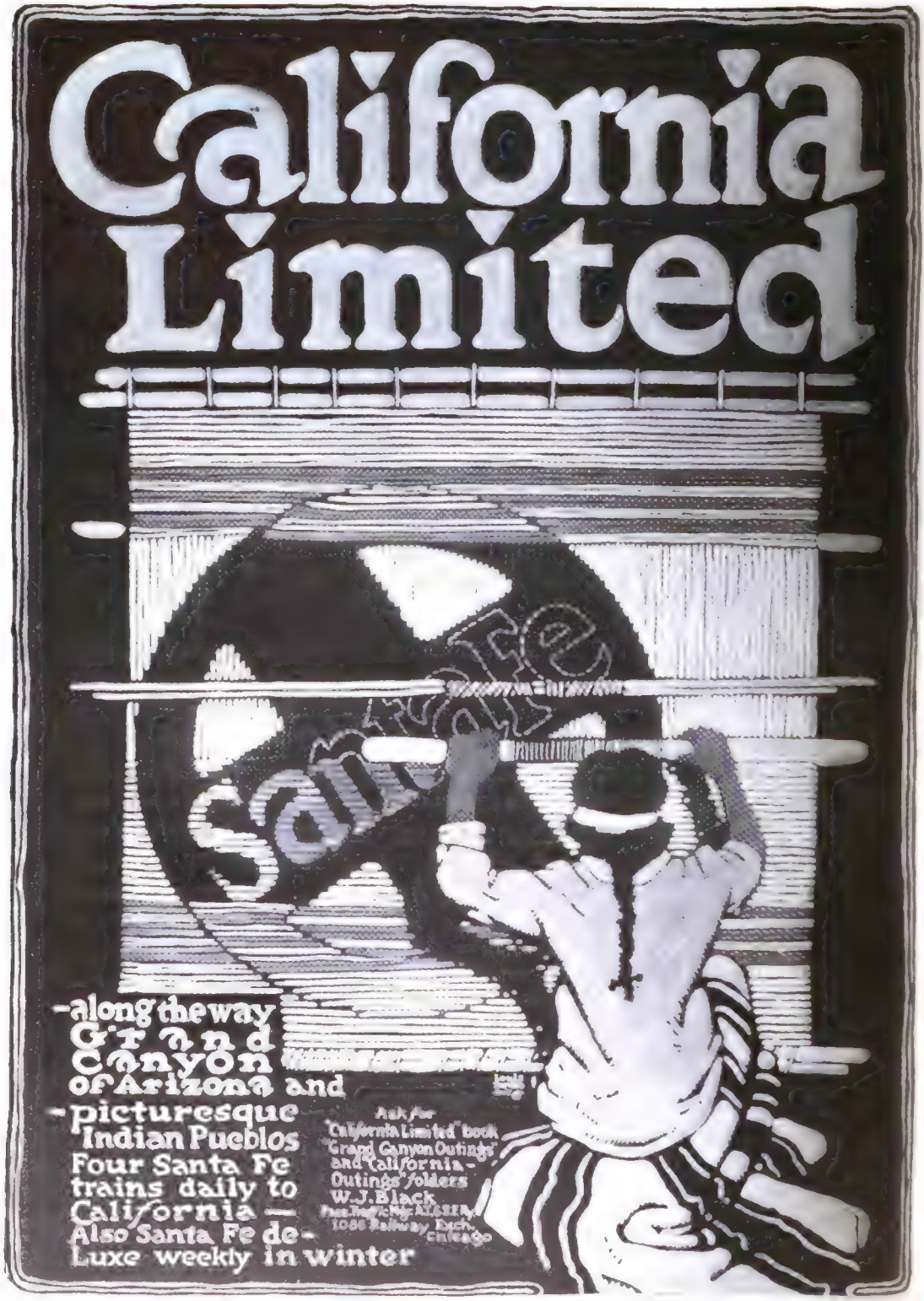
Any of these instruments can be played by hand in the usual manner.

The WILCOX & WHITE CO.

Business Established 1877 MERIDEN, CONN. 233 Regent St., London

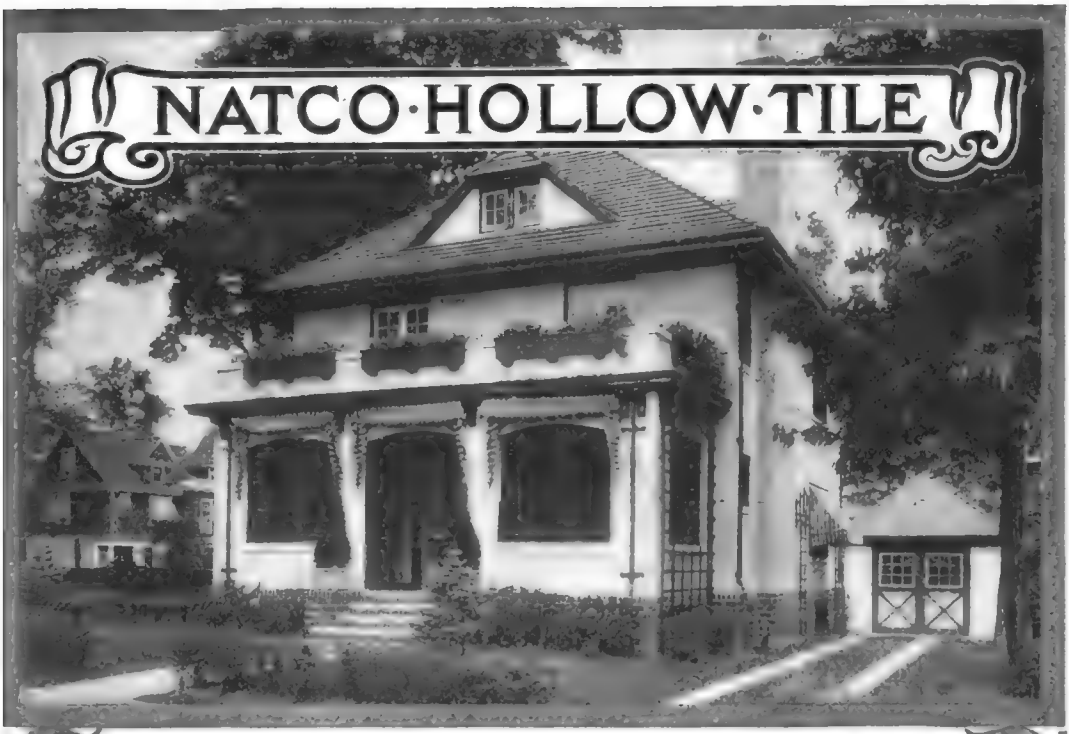
Agencies all over the world

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN


California Limited
-along the way Grand Canyon of Arizona and -picturesque Indian Pueblos Four Santa Fe trains daily to California — Also Santa Fe de-Luxe weekly in winter
Ask for "California Limited" book "Grand Canyon Outings" and "California-Outings" folders
W. J. Black
1086 Railway Exch. Chicago

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE



Will your House be Haunted?

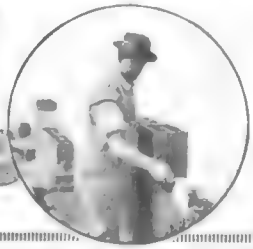
Can you live happily in a house where the ghost of the fire peril constantly menaces you, those you love, and the possessions you treasure? No amount of money or insurance can drive away this dread. But, it can be prevented in advance. You can be sure of safety. You can build into your house a constant and infallible guardian against danger —

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

Build of Natco throughout and forget about fire. Don't worry about possible ravages of weather or time. This material, now giving safety and long life to the mammoth skyscraper and to the cozy bungalow alike, defies not only fire but all of nature's destructive forces. Build of Natco and enjoy greater physical as well as mental comfort. Natco's air blankets are a great aid in keeping out winter's cold and summer's heat.

Whenever and whatever you do build, remember Natco not only as the material to use but as a free Service at your command. This Service means the experienced Natco Engineers working with you, your Architect and Contractor from the first plans to the finished building. Natco Service is one of the factors that make Natco construction so uniformly satisfactory.

Natco Hollow Tile and its inbuilt air blankets provide protection against heat, cold, dampness, sound.



Now, while you are thinking about Natco, find out more about this material. Send for our 32-page hand-book, "Fireproof Houses," with photographs and descriptions of beautiful Natco residences. You will find in it many ideas for your new home. Mailed anywhere for 10c (stamps or coin). Address Dept. B12-15.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING
·COMPANY·

Established 1889

Offices in All Principal Cities PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine when writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE problem of the selection of the handsomest and most useful Christmas gift is happily solved by

THERMOS

For Thermos serves you right—food or drink—hot or cold—when, where, and as you like.

Every member of the family, every one on the list of friendship, from infancy to old age—either in the hours spent at or away from home—have innumerable daily uses for Thermos.

Thermos brings to them in the hot summer months all the comforts produced by ice, and in the cold winter season all the joys to be obtained by fire.

In buying Thermos for "him" or "her" as your Christmas gift, you are selecting the invention honored with the Grand Prize by the Panama-Pacific Exposition; and by like Expositions at Berlin, Paris, Antwerp, Madrid, Seattle, Vienna, and London.

Thermos in great assortment awaits you at any one of 100,000 dealers. If you live in the country ask that it be sent postpaid. From $1.00 up. Send for booklet.

American Thermos Bottle Co.
Norwich, Conn.

FOR THE MAN F WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

Your Next Pair

THE ease of a perfect-fitting Florsheim keeps your feet "fit." Let your next pair be Florsheims. Consider the number of days' wear and the comfort—not the price.

A style for Every Taste
$5 to $7
Look for name in Shoe

"Styles of the Times" free booklet—on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Glide —tan or black calf, low heel. Style S185.

½ Saved

On Diamonds, Watches, Etc.

Our Customers Letters Continually Prove This

A firm of over 60 years of unquestioned integrity, backed by $750,000, is offering diamonds of the finest grade — fully 50 per cent below normal price. Fully guaranteed. Write for bulletin.

Diamond Banking Loaning money on diamonds enables us to quote amazing low prices.

Free Examination
We will send prepaid the gem or watch of your choice **on approval.** If not satisfied with article after seeing it, return at our expense.

No. 382549—Beautiful, guaranteed perfect cut quality blue white gem 3/4—1/2, 1/64 kt. in a lady's ring for only $106.40, with a $90 guaranteed loan. Try to match for $200

Write Today for Latest Bulletin
Send your name and address for latest bulletin of diamond bargains. No obligations—write today—now.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons Only Opposite Post Office
289 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Reference by permission — Farmers Deposit National Bank, Marine National Bank or any Pittsburgh daily Newspaper.

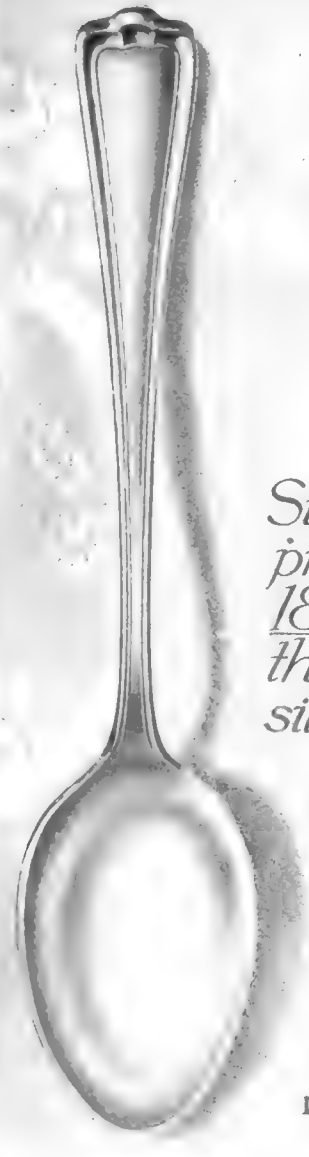
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

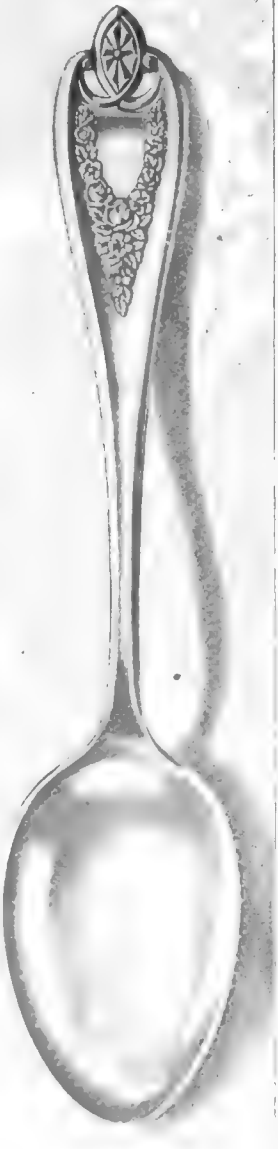
1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

Cromwell

Old Colony





For Christmas Tables

Silverware—the most prized of all presents. 1847 ROGERS BROS. the preferred of all silver plate.

Every piece of 1847 ROGERS BROS. silver plate is backed by an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

Sold by leading Dealers.
Send for illustrated Catalogue "M-20"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.,
Successor to Meriden Britannia Co.
MERIDEN, CONN.

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OUR BONUS CHECK WAITING FOR YOUR NAME

THE BANK OF SUCCESS

No. 110754/9 EVERYWHERE October 1st 1915

Pay to the order of _____

Several Hundred Dollars

$ _____ In Bonus Money

Magazine Agents You Are Not Earning Enough Money

We make this broad assertion because it is the truth with many of you hard-fighting, deserving people who do not send your business direct to us and share in the thousands of dollars we distribute every year in bonus earnings.

There is a place for you in our organization—we want your experience and endeavors allied with the campaign being carried on by *The World's Work*, and we will pay you for the interest manifested.

During the past year *The World's Work* has added thousands of new readers to its subscription list—its unchecked progress is a certainty. Its popularity, and the preponderance of facts given, as an interpreter of current events assures us that the coming season is destined to be a still greater *World's Work* year.

Write to us at once for the rate of bonus we will pay you for your direct business. *You are not earning enough money. We will convince you of this fact.*

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY, Garden City, New York

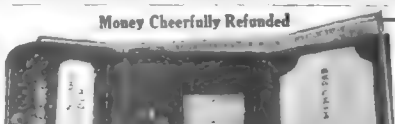
LANDA "Prosperity" BILLFOLD

Money Cheerfully Refunded

ELEGANT, Practical Xmas Gift—order one also for yourself. Combines currency fold, coin purse, card case, loose leaf memo pad, 1916 calendar, transparent identification card and photo holder. Made of finest soft, genuine black Seal Grain Leather. Any name **beautifully** engraved in 23-Kt. Gold—splendid, lasting gift. Size closed 3x3½ inches, open 8x3½. Compact, flexible—will fit any pocket. For ladies and gentlemen. **Special price 50c postpaid**—*ordinarily $1.00.* Attractively packed in handsome gift box.

"DeLuxe," made of genuine Morocco Leather, **$1.00**—*worth $2.50.* Send M.O., draft or postage stamps. Order shipped day received. Satisfaction *guaranteed.* Write for Xmas Gifts catalog.

A. LANDA & SONS CO., Leather Goods Mfrs., Dept. 4-18 Chicago



50c Postpaid

Name Engraved Free in **23-kt Gold** *For Ladies and Gentlemen*

Protect Yourself

Ask for ORIGINAL

At Hotels Restaurants Fountains

The Ideal Food-Drink for All Ages

Nourishing Digestible The Diet for INFANTS CHILDREN INVALIDS

Ask for "HORLICK'S" or you may get a *substitute.*

Be Good to your Books

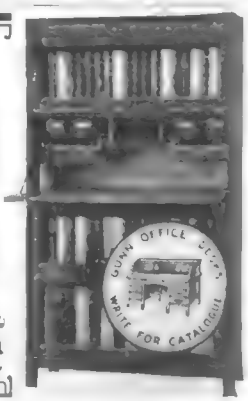
Protect them with a "Gunn"

YOU can start with one book section with top and base, at small cost, and add to it as you get more books. Doors are removable and non-binding; no ugly iron bands; easy to set up and take apart; practically dust-proof; superb workmanship.

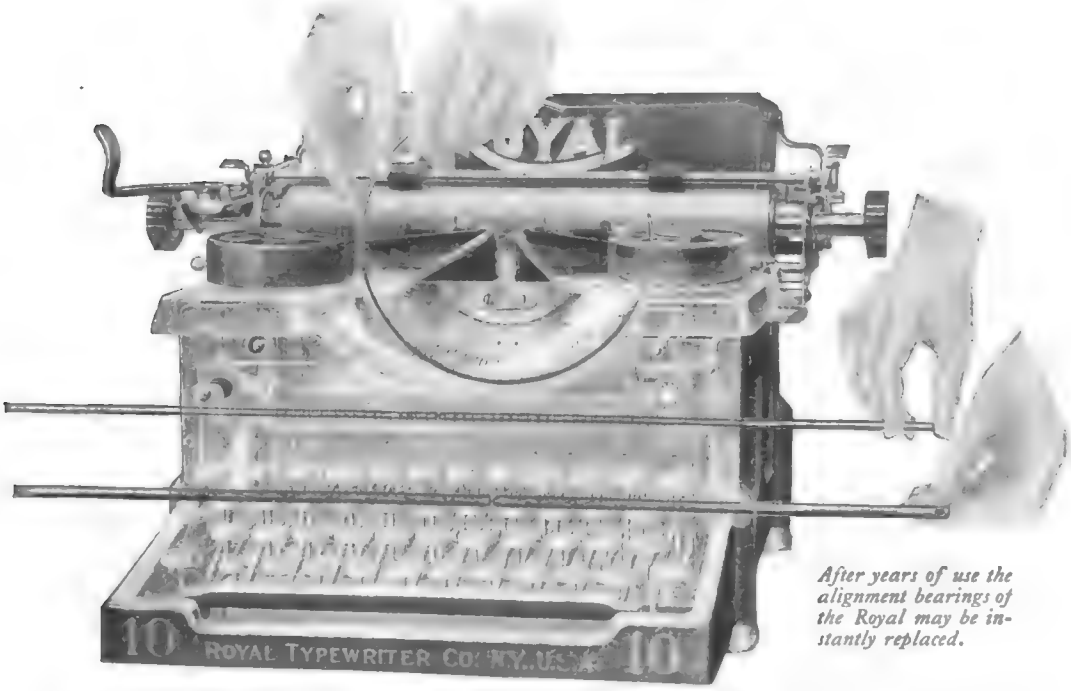
Gunn Sectional Bookcases were awarded the Gold Medal (highest award) at the Panama-Pacific Industrial Exposition.

Send for famous "Gunn" Sectional Bookcase at your dealer's or write us for free [illegible] colors, showing Colonial, Mission, Sanitary, Clawfoot and [illegible] gany and oak to harmonize with their surroundings.

THE GUNN Furniture Co. Grand Rapids, Mich 1822 Broadway



Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



After years of use the alignment bearings of the Royal may be instantly replaced.

Why we ask you to compare the work done on the Royal

LOOK at the picture. It shows how the Royal overcomes *lost alignment* which leads directly to *excessive repairs* and *"trading-out."*

These three *costly* evils are ended by the Royal.

Get the *facts*. The Royal will convince you on *any* basis of comparison—comparing the *work*, the *cost* of work, the *time* saved, the *life* of the machine, the *quality* of both the Royal and its service.

Before buying a typewriter, before deciding that you are fully satisfied with *any* typewriter service, know the Royal.

Write or telephone any Royal branch or agency and a representative will show you the Royal, and it will prove itself to you under your own working conditions.

Write for "Facts About the 'Trade-Out'"—a little book which doesn't mince words in telling the story of the typewriter. Every typewriter owner or user should have it. We want to place a copy in your hands. A postal will bring it to you free.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.

603 Royal Typewriter Bldg., 364 Broadway, New York City ***Branches and Agencies the World Over***

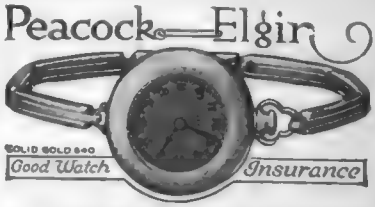
"Compare the Work"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WRITE today for this big, finely illustrated Shopping Guide, and do your Christmas buying comfortably at home. Thousands of practical suggestions for the best kind of gifts—useful, beautiful, fashionable—articles you can be sure are right in quality and price because they come from Peacock's, the store whose word is backed by more than three-quarters of a century of scrupulously honorable dealing.

Masonic Gold Emblem Pin, made of 10-k gold, hand-carved and extra heavy. Illustration shows exact size. A pin any Mason will wear with pleasure and a really remarkable value at the price, **$1.50.**

Peacock—Elgin



A Watch Bracelet has practical, permanent value as well as artistic beauty when it bears the name **Peacock-Elgin**—a twofold guarantee of perfect satisfaction. **$15** to **$70.** Lady Elgin, 14-k gold, 15 jewels, **$40.** Men's Peacock Special Elgin, 14-k gold, thin model, **$30.** Others to **$150.**

This Solid Gold Cameo Ring, actual size as in illustration, is of 10-k rose gold, set with hand-engraved coral cameo. It is a good instance of the tasteful style and maximum value which characterize Peacock rings. The price is **$6.00.**

C.D.PEACOCK ESTABLISHED 1837 *State & Adams Sts.* CHICAGO

$2.50 A Month

The masterpiece of watch manufacture—adjusted to the second, positions, temperature and isochronism. Encased at the factory into your choice of the exquisite new watch cases.

19 Jewel Burlington

All sizes for both men and women. The great Burlington Watch sent on simple request. Pay at the rate of $2.50 a month. You get the watch at the same price even the wholesale jeweler must pay.

Write Today for Free Watch Book 8eq handsome color illustrations of all the newest designs in watches that you have to choose from. Your name and address on a postcard is enough. Get this offer while it lasts.

Burlington Watch Company, 19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1039, Chicago

Good Enlargements

Give you the best results from your kodak film.

We do only the very best work, using the best of materials and the most skillful workmen. Poor work is expensive at any price.

For $1.00

We will make an eleven-inch enlargement, black and white or sepia, triple mounted and hand retouched. No extras of any kind. Postage prepaid. Send for price list. **Films developed 10c per roll. Prints 3c, 4c and 5c.**

JACKSON & SEMMELMEYER, 44 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Milwaukee, Wis. Pasadena, Cal. Santa Barbara, Cal.

SEND TO OUR NEAREST STORE

Atwood Grapefruit

As to Flavor, in a Class by Itself.

Price about the same as the common variety. Your dealer will supply it.

Always in this wrapper

THE ATWOOD GRAPE FRUIT COMPANY MANAVISTA, FLA.

A Terra Cotta TILE ROOF

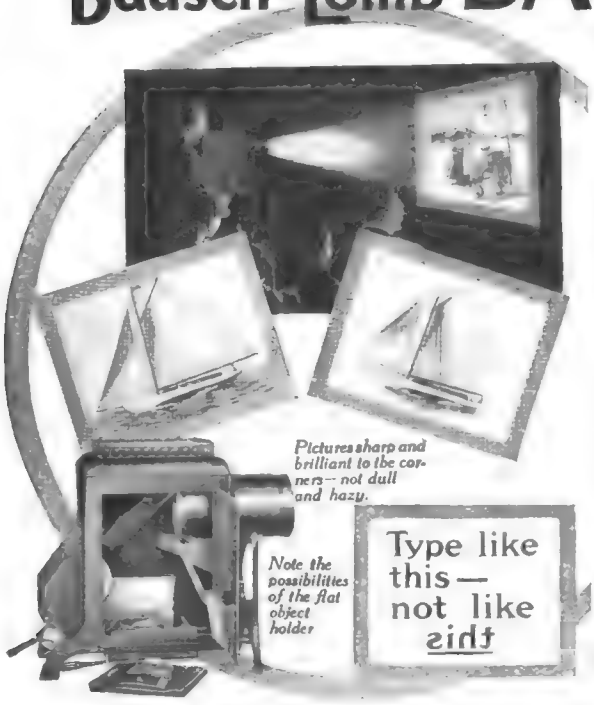
on a modest-priced house gives it stability and character. The Closed Shingle Tile roof on this cottage is a perfect shelter—leak-proof and fire-proof. Requires no paint, stain or repairs to preserve its beauty.

Write for our illustrated booklet, "The Roof Beautiful," printed in colors, referring to the origin and use of Tiles. It contains views of many beautiful homes with roofs of Terra Cotta Tiles, and is sent free upon request.

LUDOWICI-CELADON CO.
Manufacturers of Terra Cotta Roofing Tiles
General Offices: 1109-19 Monroe Bldg.
Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE Bausch and Lomb BALOPTICON


Pictures sharp and brilliant to the corners—not dull and hazy.
Note the possibilities of the flat object holder
Type like this—
not like
this

The pleasure and instruction which the ear gets from the talking machine, the eye gets from pictures and other objects shown by the

HOME BALOPTICON

made primarily as a projector of post cards, photographs, and various objects.

Special *400-watt, gas-filled Mazda lamp* with optically corrected mirror gives an illumination superior to anything heretofore offered, attaching to ordinary lamp socket.

Automatic, perfectly safe and simple enough for any child to operate. Fitted with high-grade achromatic lens, giving well-defined pictures sharp to the corners. Ideal equipment for clubs and small classrooms, as well as the home—not a toy.

Price for Home Balopticon complete for the projection of post cards, including aluminum coated screen, only **$35.** Sold by optical and photographic supply dealers. Other models to meet any requirement, **$20.** and up.

Write for our booklet "Fun—and better"

Bausch & Lomb Optical Co.
500 ST. PAUL STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Know a man by his writing

Whatever your style of writing, (honest, straightforward reliable, also generous)
there is a Spencerian Make (independent, blunt, artistic, a bit selfish)
especially for your hand. (ambitious, persevering, somewhat sentimental)

WOULD you like to know what the handwriting of your friends signifies? Here's a booklet of thirty-two pages that will tell you—**"What Your Handwriting Reveals."** It is written by William Leslie French, the celebrated Graphologist. It is illustrated with fifty specimens of handwriting.

*A **new edition** is being printed to supply the great demand. A copy of this book with twelve different patterns of Spencerian Steel Pens will be sent on receipt of ten cents.*

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York

SPENCERIAN PEN COMPANY
349 Broadway, New York E

I enclose ten cents for samples of Spencerian Steel Pens and a copy of the book, "What Your Handwriting Reveals."

Name_____

Street No._____

City_____

State_____

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HELP WANTED, AGENTS, SALESMEN

AGENTS OF ABILITY AND HIGH CHARACTER wanted on a new household article. Over 100% profit. Special selling plan that pulls results. Address Merritt & Brock, 59 to 69 Temple Place, Boston, Mass.

GUARANTEED hosiery manufacturer wants man or woman to establish permanent distributing route in home locality. No capital or experience needed. Territory protected. Liberal inducements for all or part time. B. Parker Mills, 2733 No. 12th St., Phila., Pa.

WANTED, SALESMEN to sell our line of animal oils on a commission basis, as a side line. Pocket samples. Anglo-American Pork Products Co., Wade Bldg., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS—STEADY INCOME. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 31 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

AGENTS—500% PROFIT. FREE SAMPLE Gold and Silver Sign Letters for store fronts and office windows. Any one can put on. Big demand everywhere. Write to-day for liberal offer to agents. Metallic Letter Co., 417 N. Clark, Chicago, U. S. A.

BIG TEXTILE MILLS will employ everywhere reliable people to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear, sweaters, waists and skirts from samples. Factory prices. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Many making big money weekly. Steadfast Mills, 54 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE BIG MONEY AND BECOME SALES managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits. Particulars and samples free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 1, Daily Record Bldg., Baltimore, Md.

SALESMEN WANTED TO SELL SHINON Products to retailers & jobbers. All trades handle. Consumption big. Lowest prices & attractive deals. 18-year quality reputation. Big commissions net handsome income. All or part time. Shinon Co., Rochester, N. Y.

SPECIALTY SALESMEN WANTED; big commissions being earned; write for particulars. E. L. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio.

WE ARE THE LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF TWISTED Wire Brushes in America. Highest grade goods, best service, largest profits. Our new Auto Specials are winners. Send for catalog. Fuller Brush Company, Hartford, Conn.; Rock Island, Ill.

AGENTS: 200% PROFIT. WONDERFUL LITTLE ARTICLE. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Mathews, 423 North Street, Dayton, Ohio.

WANTED: SALESMEN to sell the livest proposition on the market to-day. Articles are sold to hardware, electrical and automobile supply dealers for resale purposes. Big profit for merchants and salesmen. Metal Specialties Mfg. Co., 730 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

WE WILL start you in the cleaning and dyeing business, splendid field, excellent profits, little capital needed to start. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. G, Charlotte, N. C.

RAILWAY MAIL AND POSTAL CLERKS; examinations soon; over 2000 appointments yearly. Prepare at home. Write for our plan No. 306 of payment after appointment. Philadelphia Business College, Civil Service Dept., Phila., Pa.

AGENTS—Make big money weekly selling our 300 candle-power gasoline table and hanging lamp for homes, stores, halls, churches; no wick, no chimney, no mantel trouble; costs 1c per night; exclusive territory; we loan you sample. Sunshine Safety Lamp Company, 921 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

AGENTS—HERE'S THE BEST LINE of food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc., ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write to-day for full particulars. American Products Co., 3087 Third St., Cincinnati, O.

A DAILY NECESSITY. Salable to everyone everywhere. "Merit" Folding Toothbrush—Patented. New holder made from Vegetable Ivory. You can make over 85%; also large commission for re-orders on extra brushes. Write The Colonial Company, Haddonfield, N. J.

SALESMEN: POCKET SIDE LINE, NEW LIVE PROPOSITION All merchants in towns of 100,000 and under want it. Pays $5.00 commission on each sale. No collecting, no risk to merchant. We take back unsold goods. Easiest, biggest paying side line ever offered. Canfield Mfg. Co., 208 Sigel St., Chicago.

AGENTS: Kleanol Sanitary Wire Twisted Brushes pay big profits; new low prices; freight paid and delivery guaranteed; quick service; exclusive territory; profit-sharing; full line fast sellers; oldest, largest wire brush makers. Kleanol Brush Company, Inc., Dept. 23, Springfield, Mass.

WILL POSITIVELY SHOW YOU BY MAIL HOW YOU CAN earn $25 to $100 a week writing advertisements. Give yourself a chance in this profitable profession. Biggest field in the world. Information free. Page-Davis Co., 22 Chicago Ill.

GREAT OPPORTUNITY for General Agents selling New Specialty to merchants. Retails $5, $10, $15 each. Your profit 200%. No competition. Exclusive territory. Free Samples. Sayers Co., 402 Wainwright, St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS—Make a big Clean-Up selling our Christmas Specials. Quick sales. Big weekly income a cinch. Write for colored Circulars and immediate appointment. E. M. Davis, President, K-62 Davis Building, Chicago, Ill.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY—Start as our agent, become manufacturer. Every-day necessities. Fastest repeat sellers. Marvelous profits. Proposition worth at least $40 weekly. Samples free. Frederick Lobl Company, 536 Warren St., Boston, Mass.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR WOMEN

LEARN AT HOME, EASY LESSONS, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S hairdressing. Marcel waving, manicuring, beauty culture. Many earn good income. Pleasant work. Let us illustrated book free. Elizabeth Kline Institute, 41-D Station F, New York City.

FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

HAVE YOU A CAMERA? Write for samples of my magazines, American Photography and Popular Photography, which will tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 780 Pope Bldg., Boston.

BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS KODAK ENLARGEMENTS FOR gifts, 8x10 Mounted 25c. Send only the negative. Kodak Finishing 50c. offer for 10c. Send 10c (stamps) and roll of film, any size, 6 or 12 exposure; will develop film and send you 6 pictures from best negatives. Mention this ad. Roanoke Cycle Company, Roanoke, Va.

A SAMPLE PRINT FREE of our work from your negative. Films developed, 10c roll. Velox prints 2 1-4 x 3 1-4, 3c. Photo enlarging a specialty. 8 x 10's, 20c, unmounted from negative. Columbia Photo Supply Co., Dept. A, Washington, D. C.

REAL ESTATE

ARIZONA

SALT RIVER VALLEY LAND WORKS ALL YEAR. Arizona Climate, inexhaustible supply of water from Great Roosevelt Dam, and fertile soil grow abundant crops. Early fruit brings high prices. Twenty acres enough. Low prices and easy terms. Write for free book. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonisation Agent, AT&SF Ry., 1897 Ry. Exch., Chicago, or Chamber of Commerce, Phoenix, Arizona.

FLORIDA

FURNISHED FLORIDA BUNGALOW. Rent $45 for entire winter (5 months). On protected Bay entering Gulf of Mexico. Boating, hunting, fishing. Healthful tropical surroundings. Write for full free particulars. Box 8, Bay Head, Fla.

MISSISSIPPI

IS HE CRAZY? The owner of a plantation in Mississippi is giving away a few five-acre tracts. The only condition is that figs be planted. The owner wants enough figs raised to supply a Canning Factory. You can secure five acres and an interest in the Factory by writing Eubank Farms Company, Block G, Pittsburg, Pa. They will plant and care for your trees for $6 per month. Your profit should be $1,000 per year. Some think this man is crazy for giving away such valuable land, but there may be method in his madness

SOUTH

SOUTHERN LANDS are low in price but high in productive value, make two to four crops a year and give largest profits in grain, vegetables, fruits, live stock and dairying. Unsurpassed climate, good markets. Southern Progress is on the Southern Railway. Publications on request. M. V. Richards, Commissioner, Room 28, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.

VIRGINIA

FARMS IN VIRGINIA $15.00 acre and up. Easy payments. Mild climate—no long cold or hot spells. Social Life. Fertile Soil. Good Markets—High Prices—On Railroad—Convenient to Trains. Write for free magazine and other information. F. H. LaBaume, Agri. Agt., Norfolk & Western Rwy., Room 241, N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va.

CHOICE VIRGINIA FARMS ALONG CHESAPEAKE & Ohio Railway, at $15 an acre and up. Abundant rainfall, rich soil, mild winters, plentiful labor, excellent markets. Write for free illustrated Farm Home booklet, "Country Life in Virginia," and low excursion rates. Address, K. T. Crawley, Indus. Agt., C. & O. Rwy., Room 1009, Richmond, Va.

PATENT ATTORNEYS—PATENTS

MEN OF IDEA and inventive ability should write for new "List of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Advice Free. Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 37, Washington, D. C.

IDEAS WANTED—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me; three books with list hundreds of inventions wanted, sent free; I help you market your invention; advice free. R. B. Owen, 10 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS, COPYRIGHTS. Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. Difficult and rejected cases solicited. Book with terms free. Address E. G. Siggers, Patent Lawyer, Suite 3, N. U. Bldg., Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. How to Obtain Patent and What to Invent, with List of Inventions Wanted and Prizes Offered for Inventions amounting to $1,000,000 sent free. Patents advertised Free. Wanted, New Ideas. Send for List of Patent Buyers. Victor J. Evans & Co., 752 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

INCORPORATE YOUR BUSINESS IN ARIZONA. Least Cost. Greatest advantages. Cost not affected by amount of capital. Transact business and keep books anywhere. Stock made full-paid and non-assessable by using our forms. Laws, blanks and directions free. Stockholders are exempt from corporate liability. Stoddard Incorporating Company, Box 8J, Phœnix, Arizona. Branch office: Van Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California.

BUILD A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN, and escape salaried drudgery for life. Learn the Collection Business. Limitless fields; little competition. Few opportunities so profitable. Send for "Pointers" to-day. American Collection Service, 18 State St., Detroit, Mich.

SEEDS, POULTRY, SQUABS

POULTRY PAPER, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 152, Syracuse, N. Y.

GET MORE EGGS by feeding cut raw bone. Mann's Bone Cutter sent on 10 days' free trial. No money in advance. Catalog free. F. W. Mann Co., Box 324, Milford, Mass.

TYPEWRITERS—TOOLS

TOOLS AND TOOL CHESTS, AND OTHER TOOLS, for the autoist, shop and home—are listed and described in the Tool Monger, a 390-page catalog mailed on receipt of 6c. in stamps. Montgomery & Co., 105 Fulton St., New York City.

TYPEWRITER PRICES SMASHED. Spot Cash Offer will save you money. L. C. Smiths, Olivers, Remingtons, Underwoods and Royals; your choice of 500 machines at $10.00 to $15.00. Guaranteed for 3 years. Send today for descriptive circular. Dearborn Typewriter Exchange, Dept. 120, Chicago, Ill.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GAMES AND ENTERTAINMENTS

PLAYS, VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, DIALogues, Speakers, Minstrel Materials, Jokes, Recitations, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Entertainments for all Occasions, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co., Dept. 7, Chicago.

SIX 2c stamps bring you the Biggest Song Hit of the Year, "The Little Grey Mother," the wonderful mother-march-war ballad that is being sung by the great popular singers all over the country. With it we send Free a copy of the valuable book, "Music by Mail," containing everything in Music, to play and select from. Get this now. M. Witmark & Sons, Suite E, Witmark Bldg., New York.

STAMPS—COINS—CURIOS—VISITING CARDS

WE WILL PAY $750.00 CASH for $5 gold piece dated 1822 (no motto). We pay high cash premiums on thousands of coins to 1909. Many are circulating. Get Posted. Send 4c. Get our Large Coin List. It may mean much profit to you. Numismatic Bank, Dept. B, Fort Worth, Texas.

LITERARY, BOOKS, ETC.

FREE! "The Religion of the Future," by Chas. W. Eliot, and other Unitarian Literature will be Sent Free of charge to any one who will write Mrs. Wm. A. Copeland, 14 Lawrence Road, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

WANTED—Short Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Send prepaid with return postage if unavailable. Handwritten Mss. acceptable. Cosmos Magazine, 36 Stewart Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MISCELLANEOUS

"DILCO" HIGH-CLASS CIGARS. Smoked by business and professional men everywhere. Guaranteed broadleaf wrapped. Box of 50 $2.00 prepaid. R. G. Dilts, Waterloo, Indiana.

ORANGES AND GRAPEFRUIT. Picked fresh same day shipped; delivered by express anywhere East of the Mississippi for $5.00 per box. J. J. Crump, Seffner, Fla.

INFORMATION FOR POLICY-HOLDERS

LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES BOUGHT. We can pay up to 50% more than the issuing company can legally pay for Deferred Dividend policies maturing from 1916 to 1919. Write for booklet. Chas. E. Shepard & Co., Inc., Est. 1886, 56 Liberty St., N. Y. City.

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life.
For twenty years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three-Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy—living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW!

ILLINOIS COLLEGE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
946 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

Learn the new profession Tree Surgery

Not overcrowded and offers splendid and unusual opportunities to honorable young men. Ages 20 to 28. Students must have attended high school, be physically sound, and of good character. After completing two years' course, good men make large annual incomes. Positions guaranteed to good men after graduation. Every city, park, orchard, or private estate needs an Expert Tree Surgeon. Positions open also with established companies or State and National Governments. Special attentions to Fruit Growing. Tuition moderate, including first year's board. We pay salary second year. Write promptly for full particulars. Address the Secretary.

Davey Institute of Tree Surgery
Box 867, KENT, OHIO

IF YOU STAMMER

Attend no stammering school until you get my big FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful institution of its kind in the world. Two large modern school buildings fully equipped for treatment of stammering under my advanced natural method. No ring singing or time beating. Established 14 years. Known everywhere as the best. Personal attention given each student. Write today for full particulars. Let me tell you about it. Free.
North-Western School for Stammerers, 4211 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

ASSETS OVER 50 MILLION DOLLARS

ALL over the World people are endorsing our plan of Banking by Mail; it brings this bank—the Oldest and Largest Trust Company in Ohio—right into your home, affording you unquestioned safety as well as convenience and satisfaction at all times.

You receive 4 per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, which yields you a one-third greater income than 3%.

Why not send TODAY for our free Booklet "E" telling all about our plan, and why Banking by Mail has proven so satisfactory.

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 6½ MILLION DOLLARS

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

FOUNDED IN 1884

Connected with Mr. Charles Frohman's Empire Theatre and Companies

FRANKLIN H. SARGENT
President

For Catalogue and Information, apply to
THE SECRETARY, ROOM 151, CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK

DON'T STUTTER

AND STAMMER. It's not a disease. Don't let the distressing habit grow on you. We correct it by the **ONLY TRUE NATURAL METHOD.** Endorsed by the highest authorities. YOU WILL LEARN TO TALK EASILY, FLUENTLY — NATURALLY. It will be permanent. No "Swinging." No "Beating Time." No "Drawling." No "Silence Period" or other tricks practiced here. To convince our methods are correct, we give a **FREE TRIAL WEEK'S INSTRUCTION.** Write today, for FREE Catalog and full particulars.

THE REED SCHOOL, Inc., 379 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Practical Electrical Education

Our practical course in Electrical Science and Engineering trains you to get and keep the big-pay jobs. *Enter at any time*, no matter what your education. Advance as fast as you can master what we teach. Course combines theory with actual practice in all branches of electrical work. Individual instruction. Positions, paying $1500 a year up, waiting for graduates. *Write for Free Illustrated Catalog*

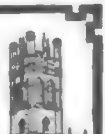
Eleventh School Year Now Open.
SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING OF MILWAUKEE, 227 Stroh Bldg., MILWAUKEE, WIS.

The University of Chicago HOME STUDY

in addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address

Dept. C (Div. S) Chicago, Ill.



Digitized by Google
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"That's the Man!"

THE delicate child, who must be kept toned up with something. How much better, for you and for him, to give him something that you don't have to coax him to take—something that tastes so good there'll be no fighting against it—and best of all, something that's not drug or medicine but just a wholesome, nourishing, liquid-food-tonic.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

A wine glassful at each meal and before going to bed will soon make another child of that delicate, anaemic boy or girl of yours. You'll see the appetite pick up, the cheeks fill out—yes! and there'll be more noise about the house—the noise of a healthy child. A genuine food and tonic for all who are weak, anaemic or run down.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage. Contains 1½ per cent malt solids—1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

ANHEUSER-BUSCH
ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

LIVING MUSIC BOX

Reg. U. S. Pat. 50863.

Our famous musically educated Canary, the most wonderful singer in existence. Sings in evenings as well as during day. Sent on 5 days' trial. **$6.00**

Money back if not satisfied.

Mrs. R. Jollie, Jr., Savannah, Ga., writes: "My bird is worth his weight in gold."

Illustrated Catalog and testimonials FREE.

Max Geisler's Roller-Seed and Bird-Biscuit is the only proper food for Canaries and positively MAKES your bird sing all year 'round. At all Druggists or by parcel post for 30c. Valuable Bird-Book free for dealer's name.

Max Geisler Bird Co. Dept. G Omaha, Neb.
Birds, Dogs and Pets In Business 17 Years

Can't leak or spill—it's solid

Sterno

Canned Heat

Solid, like cold cream, and just as safe. The clean blue flame of Alcohol—the HOTTEST flame known—is always ready at the touch of a match.

To heat baby's milk, day and night.

To get hot water QUICKLY.

To make coffee or tea, or cook on Sterno Stove.

One of the greatest conveniences of the age—needed in every home.

Send 10c for sample can and stand.

Ask your dealer for this handy Sterno Stove—polished nickel plate—guaranteed not to rust—75c—or write to

S. STERNAU & CO., 305 Broadway NEW YORK

MAGAZINES

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency is the largest in the world. You can save money on the magazine you want by writing for

This Catalog FREE

Our New Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. *It's a big Money-Saver.* Send us your name and address on post card today and get this big free catalog. *Do it Now.*

Agents Wanted. Write for full particulars

J. M. HANSON-BENNETT Magazine Agency

210 Brooks Building : : CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Garage $69.50

10 x 12 feet "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage, $69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.

The Edwards Mfg. Co.
809-859 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

600 Shaves From 1 Blade

Yes, and more. That's the record of many men who shave themselves. Old blades made sharper than new—in ten seconds. Quick, velvety shaves for life with the wonderful, new

Rotastrop

For safety and old style razors. Drop blade in, turn handle, machine gives "heel to toe action", just like a barber strops a razor.

10 Days Free Trial—write for free booklet. Send name of nearest dealer, and state make of razor.

Burke Mfg. Co., Dept. Dayton, Ohio

PATENTS

Our Handbooks on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. 70 years' experience. Patents procured through Munn & Co. receive free notice in the Scientific American.

MUNN & CO., 667 Woolworth Bldg., New York
625 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

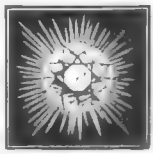
Lady Marathon
The new flexible bracelet with security snap and safety chain. Made in many designs of Marathon quality Gold Filled and Sterling Silver. Guaranteed. LADY MARATHON Bracelet shown Complete in Gift Case $3.50
Ask your Jeweler, and if he cannot supply you, write us direct, giving his name. Lady Marathon Bracelets, set with precious and semi-precious stones, up to $20.00 each at Jewelers. Illustrated Booklet of Marathon Jewelry Free on request.
ATTLEBORO, MARATHON CO. MASS., U.S.A.
FOR THE LADY YOU WISH TO PLEASE

WOULD YOU

show this standard high grade 42-key fully visible typewriter to your friends and let them see wherein it **excels any other $100 typewriter,** if by doing this and rendering other small assistance, you could easily earn one to keep as your own? Then by post card or letter to us simply say "*Mail Particulars.*"

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Box D-234, Woodstock, Ill.

"The Colorado Gem," Newest Product of Our Gem Mines



A beautiful **Genuine Topaz,** of purest white color, finest Diamond cut, wonderful brilliancy, and great hardness. Endorsed by leading experts. Far superior to the best imitation Diamond ever produced. Remember, **I guarantee** these stones to be **genuine.** Special price, $2.00 each, 3 for $5.00. Size, up to two carats. Free booklet. Address with remittance,

H. LINDEMANN, Expert Gem Cutter,
1536 Champa Street, Denver, Col.

FOR XMAS A TYPEWRITER!

Look at these bargains! Typewriters Rebuilt in our own Factories, and guaranteed for one year.

Remingtons $20 to $55	Smiths $18 to $40
Underwoods $35 to $60	Royals $25 to $45
L. C. Smiths $30 to $60	Olivers $20 to $35

We have others, of course. Send for catalog describing them, and address of nearest branch office.

American Writing Machine Co., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

Print Your Own Cards, circulars, book, paper. Press $5. Larger $18. Rotary $60. Save money. Print for others, big profit. All easy, rules sent. Write factory today for catalogue of presses, TYPE, cards, paper, samples. It will pay you well.
THE PRESS CO. Meriden, Connecticut

Can *You* do what 4100 Others Have Done?

Can you succeed where 4100 men from every walk in life—from every state in the Union, are making big money in a new business?

These are only three AVERAGE CASES—not the most remarkable examples by any means—taken from our new TESTIMONY BOOK. This book contains letters from over a hundred, and there are thirty-five times that many more men who have gained independence for themselves through our course of instructions.

The Collection Business

is a money maker for any ambitious man. You do business with the largest and most successful business houses—they are glad to get the kind of service we fit you to give, and all have plenty of business for the man who can deliver the goods.

We teach you the secrets of getting the money. We do more—we offer you the aid of our established, trained graduates who form the Co-Operative Bureau for exchange of business. They will help you—you will help them.

Will You Investigate?

Will you let us lay before you the full, comprehensive and convincing evidence—the facts and figures showing what hundreds have done—are doing—what YOU too, can do? Will you use this coupon today—NOW? The results of your investigation will please—will astonish—will certainly **Convince** you.

W. A. Shryer, Pres.,
AMERICAN COLLECTION SERVICE
645 State St., Detroit, Mich.

$1,721.00 One Month's Commissions

"My commissions average about $270.00 weekly. The largest month's collections were $4,700.00, with commissions of $1,721.00. I started with nothing but your lessons, a rented typewriter, a very small office and a great determination to make good—and I have."

C. J. WOODIN,
Schenectady, N. Y.

$9,265.00 One Year's Net Profit

"The following facts and figures will give an idea of the large extent of the collection business I have developed: The biggest month's collections reached a total of $14,113. One year's net profit was $9,265. $909.80 is the largest claim collected. Our record on outlawed accounts is good—$18,000 in the past 3 years."

H. H. DALTON,
Pittsburg, Pa.

Five months' commissions $6,359.34

"Our commission from one client alone in last ten months was $1,038.64. Total collections first five months of this year $20,033 87. Commission $6,359.34. Business increasing. Your system makes dead-beats pay."

WALTER SANFORD
Nashville, Tenn.

INVESTIGATION COUPON
(Cut or tear off and mail)

W. A. SHRYER, Pres., American Collection Service,
645 State Street, Detroit, Michigan

I want to investigate your proposition. Please send me without charge or obligation your POINTERS ON THE COLLECTION BUSINESS telling me how to get a real start.

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Take Care of the First One

When the first little tooth peeps through, is the time to begin the preservation of the child's teeth.

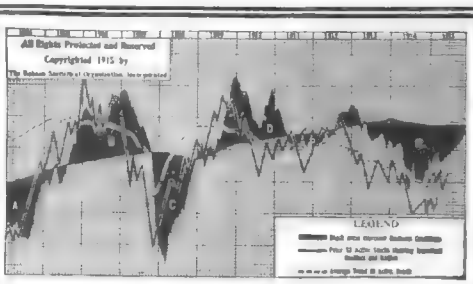
Always rely on

Dr. Lyon's
PERFECT
Tooth Powder
OR
Dental Cream

Teach your children to use either of Dr. Lyon's dentifrices night and morning, and you have done your share toward giving them good looks and good health.

For a 2c stamp we will send you a generous trial package of either Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder or Dental Cream.

I. W. LYON & SONS, Inc.,
545 West 27th St., New York City



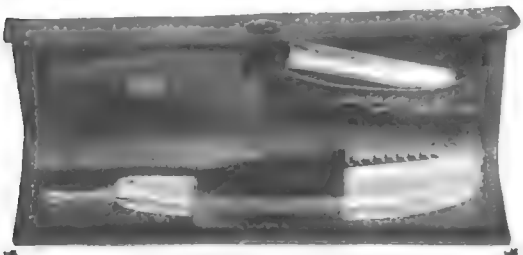
In What to Invest

Babson clients are kept constantly informed on the proper securities to buy. Our advisory department also cautions them against *what not to buy.*

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department E-7 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Engineering Block. Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of its Character in U. S.



The Durham-Duplex Domino Razor with white American ivory handle, safety guard, stropping attachment, package of six of the famous Durham-Duplex double-edged, hollow ground blades in genuine red leather folding kit.

SOLVES YOUR CHRISTMAS PROBLEM

$5 DURHAM-DUPLEX Domino RAZOR FOR $1

We are requesting the owners of Durham-Duplex Demonstrator Razors to pass them along to friends, or at least to tell their friends about the shave it is possible to obtain with the wonderful Durham-Duplex Blade. This is good advertising for us, and we are paying for it by giving Demonstrator users an opportunity to obtain a Domino Razor for $1.00, with twenty United Profit Sharing Coupons.

DURHAM-DUPLEX RAZOR CO., Jersey City, N. J.

Gentlemen:—Send me a $5 Durham-Duplex Domino Kit Outfit as per illustration above for which find enclosed $1.00.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Any dealer will honor this coupon TO

DEAF?

"I Now Hear Clearly"

You, Too, Can Hear!

Inasmuch as 200 000 users of the "ACOUSTICON" have had the same results from it as Mr. Garrett Brown, whose photo appears above, we feel perfectly safe in urging every deaf person, without a penny of expense, solely and entirely at our risk, to accept a thorough trial of the

1916 Acousticon

No Deposit FREE No Expense

All you need to do is to write saying that you are deaf and will try the "ACOUSTICON." The trial will not cost you one cent, for we even pay delivery charges.

WARNING! There is no good reason why everyone should not make as liberal a trial offer as we do, so do not send money for any instrument for the deaf until you have tried it.

The "ACOUSTICON" has improvements and patented features which cannot be duplicated, so no matter what you have tried in the past, send for your free trial of the "ACOUSTICON" today and convince yourself—you alone to decide. Address

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1325 Candler Bldg., New York
Toronto, Ont. Office, Royal Bank Bldg.

This advertisement in Everybody's Magazine is indexed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

For These Days ~ When Ankles Show

No Excuse For Cotton

© L. T., Inc.

All Silk's Luxury at One-Half Price

Luxite Man-Spun Silk

Silk is made of a viscous fluid digested by silk-worms from vegetable fibre.

In Luxite, an almost identical fluid is made synthetically—also from vegetable fibre.

The silk-worm exudes this fluid in the form of a very fine web. The Luxite fluid is spun equally fine thru minute platinum tubes.

That's about the whole difference. By analysis the products are nearly identical. It is extremely difficult, by sight or feeling, to tell silk from Luxite, save that Luxite by its lustre shows its utter purity.

Luxite is cheaper because it is made in a large way and we have an unlimited output. Products much inferior, but also made synthetically, have long been sold as silk.

THIS is not to argue against Silk Hose, or to claim a better hose than silk. Our plea is *for* Silk Hose—for everybody, every day. In perfecting Luxite we've wiped out all excuse for cotton.

But don't insist on worm-spun silk unless price doesn't matter. You can get in Luxite—man-spun silk—a web practically identical. It has silk's sheen and softness. It has extra lustre. It has, in substance, worm-silk's composition.

But Luxite is man-made. And man has outdone worms in several ways, particularly in cost of making.

So we say, Don't pay twice Luxite price to have your Silk Hose made by worms.

Hose of Luxite

Made of Luxite Synthetic Silk

Not Sham Silk

Luxite is something new. It is not cotton made to look like silk. It has no relation to the many ways of imitating silk. It is the final result of man's efforts to duplicate silk. To make synthetic silk, as they make synthetic diamonds. A half-dozen ways long have been known, but the texture lacked strength. Now Luxite has solved the strength problem.

If you want silk hose just because silk is costly, get the worm-spun silk. But in Hose of Luxite you get all else that silk can mean, at one-half the price.

What is the charm in a double price if no one can see that you pay it?

Hose of Luxite is now sold in nearly every city. If your dealer can't supply it, send direct to us. Our book, "The Gift of Science," tells more. Ask us for it.

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc., 515 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.
New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool
Makers of High-Grade Hosiery Since 1875

Men's 25c and 35c per pair; Women's 50c

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The Ceaseless Search that makes Homes Brighter
At our Research Laboratories in Schenectady scores of scientists are steadily at work in the far-reaching lamp investigations that MAZDA Service carries on.
Day after day the search goes on, studying, testing, experimenting—and little by little your home grows brighter and your light bills lighter.
For as each new idea in lighting, each new material and new method of construction is tested and approved, MAZDA Service transmits it immediately to our manufacturing centers at Cleveland and Harrison, and to the other manufacturers entitled to receive it. And thus the results of MAZDA Service come quickly to your home.
But the important thing to remember is that MAZDA, no matter whether you see it today, tomorrow, or years hence, is always the mark of this scientific Service to lamp manufacturers—always a sign to you that the lamps so marked represent for the time being the sum of all that science knows of incandescent lighting.
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
MAZDA

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Your Wife's Christmas

Torrington Vacuum Sweeper

No dirt can go so deep into a carpet or rug that a *Torrington* cannot get it out. No electric or other power is used—the wheels on which it easily runs operate three suction bellows that get all the dirt. These same wheels drive the brush which picks up all litter.

The *Torrington* scatters no dust—it leaves no dusting to do. Clean cut, simply built, it will last for years. It saves the drudgery of using a broom and costs less per year.

Consider these points: Health, economy, convenience. Made in three grades. Prices, $6 to $12.

Ask your dealer to show you.
Write for Free Booklet.

NATIONAL SWEEPER CO.
3 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.
or 52 Bruce Ave., Westmount, Montreal, Canada

Vapo Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

Don't fail to use Cresolene for the distressing, and often fatal, affections for which it is recommended.

It is a simple, safe, effective and drugless treatment

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a **boon** to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, makes breathing easy, soothes the sore throat, and stops the cough, assuring restful nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 36 years of successful use. Send us postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

The *Extra-Thin* Watch

$17.50 to $100.00

This purple ribbon makes you doubly certain of the quality of your Christmas gift.

The model shown here is an Extra-thin, 12-size Gentleman's South Bend "Chesterfield." It comes in a beautiful, leather-covered case, and is an ideal holiday gift.

The unerring time-telling qualities of this watch, its slender, shapely symmetry, its perfect and elegant finish will arouse your pride every time you consult it. And you can get a "Chesterfield" for as little as $17.50. Other models, $22.50 to $100.

THE South Bend Chesterfield

Built and sold on *merit*—not tradition. An *honest* watch, reliable and sturdy in construction. All movements and cases fully guaranteed.

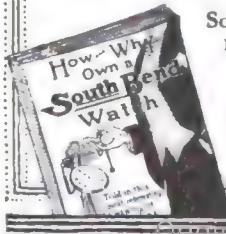
See Your Jeweler

—he has or can get South Bend Watches.

Send for 68-page Catalog

Illustrated in color, showing all the "Chesterfield" series, and also the Studebaker Railroad grades, the Ladies' Dainty models and many others.

South Bend Watch Co.
1012 Studebaker Street
South Bend, Ind.



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This is the Picture of a Kindly Man

It is Velvet Joe, the genial philosopher of the pipe.

His outlook on life is that of a man who loves his fellows—who has faith in them—and who believes in gentle words and cheery helpfulness.

And why is Velvet Joe kindly and cheerful?

Because, to a naturally sunny disposition, he has added the wisdom and ripeness of years.

As Velvet Joe says: "Ev'rything, good or bad, gets mo' so with age. Thar ain't even no fool like an ole fool."

This is the Picture of a Kindly Tobacco

It is VELVET—the smoothest smoking tobacco.

Like Velvet Joe, it hails from Kentucky—the land of many good things—but none better than the rich Kentucky Burley tobacco, the choicest leaves of which go into the blending of VELVET.

Like Velvet Joe, VELVET tobacco owes its pleasant mellowness to the improvement that comes only with age.

For VELVET tobacco is matured for two years, during which anything resembling "bite" is mellowed into a fragrant, full-flavored quality that justifies its claim of "The Smoothest Smoking Tobacco."

You must have good tobacco to *start with*, and age to improve it and make it "mo' so."

VELVET is *right* tobacco to begin with and the years of ageing mature and mellow it.

Panama-Pacific Exposition's highest award—The Grand Prix —has been awarded to VELVET "for its superior quality."

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One-Pound Glass Humidors

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

Don't Scrape—Shave!

Put 3-in-One on the strop before sharpening your razor! Also draw razor edge between thumb and finger, moistened with

3-in-One oil

This will keep razor so keen that you'll never gouge your face or fail of a smooth shave. Don't scoff. Try it.

3-in-One is sold in drug, hardware, sporting goods and general stores. A 1 oz. bottle, 10c; 3 oz. 25c; 8 oz. (½ pt.), 50c. Also in Handy Oil Cans, 3½ oz. 25c. If your dealer hasn't Handy Oil Cans, we will send one full of 3-in-One for 30c.

FREE—A generous sample of 3-in-One and the 3-in-One Dictionary.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
42CYM. Broadway
New York

Delicacy of perfume is only One of its delights

AZUREA
The de Luxe
FACE POWDER

Made by L.T.PIVER, PARIS, France

Purest—Softest—Finest

Made in Four BLANCHE—ROSEE
Delicate Tints RACHEL—NATURELLE

At All Best Dealers

SEND 25c For "Surprise Box" containing charming miniature packages of "Azurea" Face Powder, Sachet and Perfumes.

CHAS. BAEZ, Sole Agent
For U. S. and Canada, Dept. "P"
24 E. 22nd St., N.Y. City

Mobilizing For Fun!

Yes, an innocent call, "To Arms!"—and all the sharpshooters, little and big, file into the billiard room. Then the thrilling battle begins—moments of breathless suspense, volleys of laughter and jest.

Don't miss these happy home-spent hours at Carom or Pocket Billiards. They stir men's blood, *and put the sinews of manhood in the young.*

This Christmas—A Brunswick Home

Billiard Table

Made of rare and beautiful woods in sizes to fit all homes. The "Grand," "Baby Grand" and "Convertibles" have long been conceded the finest and fastest home tables in the world.

Our new "Quick Demountable" is made by the same skilled men and methods. Yet here is the table that you can set up anywhere in a jiffy and put away when not in use. Not a toy, but a scientific table with life! speed! and accuracy!

$27 Up—Pay 10c a Day!

Our prices are now the lowest in all our history because we are making these tables for thousands—$27 upward. You can pay monthly till the table is paid for—as little as *10c a day!*

30-Day Trial—Outfit FREE!

Select the table you want. We let you try it 30 days. We also include Complete High Class Playing Outfit FREE—Balls, Cues, Markers, Cue-Clamps, Chalk, Expert Book of 33 games, etc.

Our interesting color-catalog shows all tables, prices and full details. This coupon or a postal brings this handsome book *free, postpaid!* Send at once—while they last. (481)

Send This for Billiard Book Free

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 21-T, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, postpaid, your color-catalog—

"Billiards—The Home Magnet"

and tell about your free home trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ANNOUNCEMENT

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

are now offered to the public in **10c. Boxes**

The same old, faithful remedy, in a new size box — at a popular price — to encourage all who suffer from coughs or hoarseness to test their efficacy. Thousands already know how quickly **Brown's Bronchial Troches** relieve and benefit—thousands more may now prove their value by using a single 10c. box. You should find it at every drug store. Handy to carry and use—sure to relieve.

Unexcelled for Coughs and Relief of Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Weak Voice

Brown's Bronchial Troches have been held in highest repute for nearly seventy years. Still made in the same old-fashioned way. A cough remedy—not a candy. Not sticky or syrupy—but clean to handle and taste. *If you haven't tried them—test them now.*

Ask your druggist for a 10c. Trial Size Box of Brown's Bronchial Troches. The finest cough remedy in handiest package. Other sizes at 25c, 50c and $1.

We will mail any size upon receipt of price, if your dealer cannot supply you

John I. Brown & Son, Dept. 12, Boston, Mass.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

...ll for personal use, or as a gift, there is nothing to compare with a Diamond, *if it be of good quality.*

LYON DIAMONDS

are *absolutely perfect and blue white.* Nothing better as an investment, as our grade of Diamond is constantly advancing. Any honest person is offered our liberal terms of

20% Down 10% A Month

which allows eight months to complete payments

We furnish with our Diamonds a guarantee certificate attesting the quality and value, and providing for exchange at full purchase price. Write today for our latest *Catalog No. 15*, in which is shown a complete line of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware. Goods sent to any Bank or Express subject to approval. *We allow a discount of 10% for cash.*

J.M. LYON & CO., (Dept. C) 71-73 NASSAU ST. NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

$1 DOWN
A few cents a day will quickly make you the owner of a handsome Burrowes Table. You can play while you pay.
FREE TRIAL
All Tables shipped on free trial. Prices are from $15 up; on easy terms of $1 or more down, and a small amount each month. Cues, balls, etc., free with each Table. Sizes range up to 4½x9 ft. (Standard.)

BURROWES

Billiard and Pool Tables

are splendidly built, and adapted to the most scientific play. Great experts say that the Burrowes Regis High-Speed Rubber Cushions are the best made.

No special room is needed—Burrowes Tables can be mounted on dining or library table, or on their own legs or folding stand. Put up or taken down in a minute.

NO RED TAPE On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory, return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write to-day for illustrated catalog, giving prices, etc.

THE E. T. BURROWES CO., 62 SPRING ST., PORTLAND, ME.

Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Screens, Cedar Chests, Folding Card Tables

When a cut, a scratch or a bruise comes, think first of Dioxogen, the pure peroxide of hydrogen that needs no questionable acetanilid to preserve it. Dioxogen prevents infection. Its use is the best health insurance. Don't take chances with cheap *bleaching* peroxides. To enable you to judge, we will gladly send you a trial bottle, this size, on request. Write today.

Ask for DIOXOGEN by name—at any drug store

The Oakland Chemical Co. 10 Astor Place, New York

The First Result Of Training

More money is not the *only* result of training, *but it is the first.*

Whether you are training to advance in your present position or to enter a new field, the first place you feel your new training is in your pocketbook — your pay envelope.

Prepare yourself to EARN better pay. You cannot GET it unless you are qualified to EARN it.

The International Correspondence Schools will bring right into your own home all the help you need to train in a *little* of your spare time for whatever position you mark on the attached coupon *now.*

No matter what education you have missed; what you do; how old you are or where you live, you can win like all the rest, through I. C. S. training.

Mail the coupon today

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 1269 SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING		SALESMANSHIP	
Electric Lighting & Railways		ADVERTISING	
Telephone Expert		Window Trimming	
MECHANICAL ENGINEERING		Show Card Writing	
Mechanical Drafting		Lettering and Sign Painting	
Gas Engines		ILLUSTRATING	
CIVIL ENGINEERING		Designing	
Surveying and Mapping		BOOKKEEPING	
MINE FOREMAN AND SUPT.		Stenography and Typewriting	
STATIONARY ENGINEERING		Higher Accounting	
ARCHITECTURE		Commercial Law	
Building Contractor		GOOD ENGLISH FOR EVYONE	
Architectural Drafting		Teachers Course	
Concrete Engineering		English Branches	
Structural Engineering		CIVIL SERVICE	Spanish
PLUMBING AND HEATING		AGRICULTURE	German
AUTO RUNNING		POULTRY	French
Motor Boat Running		Chemistry	Italian

Name_____

Present Occupation_____

Street and No._____

City_____ State_____

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

A Right Sugar for Every Purpose

American Sugar Refining Company

Crooked Spines Made Straight
by the Sheldon Method

Thousands of Remarkable Cases

An old lady, 72 years of age who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief thru the Sheldon Method. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Sheldon Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated more than 20,000 cases in the past 14 years.

30 Days' Trial At Our Risk

We will prove its value in your own case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photographs show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Sheldon Appliance is — how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets.

Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine owes it to himself to investigate thoroughly. Price within reach of all.

Send For Our Free Book

If you will describe the case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.

PHILO BURT MFG. CO.,
204 Seventh Street, Jamestown, N. Y.

Paint is insurance against loss through deterioration or decay.

Zinc

lowers the cost of paint insurance by lengthening the life of the protection without increasing the cost.

"Your Move" is yours for the asking

The New Jersey Zinc Company
Room 409, 55 Wall Street, New York

For big contract jobs consult our Research Bureau

50¢ CONGRESS GOLD EDGES PLAYING CARDS

SEND 15¢ IN STAMPS
HOYLE UP-TO-DATE
THE OFFICIAL RULES OF CARD GAMES
ISSUED YEARLY

25¢ BICYCLE CLUB INDEXES PLAYING CARDS

For Social Play

Congress Playing Cards, by Art designed To please the eye and entertain the mind.
Air-Cushion Finish Club Indexes

For General Play

The Non-skid tread of Bicycle Playing Cards girdles the World.
Ivory or Air-Cushion Finish

THE U.S. PLAYING CARD CO. CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed

Digitized by Google UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHERE-TO-GO

HOTEL·RESORT·&·TRAVEL·DEPARTMENT
APPEARING MONTHLY IN ALL 7 OF THESE MAGAZINES
COSMOPOLITAN-EVERYBODY'S-FIELD & STREAM-REVIEW OF REVIEWS-SCRIBNER'S-THE CANADIAN-WORLD'S WORK
9TH YEAR-ESTABLISHED TO GIVE RELIABLE INFORMATION TO READERS OF THESE MAGAZINES IN TRAVEL PLANNING.
WRITE TO THESE ADVERTISERS FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS
OR TO C.E. BEANE, PRES. WHERE-TO-GO, 8 BEACON ST. BOSTON, MASS.

The TRAYMORE — ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

THE LARGEST FIREPROOF RESORT HOTEL IN THE WORLD
THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA AT PLAY
MAGNITUDE AND CHEERFULNESS
D.S. WHITE, Prest. J.W. MOTT, Mgr.

UNIQUE FEATURES: The vast Marble Exchange—flanked with Flowers and Sheltered Angles, the Forecourt, Fountain of Fate, Cloister Garden, Restaurant, Submarine Grill, Rose Hall, Library Tower, Belvedere and Three Decks looking on the Boardwalk and the Ocean.

SAN ANTONIO TEXAS

SPEND THE WINTER IN
San Antonio
LAND OF THE WINTER SUN.

Perfect Climate in Winter. Beautiful Parks & Plazas. Palms, Roses. 400 Miles of Scenic Auto Roads. GOLF ALL WINTER. POLO-RIDING-TENNIS-MOTORING. GREATEST FISHING AND HUNTING in UNITED STATES:—HUNTING:—Deer, Quail, Doves, Ducks, Turkeys, within 30 Minutes of City Proper.—BASS FISHING at Medina Lake, TARPON at Gulf Resorts.—TEN MILLION DOLLARS HAS JUST BEEN SPENT FOR BEAUTIFYING CITY.—Finest Hotels.—For further information and Booklet De Luxe, write Thousand Club Division of the Chamber of Commerce, San Antonio, Texas.

THE ST. ANTHONY San Antonio TEXAS
The luxurious hotel in the Winter City of the continent. Homelike. Comfortable. Golf every day in the year. Three fine courses. Every outdoor sport and pastime at its best the winter long. Literature on request. T.B. Baker, Pres. & G.M.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

HOTEL DRISCOLL Faces U.S. Capitol. Near Union Station. Amidst Show Places. Running Water, Electric Fans in Rooms. Bath Gratis. Garage. Music. Am. $3. Eur. $1.50 up. Booklet D.

FLORIDA

COME TO SAN SALVADOR FLORIDA for a charming winter outing. Fine furnished cottage for rent, $40 per month. Address E. S. Tillinghast, Hibbing, Minn.

CAMP BISCAYNE, Cocoanut Grove, Fla. Cottage colony in primeval woods, on Bay shore, opp. Reefs. Dining Lodge with single rooms. Baths and electric lights in all buildings. Write for booklet.

Where-To-Go has 12,000,000 readers monthly. Next forms close Dec. 1st.

ATLANTIC CITY N. J.

Atlantic City. MARLBOROUGH-BLENHEIM
Above illustration shows but one section of this magnificent and sumptuously fitted house—the Open Air Plaza and Enclosed Solariums overlook the Board-walk and the Ocean. The environment, convenience and comforts of the Marlborough-Blenheim and the invigorating climate at Atlantic City make this the ideal place for a Winter sojourn. Always open. Write for handsomely illustrated booklet. Josiah White & Sons Company, Proprietors and Directors.

Galen Hall. ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
Hotel and Sanatorium. New stone, brick & steel building. Always open, always ready, always busy. Table and attendance unsurpassed.

ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS

THE ARKANSAS HOT SPRINGS
Greatest health and pleasure resort in the world. **Owned and controlled by the United States Government.** Perfect 18-hole Golf Course. Write for particulars. ARLINGTON & EASTMAN HOTELS.

CHICAGO ILL.

New **Kaiserhof** CHICAGO
450 Rooms-$1.50 Up
300 Baths
Centrally Located One Block from LaSalle Station, Post Office & Board of Trade
Write for Folder No. A

HEALTH RESORTS

BATTLE CREEK
A Mecca for health seekers. Over 1,000 different curative baths and treatments; renowned diet system; reducing and fattening diets scientifically regulated, thirty-three specializing physicians; 300 trained nurses; restful tropical garden, colossal recreation gymnasium, swimming pools, beautiful natural surroundings, invigorating climate, just the place for rest and health building.
Send for free booklet, *"The Simple Life in a Nutshell"* and illustrated prospectus.
THE SANITARIUM,
BOX 109, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

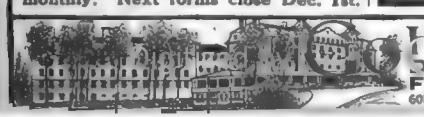
MOUNT CLEMENS MICH.

A luxurious, all-year health and pleasure resort. Featuring the famous MINERAL BATHS and PARK HOTEL Mt. Clemens MICH.

SEATTLE WASH.

HOTEL BUTLER Large airy rooms.
Cafe without peer. Center of things. Taxi fare 25c Rooms $1.00 up; with bath $2.00 up Home comforts to the traveler. A. CHESHIRE MITCHELL, Mgr.

FLORIDA—GEORGIA CUBA—THE CAROLINAS
Send for Excursion Rates, illustrated booklet containing hotel directory, map & general information regarding quickest train service & shortest routes. Offices: Boston, Buffalo, Phila., Baltimore, Washington or
W. E. CONKLYN, G. E. P. A.
1184 Broadway, New York
SEABOARD AIR LINE RY.

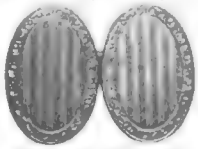


HOTEL COLLEGE ARMS
ST. PETERSBURG FLORIDA
LOCATED ON A HIGH RIDGE NEAR THE CENTER OF EASTERN FLORIDA—PURE, DRY AIR. ARDENT WITH THE FRAGRANCE OF PINE TREES & ORANGE BLOSSOMS
NOTED FOR CUISINE-FORMAL & INFORMAL CONCERTS & DANCING-18 HOLE GOLF COURSE-TENNIS, RIDING & DRIVING-OPEN JANUARY 1ST-ADDRESS, THEO. C. BROOKS, MANAGER.

Krementz Christmas Gifts

One-piece Collar Buttons, 25c. each

One-piece Bean and Post Cuff Buttons, $2.00 a pair



Solderless Loose Links, $2.50 a pair

Solderless Tie Clasps, $1.00 each

Evening Dress Sets $5.25 upward

IF YOU want to hear a sincere, hearty "Thank you!"—give him Krementz 14-Kt. Rolled Gold Plate Jewelry for Christmas.

Mannish all through, strong, dignified, refined, handsome—and *absolutely correct.*

The name Krementz on jewelry means that it conforms to fashion's most rigid demands.

One-piece Collar Buttons, 25c each; four in gift box, $1.00.

One-piece bean and post Cuff Buttons, in gift box, $2.00 a pair; pair of Cuff Buttons and two Collar Buttons, in gift box, $2.50; pair of Cuff Buttons and Tie Clasp to match, in gift box, $3.00; pair of Cuff Buttons, Tie Clasp to match, and pair of Collar Buttons, in gift box, $3.50.

Solderless Loose Links, $2.50 a pair.

Solderless Tie Clasps, $1.00 each.

Bolkin-clutch Studs and Vest Buttons that "go in like a needle and hold like an anchor" and Cuff Links to match, for evening wear, $5.25 to $6.50 a set in handsome presentation case.

If your dealer hasn't Krementz Jewelry, order direct from us.

Write for Booklet E-1, showing Correct Jewelry for Men

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
Newark, N. J.

"A Man Likes Useful Gifts"

Tooth Insurance

One-third of a brushful of Pebeco used regularly night and morning is insurance against the ravages of "acid-mouth."

That means practical certainty of keeping teeth sound, for dentists say 95% of tooth decay is caused by "acid-mouth."

It also means clean, white teeth, almost entire freedom from bad odors and tastes, and a refreshed feeling of the mouth.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the one preparation that counteracts "acid-mouth."

Prove this for yourself by sending for

Free Ten-day Trial Tube of Pebeco and Acid Test Papers

The little Test Papers will infallibly detect "acid-mouth" if you have it as nine out of ten people are said to have. The experiment is simple and interesting. The trial tube of Pebeco will show how pleasant is the use of this real dentifrice.

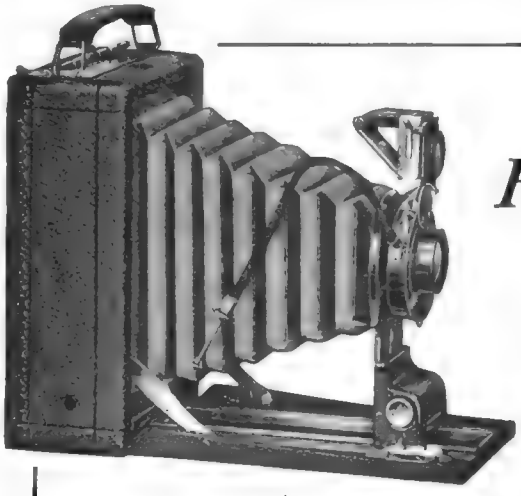
Lehn & Fink New York

Manufacturing Chemists

118 William Street **New York**

Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.



For Her—

or

For Him, a

PREMO

Did you ever see anyone who was not interested in pictures—especially pictures of his own friends and family and the pleasant incidents of life?

When you give a Premo, you give the means of making such pictures easily, surely and successfully.

The person who gets a Premo camera needs no photographic experience whatever. Simply worded instructions come with each camera, and the few operations necessary for making pictures the Premo way are so easy and clear that they can be readily understood, even by a schoolboy.

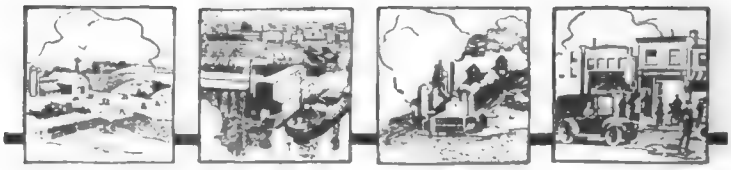
Premos are fitted with the best lenses and shutters to be had, all thoroughly tested. They are carefully made, dependable cameras in the fullest sense of the word. There are thirty styles and sizes to choose from at prices from $1.50 to $140.00.

The Premo catalog is free at your dealer's, or will be gladly mailed on request

ROCHESTER OPTICAL DIVISION

EASTMAN KODAK CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Business is booming!

Dayton, Ohio.

Merchants everywhere tell our 800 salesmen that business is booming.

Farmers have had two record crops, at big prices, with big demand at home and abroad.

Stocks of manufactured material are short, and labor is in great demand.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Factories are busy, many working overtime.

More freight cars are needed, and steamers are taxed to capacity.

People are living better, and spending their money more freely.

This country has the best money in the world, and more of it than ever before.

Such a combination of favorable circumstances never has occurred before, and probably will never occur again.

Billions of dollars are passing over the merchants' counters.

The people who spend this money want the best service.

They demand it in all kinds of stores, from the smallest to the largest.

They get it in stores which use our up-to-date Cash Registers, which quicken service, stop mistakes, satisfy customers, and increase profits.

Over a million merchants have proved our Cash Registers to be a business necessity.

[*Signed*]

John H Patterson

Write for booklet to
The National Cash Register Co.
Dayton, Ohio.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

WHY NOT
REBUILD and
MODERNIZE
THE OLD HOME
ONE ROOM AT A TIME?

"We can have it done this winter, without upsetting the house, and perhaps in the Spring we can reshingle the roof with Cypress, 'the Wood Eternal,'" (You know it was only last year that historic Mount Vernon, Washington's old home, was reshingled with Cypress for the second time since its erection in 1743.) But to get back to the matter of New and Artistic Interiors, why not ***LET US HELP*** by sending you, with no charge or obligation at all, our booklet on

"New Insides for Old Homes"?

This is the title of VOL. 39 (VOLUME THIRTY-NINE) of the internationally famous Cypress Pocket Library, a series of authoritative text books on the Intelligent Use of Lumber, in which our particular product, Cypress, "the Wood Eternal," is recommended *ONLY* where it is the very best wood for the given use.

VOL. 39 contains 40 pages, with 10 pictures, an art supplement in tint (showing the beauty of Cypress grain), Detailed *Working Drawings* on a sheet 24 x 36 inches, with *Full Specifications* for rebuilding the *Hall*, *Library*, *Dining Room* and *Living Room* with architectural correctness and artistic finish without resort to expensive hardwoods. (Cypress works easily and is wonderful under stains.) Each design by an authority—on our special order. No "stock patterns." Write for Vol. 39. Study it. *Use it.*

When planning a Pergola, Mansion, Bungalow, pasture-fence or sleeping porch, remember—"*With CYPRESS you BUILD BUT ONCE.*"

Let our "ALL-ROUND HELPS DEPARTMENT" help YOU. Our entire resources are at your service with Reliable personal Counsel.

SOUTHERN CYPRESS MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION

1200 HIBERNIA BANK BLDG., NEW ORLEANS, LA. or 1200 HEARD NAT'L BANK BLDG., JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

INSIST ON CYPRESS AT YOUR LOCAL LUMBER DEALER'S. IF HE HASN'T IT, *LET US KNOW IMMEDIATELY.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Weavers of Speech

Upon the magic looms of the Bell System, tens of millions of telephone messages are daily woven into a marvelous fabric, representing the countless activities of a busy people.

Day and night, invisible hands shift the shuttles to and fro, weaving the thoughts of men and women into a pattern which, if it could be seen as a tapestry, would tell a dramatic story of our business and social life.

In its warp and woof would mingle success and failure, triumph and tragedy, joy and sorrow, sentiment and shop-talk, heart emotions and million-dollar deals.

The weavers are the 70,000 Bell operators. Out of sight of the subscribers, these weavers of speech sit silently at the switchboards, swiftly and skillfully interlacing the cords which guide the human voice over the country in all directions.

Whether a man wants his neighbor in town, or some one in a far-away state; whether the calls come one or ten a minute, the work of the operators is ever the same—making direct, instant communication everywhere possible.

This is Bell Service. Not only is it necessary to provide the facilities for the weaving of speech, but these facilities must be vitalized with the skill and intelligence which, in the Bell System, have made Universal Service the privilege of the millions.

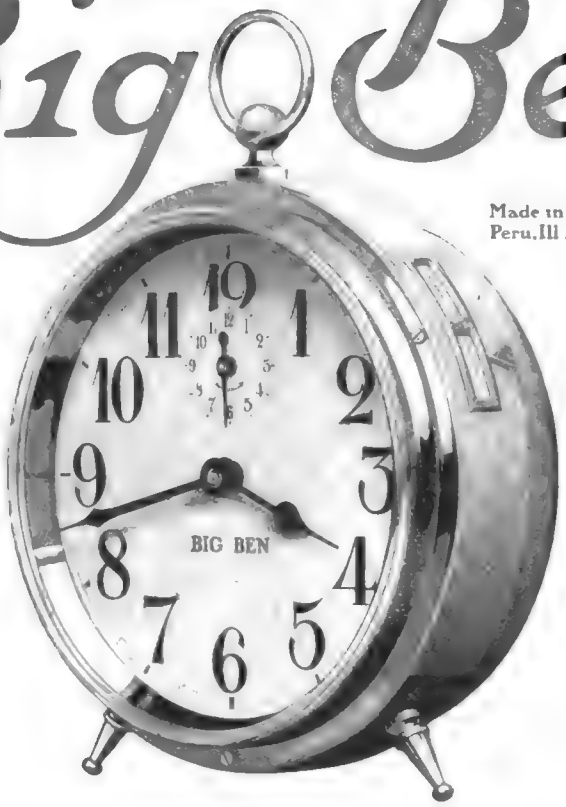
AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are modified.

Big Ben



Made in LaSalle and Peru, Ill., by Westclox

For Those Dark Mornings

A frosty tang in the morning air makes you snuggle the bedclothes tight. A lazy sun makes the night stay late, so it's easy to sleep on through.

Big Ben's right there with a tuneful call to tell you it's morning time. The hearty cheer of his "Come on, pal!" sticks with you the whole day long.

He'll be right there with his mellow chime whatever hour you set. He'll ease your eyes open with ten gentle, half-minute rings, thirty seconds apart, or he'll rouse you with one vigorous five-minute signal. Once you're awake a touch of a switch stops him short in either call.

Big Ben is seven inches tall, slender, well built, handsome; business-like, efficient, accurate. Judge him on performance — he'll more than fulfill his promise.

He's waiting for you at your jeweler's. His price anywhere in the United States is $2.50; in Canada, $3.00. If your dealer doesn't stock him a money order addressed to *"Westclox, La Salle, Illinois,"* will bring him to your door postpaid.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
Kindly mention Everybody's Magazine in writing to advertisers or visiting your dealer.

Why Winter Oils

WHEN winter is as warm as summer, one grade of lubricating oil will suit all seasons. Until then, cold-test oils will have their place.

Some types of motors require in winter an oil that will flow freely at low temperatures. Otherwise the oil is likely to congeal either in the splash troughs, sight feed or in exposed oil piping and fail to reach all friction points.

In many leading cars the lubricating requirements of the motor demand the same oil in winter as in summer. In these cases Full Force Feed or Force Feed lubricating systems are employed.

These two systems are now employed on many four and six cylinder cars and on all eight and twelve cylinder cars announced to October 1st.

In each of these lubricating systems, the splash troughs, sight feed and exposed oil piping are done away with and the oil is forced—usually by pump pressure—to the principal friction points.

On cars employing either system it is rarely necessary—and inadvisable, unless necessary—to change in winter to oils of lighter body or lower cold test. Such oils will not develop the maximum efficiency of motors lubricated by Full Force Feed or Force Feed systems.

Motor efficiency and lubrication efficiency can never be separated. To get full power from your motor, oil of the highest *quality* whose *body* accurately fits the mechanical construction of the motor must be used.

The grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils specified for summer and winter use in the cars listed at the right will develop the highest motor and lubrication efficiency. The arrows indicate the 1915 models for which a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
The advertisements in Everybody's Magazine are indexed.

different grade is recommended for winter use.

The correctness of each of the grades specified was determined after a careful engineering analysis of each make and model of car. If your car is not listed a complete copy of our lubrication Chart will be sent you on request.

Ford Owners: The oil which lubricates the Ford motor also lubricates the planetary transmission.

The high speed of the motor together with the lubricating system employed require an oil which will be readily atomized and distributed to all friction points under low temperature conditions.

The planetary transmission requires an oil which will flow freely in cold weather. Otherwise the oil will congeal and cause the transmission to "drag." Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" exactly meets these winter lubrication requirements of the Ford Car.

Mobiloils

A grade for each type of motor

The four grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils for gasoline motor lubrication, purified to remove free carbon, are:

Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic"

For Electric Vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" for motor and enclosed chains. For open chains and differential use Gargoyle Mobiloil "C."

In buying Gargoyle Mobiloils from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original packages. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container. For information, kindly address any inquiry to our nearest office.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

Rochester, N.Y., U.S.A.

Specialists in the manufacture of high grade lubricants for every class of machinery. Obtainable everywhere in the world.

Domestic Branches: Detroit, Pittsburgh, Boston, Philadelphia, New York, Indianapolis, Chicago, Minneapolis

Correct Automobile Lubrication

Explanation: In the Chart below, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloils that should be used. For example, "A" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." "Arc" means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arctic," etc. The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF CARS	1911		1912		1913		1914		1915	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)								A	A	
Alco	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Auburn (4 cyl)	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Autocar (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc						
Avery	A	E	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A
" (Model C) 1 Ton							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Buick	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cadillac	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc			
" (8 cyl)									Arc	Arc
Carterear	A	E	A	E	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" Com'l.	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Case	A	A	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	Arc	Arc
Chandler							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chase (air)	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	B
" (water)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Chesterfield six									A	Arc
Chevrolet					A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Cole	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (8 cyl)									A	A
Cunningham	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Delaunay-Belleville	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A		
Detroiter			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)									Arc	Arc
Dodge									E	E
E. M. F.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc						
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Fiat	B	A	A	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Ford	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E	E
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A	A	A
" Com'l.	B	A	A	Arc	A	Arc				
Garford Com'l.	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A		
Grant							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Hupmobile					A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (Model 20)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc				
I. H. C. (air)					B	A	B	A	B	A
" (water)					A	A	A	A	A	A
International	B	B	B	A						
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Jeffery							A	A	A	Arc
" Com'l.			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly Springfield	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A	A
King	A	E	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
" (8 cyl)									Arc	Arc
" Com'l.							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Kissel Kar	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" Com'l.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	Arc
" " (Model 48)							A	A	A	A
Kline Kar	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knox	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A
Locomobile	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	E	E	E	E
Lozier	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc		
Mack	A	E	E	E	E	E	A	E	A	E
" (Model S)					A	A	A	A	A	A
Marmon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Mercer	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (22-70 Series)									Arc	Arc
Metz	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moline	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc				
" Knight							A	A	A	
Moon (4 cyl)	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
" (6 cyl)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
National	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Oldsmobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Overland	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Packard	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Paige	A	Arc	A	E	A	E	A	A	A	Arc
" (6 cyl)									Arc	Arc
Pathfinder					A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Peerless	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pierce Arrow	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
" " Com'l.	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Pope Hartford	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc		
Premier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Rambler	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc				
Regal	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Renault	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Reo	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
S. G. V.	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Saxon						E	E	E	E	E
Selden	A	E	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Samplex	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stearns	A	Arc	A	Arc						
" Knight			A	A	A	A	B	A	B	A
" (Light 4)									A	Arc
Stevens Duryea	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stoddard-Dayton	A	A	A	A	A	A				
" Knight					A	A				
Studebaker	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Stutz			Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	A	A	A	A
Velie (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
" (6 cyl.)							Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
White	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
Willys Knight							A	A	B	A
" Utility							A	Arc	Arc	Arc
Winton	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

We Enjoy Our Business

FRANKLY, we don't want to sell too many Winton Six cars. If we were to make 7,000 or 10,000 cars every year, we would be forced to do what every other quantity maker does—rush 'em out, paint 'em all alike, and hope the buyers would keep their troubles to themselves.

As it is, by manufacturing less than ten cars a day, we can give every single Winton Six the most painstaking workmanship, the most thoro testing, and special colors to please the individual buyer's personal preferences. And—what is even more important—because we limit the number of cars we make, and because we put into them the best of everything, we are fully able to render to owners a character of service that is without equal in the American automobile industry. If a Winton Six owner wants attention, if his car isn't up to the very top notch of perfection, we make it our business to render service promptly and cheerfully, and we're never satisfied until he is.

Then, too, what a wonderful satisfaction there is in making cars for men and women who appreciate high quality! We enjoy manufacturing Winton Sixes, for it is a genuine delight to have the patronage of the fine type of men and women who buy and use them.

Write for Catalog today

The Winton Company

89 Berea Road **Cleveland, Ohio**

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Julia Marlowe Says: *"Beauty demands most of all, pure soap and water—"*

"Thousands of girls are daily ruining their complexions with cosmetics—they need the gospel of pure soap and water very badly."

In childhood the skin is naturally soft and clear, and it only needs a little care to keep it so. Many complexions which otherwise would retain this childhood beauty through later years, are spoiled by clogging the pores with cosmetics or by using inferior soap.

These delicate little pores are the very life of the skin—they must be left free to do their work. Keep them clean—really clean—with plenty of warm water and PEARS' SOAP and you will have no need for cosmetics.

Pears' Soap

is *pure*—not almost pure—but absolutely the purest and best soap known to the art of soap making. It cleanses thoroughly and promotes a natural, clear, healthy condition of the skin which is so much admired in all ages.

Pears is a real luxury, yet the most economical soap you can use—its cost is so small and it lasts so much longer than ordinary soap.

Note our Special Sample offer below:

Pears' Unscented Soap is sold at 15c a cake by druggists, high-grade grocers, etc.—either by the single cake or in boxes of one dozen.

Pears' Glycerine Soap *(slightly perfumed)* is sold at 20c a cake, either by the single cake or packed three cakes to the box.

A. & F. PEARS, Ltd.

The largest manufacturers of high grade toilet soaps in the world.

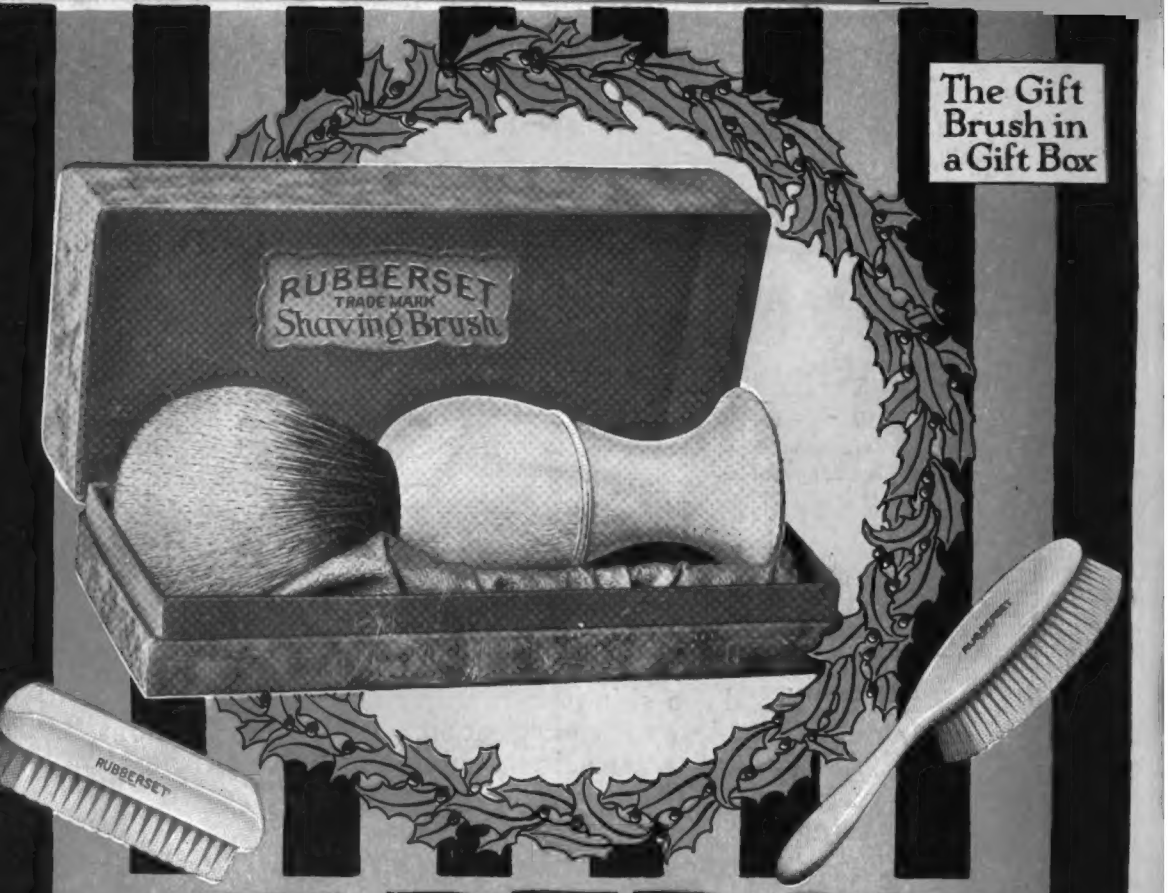
Sample Offer—for a generous trial-size cake of Pears' Unscented Soap send your address and 4c in stamps, to cover mailing cost, to Walter Janvier, United States Agent, 419D Canal St., New York City.

"All rights secured"

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



RUBBERSET

TRADE MARK

The World's Standard Brush

The trade-mark **RUBBERSET** on a brush, means the best brush that money can buy—best not only in its lasting qualities, but best in beauty of design.

This fact was confirmed by the Jury of Awards of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, where RUBBERSET received the highest award in competition with the world's brush makers.

For the holidays, you could choose no more acceptable gift than a RUBBERSET De Luxe Shaving Brush, a RUBBERSET Hand Brush, a half-dozen RUBBERSET Safety Tooth Brushes, or a RUBBERSET Hair Brush—all can be had in beautiful Alberite ivory finish, in special holiday boxes.

There is only one genuine RUBBERSET Brush, made by the RUBBERSET process of gripping bristles everlastingly in hard, vulcanized rubber. These Brushes all bear the **RUBBERSET** trade-mark.

Rubberset Company, Newark, N. J.
(R. & C. H. T. Co., Proprietors)

Sectional view of RUBBERSET Tooth Brush

WON GOLD MEDAL *Highest Award* Panama-Pacific Exposition 1915

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN